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CHATS OVER A PIPE

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

THE AUTHOR.

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

BY

JAMES GLASS

WITH ORIGINAL COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOSEPH FINNEMORE

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CHATS OVER A PIPE

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

SHAKESPEARE.

SOMEWHAT over a hundred years ago, there lived in the City of Edinburgh a successful oil merchant named James Glass. He held the contract for supplying oil for lighting the street lamps of the city.

As this was long before the discovery of mineral oil, fish oils were mainly used as luminants. These oils—sperm and spermaceti—were greatly relished by the Scandinavian and Russian sailors who brought their timber and hemp into Leith, the port of Edinburgh. These sailors used to speil up the street lamp-posts and drink the oil, greatly to the detriment of the oil merchant. It was also to the detriment of the citizens, for when the oil was gone the lights went out.

My grandfather, as a caterer of light, was ever on the look-out for a new luminant. Hearing that a brother Scotsman, William Murdoch, had discovered the illuminating power of coal-gas, he travelled to London by mail-coach, and saw Westminster Bridge lit with gas. This was Murdoch's

THE DISCOVERY OF COAL-GAS.

object-lesson to the public of London on the value of the new luminant.

My grandfather found out Murdoch, and learned all that was then known about the making and utilizing of coal-gas. Returning to Edinburgh he interested some of his fellow-members of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, and formed the first gas company in Scotland. He also opened a factory for the making of gas-fittings. Thus the oil merchant, in his search after more light, developed the illuminating power of gas.

But it takes a steady hand to carry a full cup. Fortune smiled on him. He was making money hand-over-fist, and was looked up to as a man of light and leading. But his success went to his head. He neglected his business—lost his money—and his light went out. So much for James Glass primus.

A MAN OF LIGHT AND LEADING.

His son, my father, James Glass secundus, was also a man of light, but in a very minor way. When I came into the world on the last day of 1848 he was earning a pound a week as lamp-man at the Caledonian Railway Station in Edinburgh. He, with my mother, a remarkably clever woman, brought up a family of four—two girls and two boys.

I never heard poverty mentioned in the house. For sixpence my mother would buy a marrow-bone, vegetables, peas and barley, with which she made a pot of broth which provided two wholesome dinners for the six of us.

Porridge and butter-milk, or, as a change, pease-brose, provided breakfast, and sometimes supper, while a "piece" of bread and treacle did for the children's tea. No hardship in that fare.

PORRIDGE AND BUTTER-MILK.

My father was one of nature's gentlemen, contented with his lot, and I reckon he was the richest man I ever knew.

He considered it a crime to be in debt. He could afford to buy everything he wanted, for he never wanted anything he couldn't afford. When my father's light—never bright—had flickered out, the parson said of him at the graveside—"He was a Nathaniel indeed in whom was no guile."

Solomon must have had the prototype of my mother in his eye when he wrote the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs—

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.
She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.
Her price is far above rubies.

My mother, attacked with a malignant cancer, fought bravely for life and strength, but in vain. When in the early days of 1858 the unequal conflict was ending she, with magnificent tenacity, kept her lamp burning until the Saturday morning, when her children would be home from school. When they came in she, propped up in father's arms, beckoned them to kneel down at the bedside. Laying her hands on the children's heads, girls and boys alternately, she said, "Silver or gold have I none to give you, my children, but remember that 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches'—God bless my poor motherless bairns."

Had she donated to us untold wealth it could not have done a tithe of the good that did her benediction. The Father of us all heard the mother's cry and, for threescore years and ten, He has blessed "the poor motherless bairns" in their basket and in their store, in their going out and their coming in. His banner over them has been love.

Mother had kept her light brightly burning, and when it was quenched, there passed out of the world as good a woman as ever entered it.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

No one will deny that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, but few live up to it. Solomon, who made the statement, was in his time the richest, as well as the wisest man, and he appraised wealth at a very low value. All past thinkers and writers—ancient and modern—sacred and secular—have done the same. Shakespeare says of it—

> Who steals my purse steals trash,
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
> But he who filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.

No poet has ever sung the praises of wealth, and yet in all ages it has been the chief loadstone of life.

Although we are all drawn to it involuntarily we must strive to assess it at its true value. While wealth may take wings and flee away, a good name never does. A business man would rather trust a poor man with a good name, than a rich man without it. A banker will lend money on a good name.

Young men and women beginning their life's work cannot put too high a value on it—it is their principal asset, which cannot be too carefully guarded.

Let there be light! A good name if kept bright and untarnished will radiate the light and brighten all around us. It requires no lock and key for safe deposit—indeed it cannot be hidden away. A good name is never obscured by use, as the more it is used the brighter it becomes.

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

In reckoning up the pros and cons of life we are apt to assess wealth as an asset, and poverty as a liability. The poor man envies the rich man, and the rich man looks down upon the poor man. Now it is questionable as to whether these two positions should not be reversed. But as these chats are

not intended to be an analysis of life—it must be left to the reader to work this out for himself. We have all of us known the poor rich man and also the rich poor man.

I have come across millionaires in my time, but have never met a happy or contented one.

I spent a short holiday in Margate last summer. In this popular seaside resort I saw one morning three fashionably dressed women sitting chatting under the veranda of the most expensive hotel in the town. I was attracted for a moment by the excessive amount of jewellery they wore.

THREE POOR RICH WOMEN.

Later in the morning I was sitting on a deck-chair in the "Oval," listening to the band. Sitting near me were a party of three middle-class folk like myself, one of whom paid ninepence for the use of the three chairs on which they sat. The three tickets he dropped on the grass, and shortly afterwards the party got up and left.

The three smart women came along and took the same seats. As the chair attendant approached for the money one of these women picked up the roll of three tickets from the grass and showed them to the attendant. The latter looked puzzled, but said nothing. Had they been men I would have exposed the fraud, but being women I held my peace. These rich women were miserably poor, and did what a poor woman would have scorned to do. I got up and left, as the music of the band had lost all charm for me.

Whatever decision we may arrive at in assessing at their true values the advantages and disadvantages of poverty and wealth, we must agree with Robert Burns when he says—

> The honest man though e'er so poor
> Is king o' men for a' that.

We must aim high. Our aim in life must be some-

thing worth hitting. If we don't "strike it rich" we may strike something better. We must also learn to strike swiftly. Life is full of chances, and the failures and regrets of lost opportunities are as wrecks on the beach.

A GOOD AIM AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

A strong luminant in the world is good-humour. It lightens the heart, and dispels the darkness of fear and depression. A merry heart, we are told, doeth good like a medicine. Since the great war began we have almost lost the faculty of laughing heartily.

Good-humour is the best cure for pessimism. There's a bright side to everything could we but find it. The little incidents of life are often full of laughter.

THE MEDICINE OF LAUGHTER.

One morning recently I saw in the window of the warehouse next to my own this notice—"Lost, a half-Persian Black Cat. Finder Rewarded." Knowing the people, I went in and said to some of the staff, "Have you got your half-Persian Cat?" "No, Sir, we've lost it." "Yes, I know you've lost half of it, but if you show me which half you have left I'll try to find the other half." Of course, they all laughed heartily. I told the story to some of our staff, who repeated it to others, so this little incident amused the staffs of two stores, and the day's work was commenced with laughter.

> Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
> Weep and you weep alone.

The three main assets for a successful career are—A Good Name, A Good Aim, and Good-humour. When they are combined, success is assured. Let there be light!—And there was light.

EARLY DAYS

We are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For we are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

LONGFELLOW.

PRIOR to the two brothers' school-days they were taken by their mother to reside with her uncle, William McDonald, at Spittal Hill, Dunfermline. Dunfermline, or as it is named locally Dumfaurlin, is a very interesting town; its history dating back to the days of King Robert the Bruce, whose body is buried in the Abbey.

William McDonald, my grand-uncle, was quite a character. He was a retired hand-loom weaver, a great Radical, and was known as a "pawky chiel." His brother was head-master of Dunfermline Academy, the principal school in the town.

WEAVERS AS POLITICIANS.

Many of the weavers owned one or more looms, but all of them had to work long hours for very little money. They were all Radicals to a man. They used to meet together on Sundays to discuss the "Twelve Points of the Charter," "Equality," and the "Rights of Man."

I was too young to understand the political unrest and popular upheaval that was then dying down. But my grand-uncle, who had been an active Chartist, was full of stories about the weavers' meetings. Here is one of them.

There was a minister in the neighbouring town of Kirkcaldy —the Rev. Mr. Beveridge—who announced that he would

preach a sermon on "Equality." Hundreds of weavers walked long distances to hear him.

Mr. Beveridge preached an ordinary gospel sermon, and then, shutting the Bible, he said:

"Ye men of Fife have come here to listen to a sermon on Equality. Since this sermon was announced I have been wondering where I could find the equality ye are in search of. I had a dream, and in my dream I went up into Heaven, and there I saw God Almighty on His throne, and the angels and archangels, the cherubim and seraphim, all with different powers, and different functions. There was No Equality in Heaven.

"I then went down to Hell, and there I saw Satan, with Beelzebub and Apollyon, and other spirits of evil and powers of darkness—all with different powers and functions. There was No Equality in Hell.

"I then looked up into the sky; and there I saw the eagle, the hawk, and other birds of prey, preying upon the smaller birds. There was also the peaceful dove and the homely sparrow—all with different powers and duties. There was No Equality in the Sky.

"I then looked abroad upon the earth, and there I saw the lion and tiger, and other beasts of prey; and there were also the useful horse and the collie dog—all with different powers and duties. There was No Equality on the Earth.

"I then looked into the sea, and there I saw the whale and the shark eating up the smaller fishes, and I also saw the bonnie cod and the caller herring—all with their different powers and functions. There was No Equality in the Sea.

"But at last I discovered the Equality ye have come in search of—In the Grave—and ye weavers o' Fife may find equality there sooner than ye anticipate."

My grand-uncle remembered when Paul Jones sailed

up the Firth of Forth with two armed vessels and threatened to bombard Leith. The Rev. Mr. Beveridge was told of this as his congregation were assembling for Sunday morning service. He led them down to the beach opposite Leith where they held their service. They sang the XCVIII Psalm, beginning—

PAUL JONES THE PIRATE.

Oh ! sing a new song to the Lord,
For wonders He hath done.
His right hand and His holy arm
Him victory hath won.

They then went down on their knees on the sands, and prayed fervently that God Almighty would show His hand and cause a mighty wind to blow their enemies out of the Firth. And, sure enough, a storm arose, with a strong west wind, which forced the two pirate ships to turn tail and sail away.

Dunfermline was and still is celebrated for its damask table-covers. Grand-uncle used to take the two brothers by the hand and saunter into the weavers' cottages to "hae a crack wi' my auld freends," as he termed it.

The boys were interested in the mechanism of the looms and the action of the shuttles, as they slowly wove the beautiful damask patterns. To see the floral designs being worked out on the cloth, without any effort on its part, was like watching the growth of the flowers. I never hear that beautiful hymn being sung, "The Sands of Time are Sinking," but my mind wanders back to the hand-loom weavers of Dunfermline.

DAMASK HAND-WEAVERS.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

At that time steam-power was slowly but surely superseding hand-power in spinning and weaving. We boys were taught at the spinning-wheel to fill "pirns" with yarn. We did many hundreds of these, and then carried them in a clothes-basket to Beveridge's Mill, where we were paid a few pence per dozen.

STEAM v. HAND POWER.

My grand-uncle had a large garden attached to his house, and took a great interest in growing red and white currants for the market. He got us to help him in picking the fruit, but insisted on us whistling all the time. Mother remonstrated with him for doing so, as this was breaking the scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

THOU SHALT NOT MUZZLE THE OX.

Father came to see us nearly every Sunday. He walked eight miles from Edinburgh to South Queensferry, got the mail-pinnace across to North Queensferry, and then walked via Inverkeithing to Dunfermline, another five miles. He walked back the same way in the evening, which made a Sabbath day's journey of 26 miles. But he made little of this, as he was very fond of his invalid wife.

There was a great slab of red sandstone lying by the roadside about two miles from Dunfermline, to which mother used to take us, there to await father. This was named St. Margaret's Stone, as it was said that the good Queen Margaret had rested on it on her way to Dunfermline, then the capital of Scotland. One Sunday, while sitting on the stone, mother composed the following simple lines:

ST. MARGARET'S STONE.

On St. Margaret's stone we sat to rest,
And father we thought on,
He's trampet mony a weary mile,
My thoughtfu', kind gudeman.

SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

It is strange that Scotland, which for generations held the premier place in the world for its liberal system of national education, should have been so conservative in its religious life. This was dominated by Calvinism, which framed its conception of Sabbath observance from the Fourth Commandment—In it thou shalt do no work—rather than from Christ's liberal teaching—The Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

Scotch bairns used to be brought up on porridge and milk, which nourished their bodies, and on the Shorter Catechism, which starved their minds. When grown up they would quarrel and fight over such doctrines as Infant Baptism, Election and Predestination, which no one pretended to understand. On Sundays, toys and picture-books were put away, games, laughter and whistling were tabooed, and the long weary days were filled in with "religious observances." No wonder Scotch Calvinism roused the satire of Robert Burns—who aimed several shafts at it. Here is one from "Holy Willie's Prayer":

> Oh Thou, Who in the Heavens dost dwell,
> Who, as it pleaseth best Thysel',
> Sends one to Heaven and ten to hell
> A' for Thy glory,
> And no for any good or ill
> They've done afore Thee.

Children were taken by their parents to church twice every Sunday, to listen to long sermons which they didn't understand. Twice every year there were "Fast Days" at which a series of theological spring cleanings were held. The Thursday prior to the Sacramental Sabbath was a holy day or "wee Sunday," on which two services were held. A "preparation" service was held on Saturday afternoon, three solemn services on Sunday, while a "thanks-

giving" service on Monday completed the series of seven sermons known as the "Preachings."

CATECHIZINGS.

In country parishes the minister would announce from the pulpit that he would visit certain farms during the week and hold a Bible lesson, known as the "Catechizing." All the farm servants would be collected, when each would be asked to read a verse of scripture and to answer a question from the Catechism.

It is narrated that, on one of these occasions, a farm lad was so dense that he couldn't answer the simplest questions. At last, choosing the first question in the Catechism, the minister asked him, "What is Man's Chief End?" The lad scratched his head and, instead of giving the orthodox answer, he replied, "I'm no very sure, but I think it's his heid."

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

In the previous chapter reference is made to pease-brose. This is purely a Scottish dish—made from pea-flour. It is very nourishing but, until one gets used to it, is rather unpalatable. My brother when about seven years old was being coaxed by mother to eat it. "I don't like it, mother. I can never take it." "Oh yes, you can, my son. Do you know that Daniel was fed on pease-brose for ten days, and then he was so fair and fat that even his mother didn't know him?" "Was that the same Daniel as was in the den of lions?" "Yes." "Well, mother," said the boy, "if he was fed up on pease-brose I don't wonder that the lions didn't eat him."

THE CITY PEELERS.

In these days the city policemen were named "Peelers" after Sir Robert Peel, who organized the force. They wore top-hats—a grotesque and foolish head-gear, being so easily knocked off in a scrimmage. One of these policemen, named Maxton, had, within his beat, Marshall's Tea Gardens in Leven Street, Edinburgh. Maxton, who was a friend of father's, used sometimes to take the two brothers into these gardens,

where they picked up fruit wind-falls. On one occasion when there were no wind-falls Maxton shook a tree, bringing down many apples, which he quickly put into his hat. Mr. Marshall, who, in the fruit season, was ever on the look-out for fruit thieves, came hurriedly to the spot, and asked Maxton if he had seen anyone shaking the trees. "No," he said, "I've seen no one." Then, looking at us sternly, he made us turn out our pockets, in which, of course, he found nothing. The top-hat saved the situation. How few boys think that stealing apples is a crime!

THE NICHT O' HALLOWEEN.

The eve or vigil of All-Hallows or Hallowmas has for centuries been held as a church festival on November 1st. In Scotland the religious ceremonies have long been given up, but the preceding eve of the day has for many years been consecrated to harmless fireside revelries. The children in Scotland at that time looked forward to Halloween as children elsewhere do to Christmas Eve. They blithely sang—

> This is the nicht o' Halloween,
> When a' the witches are to be seen.
> Some o' them black and some o' them green,
> An' some o' them like a turkey-bean.

For divining future sweethearts "kail-runts" are pulled from the garden, and nuts are burned in pairs. Then there was ducking for apples, eating of buttered sowens, and the spaeing of fortunes by improvised wizards. This, with the singing of songs and telling of ghost stories, recalls memories of early days.

SCHOOL TRAINING

Wisdom is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto it.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

IN the ordinary run of things this book would never have been written. The four children of James Glass secundus would have gone to the parish school, from there the girls have found their way into shop or domestic service, and the boys into trade. But, their mother dying while they were young, some friends of their grandfather interested themselves on their behalf, and got them admitted into the excellent schools of the Edinburgh Merchant Company. These schools were known as hospitals (hospice), where the children were lodged, fed, clothed and educated.

Although little over sixty years ago it is marvellous the change that has come over the educational system of the country since then. I can only liken it to a similar change, in the same period of time, that has come over the manufacture of goods. Hand-made have been superseded by machine-made. The education of children has become mechanical—it is all standardized. Uniformity in education, as in goods, may be an advantage in many ways, but it lacks the human touch.

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SYNE.

In any case the five years' training in these hospitals turned out lads and lasses full of self-reliance, and fitted to fight the battle of life.

Children are often physically handicapped by their home training. They like this—they don't like that—and so they

are petted and spoiled. Their teeth and digestive organs are ruined by candies and cakes—and in after life they have cause to blame their too-indulgent parents.

The feeding in George Watson's Hospital, in which I was trained, was on the most spartan lines. Plain bread and milk, oatmeal porridge, boiled meat, rice, and vegetable broth were the whole outfit. For five years we never tasted tea or coffee, sugar or butter, jam, sweets or cakes. As a result of this plain living the four children of James Glass secundus, all born over seventy years ago, have lived healthy lives, and our total ages to-day run to close on 300 years.

A GENEROUS EDUCATION.

Our education was on generous lines, fitting us to play our part in a work-a-day world. Besides a good English and classical education we were taught to use our hands and brains in making useful articles.

The boys had a workshop where they were taught the use of the lathe, and encouraged to make their own playthings. Our home-made tennis-balls would hold their own with the machine-made balls of to-day. We plaited fishing-lines, 20 yards long, of horsehair, and sold them to dealers in town. Our hockey or "shinty" sticks as we called them, were useful tools in a scrimmage, while our evenly-balanced kites mounted into the heavens like birds. I've known these to stay up in the air for days. We used to send up "messages" to them on little disks of paper with a hole in the centre, which the wind carried up along the string. "Good morning, Skylark, ye're doing fine. From your owner, Davie." "Keep yer head up and yer tail wagging. Bob."

A drill-sergeant routed us out of bed on three mornings a week in summer, and put us through our facings for an hour and a half before breakfast.

We sang grace before and after meals, but wanted no

other encouragement to finish our bowls of porridge on drill mornings. These bowls were of fair capacity, and we got no second helping. I remember one boy, however, who managed to get second helpings when no one else could.

SANG GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

He was clever enough to have become a millionaire, because, not only did he discover how to get a second helping, but he kept the secret to himself. From the end of his black tie he would pull out a few threads which he would roll between his hands, and insert these in the last spoonful in his porridge bowl. He would then take the dish to the monitor in charge of the table, and say, "Please, sir, there's a black-beetle in my porridge," and so get a second ladle-ful. Although he carefully rang the changes on spiders and black-beetles, still the pitcher went once too often to the well, and "thus the jug was broke."

Much depends on the head-master for the efficient working of a school. It is not necessary that he should be superior to the other masters as a teacher of classics or mathematics, so long as he is a good school manager. The conductor of an orchestra needn't be more efficient, as a violinist or cornet player, than other members of the band, so long as he is an all-round musician and a master of harmony.

THE HEAD-MASTER.

The head-master of George Watson's Hospital in my time —Mr. Miller—was a scholar and a gentleman. He taught us mathematics in such a simple way that every boy could understand it. He also went out of his way to take us for rambles in the country, and give us object-lessons in botany, forestry, and geology.

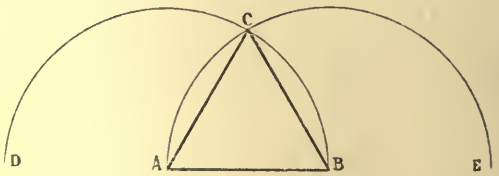
Although a knowledge of pure mathematics is not essential for the bulk of people, still it is essential that every one should have an elementary knowledge of geometry. As our lives should be regulated by the square, the level, and the compass,

THE VALUE OF MATHEMATICS.

so our thoughts should be trained to work in practical channels, free from passion or prejudice.

The three first lessons in life should be—Obedience, Self-denial, Order—these three forming an equilateral triangle for the formation of character. Take the first proposition in the first book of Euclid and see how it can be applied to the realities of life to-day!

This proposition is to erect an equilateral triangle on a given straight line A——B. With A as a centre and A B as a radius describe a circle B C D, and with B as a centre and B A as a radius describe another circle A C E. From the point where the circles intersect each other at C draw straight lines to the points at A and B. As all radii from the centre to the circumference of the two circles are equal, thus the triangle A B C is an equilateral triangle.



If the Russian people had had an elementary knowledge of mathematics they would never have substituted the Bolshevist triangle for that of the Czar. With all its faults the latter was formed on the safe basis—order. The former has for its sides anarchy and cruelty, based on disorder.

BOLSHEVISM.

A handful of British anarchists are trying to convince the people that this bastard Bolshevist triangle is superior to our old and well-tried equilateral triangle—obedience and self-denial based on order.

I consider that the study of mathematics is so essential

in the education of boys and girls that a few years ago I founded two bursaries, of £30 a year each, in the schools in which my sisters and I were educated. These form but a small incentive in the pursuit of a great study, but it may be that together, as a rivulet, they will trickle down through the ages, fertilizing the land, and refreshing some weary seekers after knowledge.

BURSARIES FOR MATHEMATICS.

When in Edinburgh in July of last year I was asked by the managers of my old school to give a short address to the boys at the annual distribution of prizes. This function was held in the Usher Hall, which was packed from floor to ceiling with 3,000 schoolboys and their friends. Before facing such an audience I felt my heart slipping down into my boots, but when called upon by the Chairman to say a few words to my old school-fellows all nervousness left me.

A RETROSPECT.

My text was "The value of a good name," and the address I culled from the first chapter of this book. In concluding I said:

"Some of you boys will be leaving the college to-day for good. You are full of hope and enthusiasm as you begin life's battle; while I, at three-score years and twelve, am ending it. You have here received a good education, a good training, and you leave with a good name. Scotland is not large enough to hold all her sons. Some of you will be drawn to the Great Republic across the Atlantic. Some will find homes in Canada, in Australia, and in the outposts of the Empire.

BEGINNING THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"This proverb could never have been made by a Scotsman, as they are the champion rollers of the world. If the chief aim in life was to gather moss, then I for one have missed my mark. I have made four journeys round the world, and have

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

done business in most of the commercial centres. And wherever I have been I have found Scotsmen holding important positions of trust. How is it that Scotsmen come to the top in business life as cream comes to the top in a jug of milk? It is because, in the first place, they receive a good sound education and, in the second place, they leave home with a good name.

"Having got a good name, you may think it is easy to maintain it. But it is not. You will be tempted on all hands to barter it for a consideration. You may be the manager or buyer of a big commercial concern, and if so, bribes will be offered you in most insidious ways. 'Ah! Mr. Scott, I've secured a box for the opera on Friday night and I'll be glad if you and your wife will join us. Of course we'll have supper afterwards.'

MAINTAINING A GOOD NAME.

"'In vain is the net set in the sight of the bird.' In training for the battle of life you must begin early. In the little things of life—the daily round, the common task—you must strive to acquire a good name. It will grow with your growth, and before you have left school and home it will be well rooted within you.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

"When the greater battle of life comes along, and you are tempted to sell your good name for a mess of pottage, think on your old home, think on your old school, and on your old school-fellow who is now speaking to you. Hold on to the good name and let the bribe go! You will never regret it.

"In taking orders abroad I always offered to leave a copy of the order with the buyer; but have often been told, 'You don't require to bother, Mr. Glass, we know you and can trust you.' Isn't it nice to be trusted by your fellow-men? What is that trust worth? Solomon with all his wisdom

DOING BUSINESS ABROAD.

couldn't put a value on it. No more could he put a value on a good woman. All he could say of her was 'Her price is far above rubies.'

"Now boys, you have—in a good name—a valuable jewel committed to you. Keep it clean, keep it bright, keep it untarnished. Never let a breath of suspicion rest on it. Remember it is your principal weapon in fighting the battle of life—a weapon which cannot be too carefully guarded.

"And when the battle is over—when the day's work is done—you have then to face the final audit. When the ledger is opened at your account, you will see a long list of liabilities recording foolish mistakes, things done which ought not to have been done, and things undone which ought to have been done. On the assets side there is so little of any real value that you appear to be a bankrupt.

THE FINAL AUDIT.

But if there is one line on that page, a line which records —Have Kept Your Good Name—that single line—that asset—will balance the whole account. Then you will hear the Master's voice saying to you—'WELL DONE.'"

When sitting down I received an ovation such as I had never had before and am not likely to have again.

BROTHER WILLIAM

This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

HOW can I paint a word-picture of my brother in his liquid and natural state, before he was moulded and hardened by others? In mother's time (she died before he was eight) he was a bright little chap sent as a gift from Odin.

With his fair round face, flaxen curls, and blue eyes he was out of place so far south. You only see such boys in Scandinavia or in the Shetland Isles. He had never heard of the hardy Norsemen and their adventures by land and sea, but it seemed as if he had inherited their roving spirit.

His first little adventure which I can recall was when, as a boy of five, he slipped away from home one morning with a kitten in his arms. As he didn't return all day, mother was very anxious, and sent the rest of us out to search for him. He came back in the evening with his clothes torn and his face dirty and blood-stained. He had been to the annual Hallow Fair, held in the Grassmarket, to see the horses and the shows, and had to fight to keep his kitten.

HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

He loved making and sailing toy boats, and also was clever in snaring sparrows, so that he could harness them to draw trains. Mother was the only one who understood him and, had she lived, he would have turned out differently. After

her death he was sent to George Heriot's Hospital—a similar institution to George Watson's, in which I was reared.

But William had never any love for books or learning, and so was a constant source of trouble to his teachers.

HIS SCHOOL DAYS.

He got into all sorts of mischief, wouldn't learn his lessons, and was a bad example to the other boys. The masters thrashed him until they were tired, but they could make nothing of him. We all of us got home for a few hours on Saturdays, but it was an empty cheerless home without a mother. Father lived all alone in a small house. We had dinner with him, and then the two brothers went to the railway station and helped him with his lamps until our leave was up. This went on for years. It was evident that school life was spoiling the boy.

He was gradually losing the sweet soft lovableness that had endeared him to every one; and was becoming hard, restless, and defiant. One of his masters, a black-a-vised man, nicknamed the "Pirate," had taken a grudge against him and thrashed him unmercifully.

THE CUBS' REVOLT.

He couldn't make the boy cry, and this seemed to raise the devil in him. He lost his temper, under-rated his enemy, and brought about his own undoing.

William was then just over thirteen, and was a strong lad for his years. The "Pirate" threatened to break his spirit, but he found his match. To break one's spirit it is necessary to crush out all hope from your victim, and instil into him a sense of fear. This the "Pirate" was unable to do. Instead of fear, he instilled into the boy a deep sense of injury and hatred, and the hope was ever there that one day he would get square with him. When I asked him why he didn't complain to the head-master, he said, "No! He and the 'Pirate' are very chummy, and it would only make things worse."

William had two friends in the class who also knew the weight of the master's tawse, and they offered to help him. He arranged that on his next thrashing he would grab the "Pirate's" tawse when in the act of striking, jerk it out of his hand, and the three of them would then jump on him and pull him down. This was done—they pulled him down, thrashed him with his own tawse till they were tired, and left him writhing on the floor. He got up, walked out of the class-room, and never entered it again. The cubs had broken the "Pirate's" spirit, and he resigned. The head-master held an inquiry, threatened to expel the fighting cubs, but nothing was done.

It was with neither joy nor sorrow that William left school. His education had been a failure. His masters hadn't known the truth of the proverb, "One man can take a horse to the water, but ten can't make him drink." He might have been coaxed to drink of the fountain of knowledge, but couldn't be forced. And so William came home.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Although father was of a gentle, loving disposition he never understood the boy. When he got into mischief, which was at least once every day, he used to scold and lecture him, but had lost all control over him. The boy used to wander away by himself into the country, and come home at night with birds' eggs or field mice or fruit in his pockets. Father got him several jobs as errand boy but, as he was more interested in dog fights and "Punch and Judy" shows than in delivering his parcels, he was at no job long.

It was evident, at that time, that a power unknown to the two brothers was drawing the younger from his home to fulfil his life's destiny. Like a young plant he was sending out tendrils to grasp a support for his heart's yearnings towards his place in the sun. This yearning was unsettling him

AN UNSEEN POWER.

for earning a living at home and so led him into mischief.

The two brothers were at home together for six months. Although there was only eighteen months' difference in their ages there was all the difference in the world in their dispositions.

James on leaving school had been apprenticed to a firm of publishers. He was reckoned a quiet boy, steady and regular in his habits. He had more influence over his brother than anyone else, but that wasn't much. He didn't quite understand him—indeed neither of the boys knew of the unseen power that was influencing the younger —for better or worse.

" Jim," said William to his brother one morning, " I'm doing no good here. I'm only hurting father and you, and I don't want to. But I've lost control of myself, and if I don't get away from here I'll soon go to the devil. I try to keep out o' mischief, but it's no good. Yesterday I poisoned that collie dog o' Simpson's, and I'm awful sorry. I was throwing him up some bits o' bread to catch and, when the bread was done, I threw him up some putty in a piece of paper which he swallowed, and he died last night. Simpson says he's going to tell the police this morning, and so I'm off. I won't be home to-night, and just you tell father not to worry about me. Tell him I'm awful sorry for having vexed him so much. So long, Jim."

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

I could get nothing further out of him but, for the first time for years, I saw a tear in his eye. Yes ! the boy was moved as I had never seen him before. It wasn't weakness, it wasn't bravado. No ! the boy had heard the call of the sea, and he couldn't resist it.

LEAVING HOME.

What a world of meaning do these two words convey ! A boy leaves home for school. His trunk is packed by his mother and sisters with all

sorts of things—necessary and unnecessary. His uncles and aunts send him gifts and, when the coach arrives to carry him away, he is slobbered over with tears and kisses.

When the same boy, a few years later, leaves home to begin his life's career in the city or to join his regiment, he poses as a hero. He has won honours at Oxford or Harvard, has taken prizes for his prowess at rowing, at baseball, or at cricket. He is told on leaving home that the Currency Bank or the —— regiment are mighty lucky in securing his services.

When the daughter of the house leaves home as a bride, her trousseau, her trinkets and presents are carefully packed, and the joy bells are ringing as she makes her exit amid showers of confetti and rice.

How very different did brother William leave home. With only a few pence in his pocket, and with nothing more than what he stood up in, he answered the call of the sea. He was only fourteen years old and his sole assets were—a stout heart and an invincible courage. He didn't know then that the founder of the family in bygone times had been a sea rover. The only tangible asset handed down to the two brothers from their father was a wax impression of armorial bearings belonging to one of their forbears. It represents a mermaid with a mirror and comb, and bearing the inscription "Luctor non Mergor" (I swim and sink not). This has been of more value to the brothers in the battle of life than money, land, or titles.

PLAYING A LONE HAND.

It was no wrench for William to leave what had really never been a home to him. Since mother died six years previously there was no one who understood the boy, and so he had lived his own life in his own way.

Does anyone realize the vast number of people who have no real home? Early in life they get "fed up" with the humdrum existence and the artificialities of modern times. They have no love for "The daily round, the common task," and so they migrate from town to town, and from country to country, turning their hands to any odd job and picking up a living. The sea claims many of these wanderers. They are good fellows as a rule—take pot-luck wherever they go, and play the game to the end.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

With the call of the sea ringing in his ears, William left home for good. He cast off from the pebbly beach in his tiny craft without oars or sails, without a compass or a rudder. Could anything be more pathetic?

But as not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's notice so He saw the homeless, motherless boy drifting on the bosom of the great waters, and He took him in charge.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

Let fowk bide weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required—let Heaven make out the rest.
ALLAN RAMSEY.

"HULLOA!" sang out the mate of the barque *Great Australia* to a lad who had come aboard from the wharf and was gazing up at the great masts and yards. "What do ye want here?" "I want a job as a cabin boy." "Come here. Let me have a look at you. What's your name, and where do ye hail from?" "I'm Willie Glass, and I've come from Edinburgh."

Taking a good look at the boy with his curly hair and blue eyes he said with a kindly note in his voice, "And how did ye get here from Edinbro'?" "I walked it." "What! a birkie like you couldna' walk fifty miles?" "Aye! but I did it with some help from a canal boat. I walked along the banks of the canal and have been three days on the way." "Weel, Wullie, I'll ask nae mair questions as ye'll be tired and hungry and, as it's near tea-time, you and I'll have some tea and a Loch Fyne herrin'."

With that the kindly mate took him down below, gave him a good meal, and then drew out of the boy his story since he left home. "What does your feyther do, and was he hard on ye that ye ran away?" "My father's the lamp-man at the Caledonian railway station, and he wisna' hard on me. But I wanted to be a sailor and he wouldna' let me, as he was feared I would get drowned." "Is yer mother leevin'?" "No! she died a long time ago. And so I bid good-bye to my

brother on Tuesday morning, and walked all day till I was tired.

" Then I snuggled into a haystack, where I slept all night. Next morning I walked on again, and I spent my last pennies on some bread and cheese. But when it began to get dark and the rain came on I felt very lonesome. My feet were sore, and I wanted to lie down and sleep, but there was nothing but a dirty road and a stone dyke. Then I forget what happened after that, but I dreamt o' my mother. She took me in her arms as she used to do, saying, ' You're ma ain dearie,' then she tucked me up in my wee bed and kissed me.

SLEPT IN A HAYSTACK.

" When I woke up I was in a canal boat, and a man was asking me where I belonged to. I told him I was going to Glasgow. The next thing I mind, I was in a wee room and a woman was washing my face. Then she gave me some warm milk, and when I said my name was Willie she started greetin', and says to her man, ' Isna' he like our Willie that's gone ? '

" She made me up a bed on a sofa, and in the morning gave me a bowl of porridge and milk. Then her man took me to a canal basin, and spoke to another man, who took me on his boat that was going to Glasgow. At dinner-time he led me down to the cabin and gave me some stewed meat and tatties, and soon after that they had the boat tied up at a wharf, and the man gave me twopence and said—' Good-bye, my lad.' "

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

This simple question asked by a man of learning, a man belonging to an exclusive caste, elicited as an answer the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. The teaching embodied in this story is being forgotten, and yet it was never more needed than it is to-day. Has the race of Good Samaritans become extinct ? The priest and the lawyer who, after looking at the wounded man, passed by on the other side, have their successors now among us.

As the Jews then had no dealings with the Samaritans, so to-day class warfare is being preached from the housetops. The trade-unionist has no dealings with the non-unionist and industrial strife abounds. It is all so sad. Yet, although the times are out of joint and the country is sick, there is a feeling among all peace-loving people that a time of healing is at hand. As Burns sings—

> Then let us pray that come it may
> As come it will for a' that,
> When man to man the world o'er
> Will brothers be for a' that.

No! the race of Good Samaritans is not extinct.

A MATE'S ADVICE.

After listening to the boy's story the mate, in whose eye glistened a tear, said, "I think, Wullie, y'er feyther was right to keep ye from the sea. It's a rough life for a hand-afore-the-mast in a wind-jammer, foreby it being risky." "But I want to see life," said the boy. "See life, my lad! Ye'll see mair life in the Trongate, Glasgow, on a Saturday nicht than ye'll see from the Queen's Dock here to Callao."

"Where's Callao?" asked the boy. "In Sooth Amerciky." "Ay! I would like to go there fine. Will ye take me?" "You don't know what ye're asking, my lad. It takes about three months from here to Callao, and out o' that there's a month o' coarse weather in getting round the Horn.

GOING ROUND THE HORN.

"I've seen the weather so bad and the shrouds so coated wi' frozen sea-water that they were as hard and thick as a half-inch plank. To send the hands up aloft to stow them would have been sending them to their death. The lines were like bars o' iron and wouldna' run through the halyards, and the yards so slippery that you couldna' get hand-hold nor foot-hold.

"Although the ship, wi' tacking, may make fifty or sixty knots a day, she may be blown back more than that next day.

Folk here talk about high winds—by crikey! they know nothing about them. The winds are so cold that they chill you to the bone, and so strong that they'd blow the nose off a brass monkey.

"No! my laddie, I couldna' advise you to come wi' us."

"But I'll risk it," said the youngster, "if ye'll take me."

"Weel, ye're a game yin and no mistake. Maybe if you had one trip it would scunner ye fra takin' a second, and there would still be time for ye to learn a trade ashore. But if your feyther has nae better prospek for ye than a lamp-man's job on the railway, ye're no rinnin' much risk.

HITS AND MISSES.

"There's hits and misses in every trade. I've seen they lamp-men chaps at Buchanan Street station speilin' up to the carriage roofs wi' twa big lichted lamps in their hands, and jumping frae one carriage roof to another; and I'm thinkin' that their pay'll be a bit jimp, and their hours gey and long. I'm pretty nimble on my pins mysel', but I wouldna' take on yon job at no price. Your feyther was feared ye would be drooned in the saut sea, but I'd risk droonin' rayther than breakin' ma neck slippin' off a carriage roof, handicapped wi' twa lamps.

"And now, my laddie, we'll make you up a bed in the fo'c'sle. Ye'll get it a' to yourself, unless maybe the nicht watchman sneaks in for a couple of hours' nap, when he thinks he'll no' be missed. But I forgot about the rats—ye're no feared o' rats, are ye?" "Me feared o' rats! Not much! I have an uncle in Edinburgh who has a painter's shop, and he gave me half-a-croon a week to look after the shop and to catch the rats. There were an awful lot of them, but I wasna' feared. There were some traps, but no bait, so I got some bits o' meat, and kipper heids, and cheese, and set the traps. I soon caught lots o' them.

A BED IN THE FO'C'SLE.

"My uncle had a wee terrier called 'Bob.' He was as

game as a bantam, but he hadna' been trained. So I trained him until, when I let three rats out o' the trap at once, he nicked the lot. When the rats in a trap saw wee Bobbie they would squeal like bairns. But he never hurt them much, oh no ! He just gave them one nip in the back of the neck, and they were gone corbies."

"WEE BOBBIE" THE GAME RATTER.

" Weel, Wullie, I think ye're as game as a bantam yoursel'. But ye're tired now, and so you'll sleep here till I wake you in the mornin'." The boy, without undressing, lay down in a seaman's bunk, and was covered with some sacks by the kindly mate. Here he slept the sweet sleep of youth, undisturbed by rats, or by the noises on deck caused by loading the ship in the early morning.

Sailors are proverbially sound sleepers. As their "watch below " never exceeds four hours at a time, they acquire the happy knack of falling into a sound sleep as soon as they " turn in." No wonder King Henry IV should exclaim—

> Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
> And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
> Deny it to a King ? Then, happy low, lie down !
> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

A NAVAL SCRAP

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE kindly mate of the *Great Australia* let the youngster sleep for a round of the clock. Meanwhile he had been ruminating as to what was the best course to take in handling the boy. He had taken a fancy to him and felt it was "up to him" to do his best in guiding him right. When he woke the boy at eight bells his plans were made.

"Now then, Wullie, wake up! I hope you've had a good sleep?" "Aye! I've slept fine, but where am I?" "Come on. Ye're in the fo'c'sle o' the *Great Australia* in the Queen's Dock, Glasgow. I'll show you where to wash, and where to cook our breakfast. Do you ken how to fry Loch Fyne herrin'?" "Fine that." So the mate led the boy to the galley and showed him where the things were kept.

After a good breakfast the mate said, "I've been thinking the whole matter over and what's the best thing to be done wi' you. Here you are, a runaway from home, because your feyther wouldna' let you go to sea. If ye had a likin' to be a joiner or a plumber, I would say that's better than being a sailor, but as you want to be a sailor the best thing is to let you try it.

"So I'm going to send you back to your feyther and ask him to get you a rig-out. I'll take you to the railway station and buy you a ticket to Edinbro'. This is Friday mornin'

and ye'll be back here on Tuesday. The sailmaker lives in Edinbro', and he knows when he's wanted. But ye can ca' at his address and remind him that the ship leaves the Queen's Dock on Tuesday afternoon, and the Tail-o'-the-bank on Thursday.

" Tell your feyther to get you a suit o' blue serge, an extry warm jersey, and any ole cloes that'll fit you. I'll gie you a canvas bag to put them in. An' ye can tell him I'll get the skipper to put ye on the ship's books and maybe he'll gie ye a pound a month." " Oh my ! that'll be fine," said the boy, " I think father will be glad to see me when I tell him that." " Aye, but ye must keep your mouth shut about the pound a month when ye get back to the ship. Ye see the owners take on lads to be apprentices, whose folk pay premiums for them, for the privilege of doing the ship's work.

THE YOUNG SAILOR'S RIG-OUT.

" I'm no' blamin' the owners for wantin' to work the ship as cheap as possible, but it's no' fair to the lads or to their folk to ask them to pay for what's no' worth learnin'.

MERCHANT NAVY APPRENTICE-SHIPS.

" Here am I first mate o' a well-found ship gettin' six pounds a month, the second gets five, and the skipper eight to ten. An' it's a dog's life when a's said an' done. Ye've to work twelve hours out o' the twenty-four, have no home comforts, and take yer chance o' being drooned. But what's the use o' me bletherin' about it ? Once ye're in the trade, ye canna get oot o't.

" But here we are at Buchanan Street station. And noo, Wullie, ye ken what to tell your feyther, and ye'll be back at the ship on Tuesday. Here's half-a-croon to put in your pocket. Speak kind to your feyther, and tell him I'll try to make a man o' you. So long, Wullie." Here the kindly mate shook hands with the boy whom he had lifted into the seventh heaven of happiness, and bound to him with cords of steel.

Judge of father's surprise when his boy Willie ran up to

A RAILWAY LAMP-ROOM AUDITORIUM.

him on the platform of the station at Edinburgh saying, "Hullo, father." He put his lamps down, threw his arms round him and said, "My son, my son, I'm so glad to see you. Where have you been?" Although only four days had elapsed since the boy left home, how much had happened in that time?

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Father took the boy into the lamp-room, where the story was unfolded before an interested group of railway guards and porters. How well the two brothers knew that lamp-room! Here they had spent the bulk of their holidays and Saturday afternoons helping father. Here were rows of lamps let into holes, cut in a bench. Then a long bench, black with use, on which they were cleaned. Over the fire-place were displayed pictures from the illustrated papers—the centre one—depicting the celebrated prize fight between Sayers and Heenan—had been coloured by the boys. On the mantel-shelf was a working model of perpetual motion. This was a long serpent, cut in cardboard, with its head resting on a steel pin fixed on an upright stick. The draught from the fire caused the serpent to keep on winding round the stick.

Round the fire-place were some stools and upturned boxes on which the railwaymen would sit, smoke their pipes and tell yarns. "That was a bad collision outside Carstairs yesterday," would say a guard, just off duty. "Aye, I didna' hear of it, Walter." "Well, when a mineral train from the sooth was shunting, it was run into by a heavy goods, and there was a fine smash up, I can tell ye."

A LAMP-ROOM AUDITORIUM.

"Oh! that was nothin' to the accident last Tuesday wi' the 8.40 express from Glasca'," broke in another. "I never got the rights o' that story," said father. "Weel, James, I was driver on the local, waiting on a siding at Lockerbie for the express. A few minutes before she was due, I saw her comin' tearin' down the line like fury. It appears that

efter makin' the summit at Beattock the brakes wouldna' act, and of coorse the driver lost all control. She gained speed every minute and came down that long incline from Beattock summit to Lockerbie like a flash o' lightnin'. She left the metals at the signal-box and crashed into the platform. Oh my God! I canna' forget the roar o' the steam and the screechin' and moanin' o' the passengers buried in the wreck."

Father was master in this lamp-room and wouldn't allow anything in the way of foul language. He would say to a new hand who didn't know the unwritten rule, "Now, my man, I don't mind you comin' here and takin' part in the 'crack,' but if you canna' open your mouth withoot dammin' and swearin', ye'll find plenty room ootside."

And so this humble lamp-man let his light so shine before men that all could see it and profit thereby.

People go to theatres and operas to see and to be seen. They dress for the occasion, criticize their neighbours, and receive the salutations of friends. But in this railway auditorium clothes didn't count, and the audience weren't critical.

WILLIAM'S TOUCHING STORY.

As William recited the story in his simple, natural way, not a word was spoken, but as he told of the warm-hearted bargeman's wife a tear-drop hung in many an eye. When he finished by telling of the kindly mate buying him a return ticket and giving him half-a-crown, these homely sons of toil slapped their thighs, and said, "My George, I'd like to meet that mate." "Of course, James, you'll let the boy go to sea now? We'll help you to rig him out, and I'll take up a collection now."

"Thank you, my friends," said father, "in fact I'm proud o' you. But I've got two or three pound notes o' my own, and I'll buy the boy what he wants tomorrow." And so on Saturday afternoon father took the two brothers to a ready-made-clothes store, and got the boy rigged out to his heart's con-

SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE.

A NAVAL SCRAP.

tent. The old clothes were left to be called for, and then the two brothers made a round of calls on their relatives for William to bid them "Good-bye." His kinsfolk—who used to call him "a young scamp" and a "ne'er-do-well"—were now proud of him. He looked so bonnie and smart in his new sailor suit. As we retraced our steps homewards that Saturday evening, there wasn't a prouder boy in the City of Edinburgh than William Glass.

THE ROYAL NAVY v. MERCANTILE MARINE.

When near home we met two young seamen from the Forth guard-ship, walking unsteadily arm-in-arm. As soon as they saw us, they exclaimed, "Hulloa! Here's a young merchantman—let's smash him." The two seamen were strong chaps of about twenty, and could easily have carried out their threat had they been sober.

As fisticuffs hadn't been my forte at school, I was for giving the seamen a wide berth. Not so William. He called to me, "Here, Jim, you take on the wee yin and I'll take the big yin." And so the "scrap" began. When my antagonist, a young chap double my weight, made for me, my heart sank into my boots. I dodged him, and would have cut and run, had it not been for the encouraging words—"Stand up to him, Jim, land him one on the eye." I then stood up to him, and acting on the defensive, found my courage increasing. He was striking wildly in the air, and I began watching my opportunity to strike out.

A NAVAL DEBACLE.

I had no chance of seeing how William was getting on, but from the oaths of his antagonist he was evidently keeping his end up. At last I heard a heavy thud on the pavement, and turning round saw the "big yin" lying helpless on his back. My brother came to my assistance, and saying, "Leave him to me, Jim, I'll settle him," he soon did it. Thus ended the naval scrap, and the "wee merchantman" with his brother marched off with the honours of war. Before reaching home, William

said, " Now Jim, don't say a word about this to father. It would only vex him and spoil all."

On the following Tuesday morning William and the sail-maker left Edinburgh for Glasgow to join their ship the *Great Australia* outward bound to Callao.

SOME CONTRASTS IN CHURCHES

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!

BURNS.

GREYFRIARS CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

WHEN John Knox and the early reformers substituted Presbyterianism for Roman Catholicism in Scotland, they at the same time killed all reverence for the artistic and the beautiful in church worship. Because the Roman Church gloried in its architectural traditions, its masterpieces in painting, sculpture, and carvings; so the Reformers treated these things as the abominations of the devil. They built their churches severely plain—no architectural beauty, no stained-glass windows, no paintings or carvings, no organ or choir. Because the former worshipped God by standing while singing His praises and kneeling at prayer, so the latter sat while singing and stood while praying.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD CHURCH.

But what happy memories linger over the old church and the old home! Nothing in after-life equals the simple pleasures that linger around our childhood days. Twice every Sunday all the children attending the four principal hospitals in Edinburgh were marched in procession to Greyfriars Church. They numbered 400—all of them taught singing—and all knowing the Scottish Psalmody by heart.

The church had no organ or choir to lead the singing,

but these weren't wanted. When the 400 boys and girls rose together to sing one of the Psalms of David, their sweet clear voices pealed out in a joyful hymn of praise—

> Let all the earth unto the Lord
> Send forth a joyful noise,
> Lift up your voice aloud to Him,
> Sing praises and rejoice.

The two brothers with their two sisters joined in the singing and, in after years when far from home, they often recalled the sweet singing of the youthful Greyfriars Choir.

Greyfriars Church stands in the centre of a large churchyard which, without doubt, is the most historical churchyard in the world.

Its tombs and monuments recall the history of Scotland for centuries. Here is the last resting-place of 37 Lord Provosts of the City of Edinburgh from 1579 to 1842; 23 Principals and Professors of Edinburgh University; 24 Senators of the College of Justice, together with many celebrated authors, poets, philosophers and soldiers. The ancient nobility of Scotland have in this churchyard left massive monuments and records of the warlike times in which they lived.

The plain yet sacred stone on which the Covenanters signed the Solemn League and Covenant is here. It is recorded that many of the signatories cut their arms and signed the covenant with their blood. Here is also shown the Martyrs' Memorial which covers the dust of over a hundred men and women who were burned, hanged, drawn and quartered, because they valued their faith higher than their lives. This was all done in the name of so-called Christian religion—a religion intolerant of Christianity.

SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

It is strange that the church with which I have been

ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH, LONDON.

connected in recent years should also be associated with the burning of martyrs. St. Sepulchre's Church, over against Newgate, London, has stood as "A Watcher at the City's Gate" for thirty-three reigns—A.D. 1170-1920.

ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

Its interior decorations in stained-glass windows, beautiful carvings, and art-metal work, can hardly be over-valued. It has a magnificent organ and a trained choir. Overlooking Smithfield it witnessed for 200 years Catholics burning Protestants, and the latter, when they had the power, burning Catholics.

This Church is also associated with Newgate prison, hard by. The hand-bell is still shown which was rung by the church bellman at midnight prior to an execution, when he chanted these lines outside the condemned cells:

> When St. Sepulchre's bell in the morning tolls,
> The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
> Past twelve o'clock.

In those times, when a man was hanged for stealing a handkerchief, it is little wonder that gangs of fifteen to twenty condemned souls would receive, at the hands of the Vicar, nosegays at the church porch on their way to be hanged at Tyburn. Those were the "good old times" when the punishment didn't always fit the crime.

It would be wellnigh impossible to find so much difference in the services of two churches belonging to the same faith as in St. Sepulchre's, London, and the Abbey Church, Dunfermline. The former is an imposing architectural structure and is considered to be the most historical parish church in England.

THE ABBEY CHURCH, DUNFERMLINE.

The Abbey Church, Dunfermline, to which the two brothers were taken in 1856, was a plain oblong building with whitewashed walls. It had no stained-glass or other

embellishment, no organ and no choir. In its dark-oak pulpit, with heavy oak canopy, stood the minister in his simple Geneva gown on a Sunday. Opening the psalm-book he would say, "Let us begin the public worship of God this morning by singing to His praise in the 23rd Psalm—

> The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie,

and we'll sing the whole psalm." The precentor, from his box underneath the pulpit, would rise, strike his tuning-fork on the desk, and repeat in a loud voice—

> The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie.

These two lines the congregation, remaining seated, would sing with him. Then he would recite the next two lines—

> In pastures green He leadeth me,
> The quiet waters by.

This the congregation would sing in the same way, two lines at a time, until the psalm was finished. This form of singing, named "reading the lines," had come down from an early period, when people were either too poor to buy Bibles or too illiterate to read them.

It is related that in the same church, but before my time, was a minister who had outlived his usefulness. He had ceased to compose new sermons and, when he had given out the text of an old one, the bulk of the congregation went to sleep.

THE STORY OF THE FOXES' TAILS.

To arouse them from their lethargy he would read the story of one of the Old Testament miracles—such as Daniel in the Lions' Den, or Jonah in the Whale's Belly, and make "elucidations" on them. Some of the parishioners, who resented this innovation, asked the precentor, a worthy named Sandie MacDonald, to report to the minister that "The people

came to the kirk to hear the word o' the Lord and no' to listen to fairy tales." The minister asked what they objected to. "Oh!" said Sandie, "they say that your elucidations are uncommonly like exaggerations." "Aye," said the minister, "I suppose the next thing they'll be saying is that I'm telling lees." "Oh! No sir, I wouldna' like to say that, but ye're maybe stretchin' the truth a wee bit o'er much."

"Aweel, Sandie, the next time ye hear me exaggeratin' or 'stretchin' the truth' as ye ca' it, jist gie a wee bit whistle and I'll be able to hear ye, and maybe I might modify what I've been saying." "What," said Sandie, "ye're asking me to whistle on the Sawbath. I couldna' do it, sir." "But ye ken, Sandie, the wind whistles on the Sabbath, and I dinna' want ye to whistle like a steam-engine, but just a quiet wee bit whistle, and I'll hear you fine." "Very weel, sir, I'll do that."

WHISTLING ON THE SABBATH.

A few Sundays later the minister took as his subject for elucidating, the story of Samson catching foxes, which he tied in pairs by their tails and, with a lighted brand between them, sent them among the standing corn of the Philistines.

And now began the elucidation. "Ye ken, my brethren, that ye couldna' tie the tails o' two Scotch foxes together, as the're no long enough. When you was trying to tie them together the beasts would be girning and biting you. But the foxes in they eastern countries have long, long tails, running to twelve feet." Sandie whistles.

"Now, my friends, we're informed by travellers, that although there's ample proof that the foxes in bygone times had tails twelve feet in length, the longest tails they discovered were only nine feet." Sandie whistles. "My friends, there have been later travellers who have visited they eastern countries, and who have written books about their travels, and they say that although there's ample

proof that the foxes' tails in bygone times were nine, aye, and twelve feet long, the longest tails they found were only six feet." Sandie again whistles. The minister leaning over the pulpit said, "Sandie MacDonald, I'll no take another inch off they beasts' tails, though ye whistle every tooth out of your head."

PRESBYTERIANISM IN PITTSBURG.

Some years ago when in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the weather was so hot and enervating that I asked a friend if there was any cooler resort outside the city where I could spend the week-end. He recommended me to a township, some twelve miles away, which I would find much cooler.

I got there on a Saturday—found a good hotel on the hills—and was told that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had lived there for years. He had built and endowed a handsome museum, a recreation hall, and a Presbyterian Church. I visited the museum, and heard a good concert in the hall on Saturday evening.

On Sunday I visited the church and found it almost a replica of the Abbey Church, Dunfermline. The minister wore a Geneva gown with white bands, and conducted the service on the same lines as Andrew Carnegie had been accustomed to in his youth. As the multi-millionaire was liberal in his religious views, it is strange that he should have built and endowed this old-time hard-shell Presbyterian church.

He had brought a cutting from the Presbyterian tree in his native city, and transplanted it to his adopted city. The cutting had taken root, and although the parent tree had decayed in Scotland, the transplanted cutting was flourishing in this oasis on the hill slopes of Pennsylvania.

THE BEEHIVE TABERNACLE.

On my first visit to Salt Lake City, Utah, I visited the Mormon Tabernacle there. The immense and noble building was crowded with a devout and well-dressed congregation.

The choir of trained voices was supported by a large

orchestra with organ, flutes, timbrels and stringed instruments. Indeed, it appeared as if the Church aimed at imitating the services in the Temple at Jerusalem in the time of King Solomon. The minister gave out a hymn which I had known from boyhood—

O God of Bethel by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

To my delight this was sung to one of the old tunes in the Scottish Psalmody and, as I joined in singing the first verse, so many memories crowded in upon me that my eyes filled with tears and I was compelled to sit down. A lady next me put her hand on my shoulder and said, "Do you not feel well, sir?" "Thank you, ma'am," I said, "I never felt better in my life."

The minister in his sermon referred to the prophet Joseph. Although I knew of Joseph with his coat of many colours, I couldn't recall a prophet of that name; so I whispered to the lady, "Who was the prophet Joseph?" "Why, of course," she replied, "he was our beloved Joseph Smith, the founder of our faith."

Towards the close of the service the Sacrament was handed round, and I was curious enough to look into the silver cup. There I saw water; and thereupon I said to the lady, "Don't you have wine at the Sacrament?" She replied, "We only have water now, but please God when the Lord comes we'll have wine, aye the choicest wine."

I had no desire to discuss with her the merits or demerits of Mormonism, but when I had seen something of the industrious and sober community in the territory of Utah, its clean beautiful capital, Salt Lake City, with its rivulets of clear water running along its principal streets; and when I was told that it contained neither prison nor poorhouse, I felt sure that its merits predominated.

EDINBURGH SIXTY YEARS AGO

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers:
Here Justice from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod:
Where Learning with his eagle eyes
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

BURNS.

THERE is possibly no city in the western world which so unites past and present as does "Mine own romantic town." London, Paris and New York are too cosmopolitan, while the other big cities can only be classed as "commercial."

Edinburgh, set on a hill, has diffused its light throughout the world for a thousand years. The city has been long famed as a seat of learning, and to-day it is the Mecca for theology, law, physic, and education.

In these days of trade expansion, when the world is in feverish haste to increase production and material wealth, it is well for the country to have an oasis like Edinburgh given over to educational purposes. Edinburgh has no desire to vie with Glasgow or Manchester as a manufacturing city. The fame and goodwill of the city lie in education. Instead of factories with whirring machinery, transforming raw materials into finished goods, her seats of learning transform human materials into finished workers, and so she is a producer of producers.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Like ancient Rome, its citizens are divided into two classes—the patricians and plebeians. The former are the intellectuals—drawing their stipends from the Church or from the practice of law, medicine, or teaching. To these may be added the chiefs of the banks and insurance offices located in the city. The second class is composed of tradesmen, and the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN.

In modern times a shop-keeping class has grown up between these two, and has so increased in numbers and affluence that it threatens the position of the patricians as the ruling class. Shops are everywhere, and the chief business of the people seems to be in promenading their magnificent boulevard—Princes Street—and inspecting the shop windows. In a large non-producing city like this, it is marvellous how the money is found to maintain the shops and the people.

THE CITY ARMS OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is eminently genteel. The shop-keeping class rarely bring up their children to their own trade. They train their boys to enter a profession, and their girls to marry into one. To hear matrons of the shop-keeping class discussing, over the teacups, the prospects of their children is highly amusing. Trade is never mentioned.

THE GENTILITY OF EDINBURGH.

"I hear, Mrs. Millar, that you've got your second son into a good situation." "Oh yes. The father, you know,

paid a hundred guineas to get George indentured to a chartered accountant, and now we've succeeded in getting Tom into the law offices of Messrs. Bluffem and Squeezem."

"You've spent a lot of money on their education, Mrs. Millar, and I suppose they'll now be earning good salaries?"

"Oh no, my dear, it isn't like a trade, you know. One never expects remuneration while being trained for a genteel profession. Both boys are giving their services gratuitously for four years, and the father and I are quite proud of them."

OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

As previously stated, I was apprenticed to a firm of publishers. Although the publishing of books was not reckoned a profession, still it was next door to it, and was considered quite genteel. As the publishing business of my employers was confined to treatises on law and theology, it couldn't be considered a frivolous occupation.

My total salary for five years was £60, being an average of £12 per annum, or £1 per month. The remuneration of apprentices was in inverse ratio to the gentility of the business to be learned. An apprentice vendor of books got £1 per month—a budding lawyer got nothing per month, while an embryo accountant paid £2 per month for the privilege of giving his services.

In my five years' apprenticeship I practically learned nothing. The work was very uninteresting. The stock was composed mainly of musty old tomes, together with treatises on Scots law and Calvinistic theology.

THE BOY AND THE BOOKWORM.

The Scottish historian, Mr. John Hill Burton, used to visit the shop to pore over the musty old books. He got up on a pair of steps one day and, as it was dark, he asked for a wax taper. My fellow apprentice got up on another pair of steps and held the lighted taper for him.

It made a pretty picture—the youth lighting the steps of the aged historian as he climbed Parnassus. He slowly

ascended until he got to the top rung, when he became interested in an old tome. The boy nearly went to sleep, and was falling off the steps, when he caught hold of the top shelf.

This was as the last straw on the camel's back. The shelf gave way, bringing with it all the other shelves and their heavy dusty contents. These knocked over the boy and the bookworm, burying them under the theology and the dust of ages. They also brought down a heavy brass chandelier, which split the desk at which my young principal used to sit. Had he been there at the time, he would never have become Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

SECOND-HAND BOOK SHOPPES.

Edinburgh being a literary and educational centre, the making and selling of books was one of the principal industries. The old book shoppes were very interesting, and drew from all parts of the country literary bargain hunters and antiquarians. How well I remember the excitement in book circles when a celebrated library was to be disposed of at Dowell's sale-rooms!

DISPERSAL OF A LIBRARY.

At 2 p.m. would be gathered round the mahogany bench at the sale-room an array of celebrated booksellers who had nothing to learn in the value of old books. These men were always dressed in black, as at a funeral, and all wore broad-brimmed top-hats. Hardly a word was spoken, save by the auctioneer, and a jest would have been considered irreverent.

Mr. Dowell, also in top-hat, ascended the rostrum, and in subdued tones announced, "Gentlemen, this celebrated library, the property of the late —— of —— is about to be dispersed. It has been collected with very great care, and you will see from the catalogue, gentlemen, that it contains many rare and precious volumes.

"The sale begins with a complete set of the works of John Calvin, the eminent divine. The set is intact, a fact

A BOOK SALE AT EDINBURGH.

which you will appreciate, gentlemen, as you are aware that several incomplete sets have recently come under the hammer. There are four-and-twenty volumes—all in good condition—indeed many of them are uncut. How much for the set ? "

With the exception of the opening bids, no word was spoken. The gentlemen with the broad-brimmed hats merely inclined their heads, and every inclination meant five shillings.

" Three pounds bid for the works of John Calvin, three pounds five, three pounds ten," and so on. " Are you all done at five guineas for the works of the immortal John Calvin. Five pounds five shillings—going—going—gone ! It's yours, Mr. Stillie."

THE FETISH OF BOOK-BUYING.

These old fossils didn't recognize that the worship of old books was rapidly passing. They were buying in a falling market. Their stocks were so increasing that they were at their wits' end to find room for them. One bookseller had a bench fitted up at his shop door. When he came in the morning, and opened the shop door, he was compelled to take armfuls of books from the door-way, which he placed on the bench, before he could make way into his shop.

The downfall of books and shelves, referred to in a previous page, resulted in the younger partner having the whole stock of old books shipped to London for sale by auction at Sotheby's. I heard him relate that the packing and freight charges amounted to fifty shillings more than the total results of the sale.

Besides being a centre for the bookselling trade, Edinburgh was then and still is rich in publishing firms whose names and works are known all over the world. There were at least a dozen of these in my time, of whom the following six stood in the front rank.

A CITY OF LIGHT AND LEADING.

Adam and Charles Black, who issued the "Waverley Novels" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; the House of Blackwood, one of the oldest publishing firms in the country; T. & T. Clark, theology and law; William and Robert Chambers, whose "Encyclopædia" and monthly *Journal* are household words; Gall & Inglis, Sunday School literature; and last, but not least, Thomas Nelson & Sons, whose Bibles and school books are in general use.

These caterers of wholesome literature so shed abroad their light that they educated and enlightened the whole world.

I had as a friend at that time a lad in a saddlery shop in the same street. Passing it one day at my dinner hour the lad ran out to me. "What do ye think, Jamie? I've just sold a saddle for three guineas." "Never!" "But I did, and am anxious for the boss to come in so 'at I can tell him."

SELLING A SADDLE.

When the saddler came in, the lad joyfully told him that he had sold a three-guinea saddle. "Where's the money?" "Oh, he didna' pay it. He took it awa' wi' him and said it was to be put down to his account." "And what's his name?" "I didna' ask his name, but he said he was a customer."

"You silly gowk that you are! To sell a man a saddle without asking his name or getting the siller, I never heard the like o't. I'd advise ye, my laddie, to tak' the Queen's shilling and be a sodjer. Ye'll never mak' a salesman." Poor boy, his joy was short-lived. "Now the best thing to be done is to get the names o' a' the customers that buy saddles, and charge each one with three guineas for a saddle." Some months after that he asked his book-keeper if anyone had owned to getting the saddle. "No, sir, nobody's owned up to it, but ten have paid for it."

THE CULT OF VALENTINES.

To fall in love on a salary of a dollar a week is extremely foolish. But then if lovers weren't foolish there would be a slump in the marriage market. The seeds of love's raptures sixty years ago were often sown by St. Valentine's perfumed missives.

On the morning of St. Valentine's day in 1866, I picked up a valentine box, neatly tied with white silk cord, and addressed to a girl. It had evidently been lost by a swain on his way to the post office.

My plain duty was to post it, but curiosity overcame me and I opened it. There I saw a ravishing picture of Cupid with his bow and arrow, embowered amongst perfumed flowers, and with endearing poetic sentiments. These were written with gold ink on white satin, and the whole formed a most deadly bait.

I had recently fallen in love for the first time

> "With a fair young maiden all contrairy
> Come from a ladies' seminairy."

The damsel was named Clara and she was unaware of my feelings towards her. Satan said, "Post it to Clara," duty said, "No! it isn't yours." All forenoon I wrestled between love and duty, but a love-sick youth of eighteen is no match for Satan when backed up by perfumed satin, and so I fell.

I re-directed it to Clara at her school, and posted it.

On the following Saturday I saw Clara at my home. Dying to ask her if she got my valentine I stammered out, "I suppose, Clara, you got heaps of valentines?" "Not one," she replied. "After prayers one morning the matron said to the girls, 'Now, young ladies, there were a lot of valentines brought here by the postman. As I do not approve of these things I have burnt them all.' The nasty old thing."

How many memories of bygone times linger round the ancient capital of Scotland! To walk from Edinburgh Castle, which has stood as a grim sentinel at the city's gate for centuries, down the Lawnmarket (where as a boy I saw the last public hanging in Scotland) and pass down the High Street and Canongate to Holyrood Palace is a thrilling experience.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

You pass St. Giles' Cathedral in the old Parliament Square, and the Market Cross—the Heart of Midlothian. Going on you come to John Knox's House, now an old curiosity shop, showing relics of Covenanting times. Then you come to Canongate Church and churchyard, full of interest, and so on through the Sanctuary to Holy Rood House and the Abbey. The scenes which these places have witnessed must recall to every one the history of Scotland, and the troublous times of the Stuarts.

In my young days in Edinburgh many French words were in daily use among the people. These had got incorporated in the language from the time of Mary Queen of Scots, at whose Court in Holyrood, French was more spoken than English.

FRENCH WORDS IN USE IN SCOTLAND.

A housewife would ask her butcher for a "gigot" of mutton, which when roasted would be placed on an "ashette," from *assiette*, a plate. A whiting was known as a "merlan," a wine-glass as a "tassie" and a gooseberry as a "groser."

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

When Charles Edward Stuart landed in Scotland in 1745 he marched to Edinburgh at the head of his army of Highlanders.

The cautious Edinburgh bankers, knowing the predatory habits of the Highlanders, took the precaution of depositing their cash and securities in the Castle.

Bonnie Prince Charlie gained possession of Edinburgh,

but couldn't take the Castle. He took up his residence in Holyrood Palace where he, with his Highland chiefs and Lowland ladies, had a high old time.

Full size of a miniature drinking cup. This was called a "Kappie" from its shape resembling a képi, a French forage cap.
Made of fine polished brass, with an historical coin embedded in the metal.

There was a mint in Edinburgh in those days, and as the young Pretender was as hard up for cash as the rest of the Stuarts, he had the silver-plate from Holyrood and from the silversmiths' shops melted down and coined into money.

One of these coins—a sixpence—came into my grandfather's hands. He had the "Kappie" as represented above, made in his factory, with his initials engraved on the "lugs." Only one side of the coin can be seen—which shows the head of the would-be king—with the inscription "Carolus III. Dei Gratia." The little drinking cup finds a resting-place on my dining-room mantelpiece at home.

No wonder Sir Walter Scott, who was born in Edinburgh, refers to his native city as—Mine own romantic town.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

From larboard to starboard away we go,
Oh ! Oh ! blow the man down,
From larboard to starboard away we go,
Oh give us some time to blow the man down.
OLD SEA CHANTY.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.
September 5th, 1920.

DEAR JIM,—

I got your letter telling me you were going to write a book about yourself and me under the title of " Chats Over a Pipe." I thought you had more sense. You know, old man Job says, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book." And now you want me to help you, and to tell about my early days at sea. They ain't worth talking about. I wish I had taken the advice of the mate of the *Great Australia* and kept out of it. But what is the good of repining ?

You know I crossed the border-land last July and am now three-score-years-and-ten. I am still in the old job at Wall Street. For ten years I've looked after the same block of offices and the folks treat me well. The boys call me " Ole Bill," and give me many a good cigar. They also used to give me a bottle of old rye, now and again, but of course Pussyfoot has stopped all that now.

MAN'S ALLOTTED SPAN.

I know there is good whisky and bad, as there are good men and bad. But if you shoot all the bad 'uns what are the saints going to do for a background ? Every picture must have light and shade. This was God's own country—

the land of liberty. Uncle Sam played the game fair and square. He gave us all good food, good trade, and good money, and all we had to do was to behave ourselves and do as we liked. But I'm wandering from the subject. What you want to know about is my early life at sea.

POISON AND DROWNING.

Say, Jim, don't forget to start your book by telling folks that you saved my life twice. If you hadn't there would have been no two brothers to write about, sure! Mayhap you forget, but I don't.

The first time was when you and I were out together and I ate a lot of laburnum seeds thinking they were peas. If you hadn't found me pretty soon I'd a been a " gone corbie." Although you were lighter than me, you carried me home on your back. I don't know how you did it. When I came to, I found myself on your back, and I rewarded you for your pluck by being sick down your neck.

The second time was at Musselburgh when we went fishing in the Esk. I sprained my ankle and you helped me along the bank till we got to the stepping-stones. As the river was in spate the stones were covered with water. You took me on your back and jumped from stone to stone pretty slick. But in the middle was a gap that you couldn't clear, and so you went flop into the water. I was sent flying and hit my head on a stone. As helpless as a barrel, I rolled down the river and would have been over the weir in no time had you not caught me and brought me ashore.

EARLY DAYS AT SEA.

I was just about fourteen when I bid father and you good-bye and started with the sail-maker for Glasgow. We found the ship *Great Australia* at the Tail-o'-the-bank, just below Greenock, and rowed out to her in the ship's boat. As we neared her and I looked up at the great hull with her three tall masts, all square rigged, I felt proud to belong to her.

A tug called the *Squirrel* was waiting to take us in tow,

THE "GREAT AUSTRALIA."

and before long her hawser was hauled on board and made fast. My first job at sea was to help man the capstan and heave up anchor. I've forgotten a lot o' things since then, Jim, but I'm not likely to forget my first day at sea. I felt so fresh and keen, now that I'd got the job I'd been long hankering after. There was no happier boy in the world that day than your brother Billy as he bent to the spoke, tripping merrily round the capstan to the chanty—

> "Then rise up, Jack, let John sit down,
> For now you're outward bou-ou-ound,
> For now you're outward bound."

As the ship was being towed down the Firth o' Clyde that afternoon in the setting sun it looked awful bonnie. I'd never seen the coast before. We passed a lot o' small towns —each with its pier—some river steamers and heaps o' small craft.

Later on we passed a great rock standing alone in the sea with thousands of sea-gulls around it. I asked a hand what it was called and he said, "That's Paddy's Milestone." The crew hadn't been divided into watches yet, and so, after the decks had been cleared, the men turned-in to the bunks in the fo'c'sle. We were moving along with very little motion, and so my first night at sea passed very quietly.

Next morning after breakfast all hands were called to the main deck, while the first and second mates stood on the poop. The crew formed as motley a bunch as it's possible to imagine. They were all sorts and sizes. Some o' them were well-set-up chaps—clean and tidy—but the bulk o' them were no great shakes. They were half boozed the night before—were dirty and ragged—and just looked like quay-side loafers. But, by crikey, they got smartened up some before the mates had them long. We were ranged along

CHOOSING THE WATCHES.

the deck and, all told, there were twenty men and four boys. The two mates chose a man alternately, same as we did at school, for sides at football or shinty.

The mates spotted the best men, some were old hands, and these were soon chosen. When it came to the tag-rag-and-bob-tail there was little to choose between them. "Here, you wi' the red heid," or "Come on, you wi' the broken nose," and so on until we were equally divided into the starboard and larboard watches. I was glad that the first mate chose me in his watch. He was a real good sort and was a friend to me as long as we were together.

THE STOWAWAYS.

Going down the Irish Sea, still in tow, four stowaways were discovered in the hold. Poor beggars, I was sorry for them. The lads looked so woe-begone, frightened and half-starved, that they could hardly stand. I think they expected to be thrashed to within an inch of their lives, and when the skipper was called they shook for fear.

But the skipper was a good man, and said, "Now, my lads, I want you to tell me the truth. Did any of the crew entice you to stow yourselves away among the cargo? If you speak the truth no harm will come to you, but if you don't, it will be worse for you. The lads' stories were all on the same lines—They couldn't find a job ashore, had no money, and would gladly work their passage out. The skipper conferred with the mates and then decided to keep two of the lads and send the other two back in the tug.

UP ALOFT AMID THE RIGGING.

Shortly after this a breeze sprung up and the first mate ordered some men aloft to let out the sails. I asked him if I should go up and he said, "All right! But be very careful at first until you get used to the motion." So I ran up the ladder to the main topsail yard, and was soon helping to unreef the sail. It was a queer sensation up aloft for the first time, and

I had to hold on pretty tight. Fortunately there was no sea on to speak of, but the swaying of the mast and the height I was up made me a bit giddy, and I was glad to be on deck again.

The tug was signalled, when she put off a boat bringing the master aboard. He had a long palaver with our skipper down below, and when he came back the latter gave him a good piece of salt beef and, taking the two stowaways with him, he went over the side wishing us "bon voyage." We then cast off and, with a fair wind, stood down the Irish Sea.

CAPTAIN JOSCELYN.

It makes all the difference in the world if the ship is commanded by a good or a bad skipper. I've sailed under all sorts, but the skipper of the *Great Australia*—Captain Joscelyn—was the best I've ever had. He was a well-educated man and a good seaman, but, above all, he had a kind heart. The mate introduced me to him, and he had evidently been speaking to him about me, for he patted me on the back and said that if I stuck by the ship he would make a man of me.

You hear a lot about the harsh treatment, ill feeding, and hard life of Jack at sea. Books are written by landlubbers who know nothing more about the sea than can be picked up in a holiday trip from New York to the West Indies. They always introduce the hard-drinking skipper and the swearing mates who knock about the crew with a belaying-pin.

I don't say there ain't no bad ships nor bad skippers, and I don't crack up a sailor's life as a cushy job, but I do say there are worse jobs ashore than there are afloat. To begin with, Jack gets more than his share of God's fresh air and, if his food ain't so good as they serve up in the "Waldorf-Astoria," he doesn't require any appetizers.

JACK'S LIFE AFLOAT.

The scribes that write sea stories for the magazines com-

plain of Jack's small pay and his lack of home comforts. I know his pay is too small, and, although it's better now than it was, it ain't enough for what he does. I remember many years ago arriving in 'Frisco in a fast tea clipper from China. After the crew were paid off the skipper asked some of the hands to lend a hand in discharging the cargo and offered us $5 apiece for a day's work. It's hard work handling tea-chests, but we put our backs into it and cleaned up the hold.

We went together to the shipping office in Market Street and presented our pay notes. The clerk paid us in $5 gold pieces. As these coins were strange to some of us, one of the men, after testing one with his teeth, jumped it on the counter, and catching it again said, "Jump! jump! you beggar, jump! I've often had to jump for you."

As to home comforts Jack isn't used to them and don't miss them. But from what I've seen of home comforts in New York, Chicago, and 'Frisco, the less said of them the better.

As to swearin'—why, that don't amount to nothin'! I got so used to it that I didn't know when I was using it. You'll remember, Jim, that, when kiddies, we used to say "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me." Sailormen when using swear words don't mean to be offensive, in fact in some instances it should be counted to them for righteousness.

A CHURCH AT NEW ORLEANS.

I remember a shipmate of mine who, one Sunday in New Orleans, had shipped more "Old Kentucky" than he could carry. He lost his bearings and, getting tired, went into a church filled with converted niggers, where he promptly fell asleep. The coloured sky-pilot was thumping the Bible, and shouting, "Who will go up with me to Ramoth Gilead?" The noise awoke Jack who, looking round, saw the parson and heard him shout, "Again I say, who will go up with me to Ramoth

Gilead ? " Seeing no one moving Jack stood up, and in a voice as if hailing a passing craft, sang out, " If none of you black —— will go up with the reverend gentleman, I'm —— but I'll go up with him myself." Even in his cups Jack is a handy man.

CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

When the *Great Australia* got clear of Ireland the weather got rough and I began to feel squeamish. I had a full dose of sea-sickness. It lasted nearly a whole week, until we got clear of the Bay of Biscay, and it left me as weak as a rat.

But I soon picked up again, and in a few days forgot all about my first and last attack of mal-de-mer. Then the weather got rapidly warmer as we got near Madeira and the Canaries. We sailed quite close to some of the islands and I had a good view of Teneriffe.

As we approached the Cape Verd Islands we were nearly becalmed. We got among a shoal of fish like mackerel, but with bright spots on them. They are called bonitos, and are good eating if cooked at once. Some of the hands got into the rudder chains and speared the fish as they swarmed round the boat.

CROSSING THE LINE.

From Cape Verd we crossed the South Atlantic and steered for the coast of Bahia. Before sighting South America we crossed the line. I read some months ago that the Prince of Wales on his way out to Australia had a " Crossing the Line " revue. Of course that was a grand affair got up for the benefit of the Prince, the press, and the film operators. But this had no counterpart in a wind-jammer without passengers fifty years ago. Still we had some sky-larking. There were six ships' boys and apprentices including myself. Thanks to the mate, although rated as a ship's boy I was treated as an apprentice. We asked permission to rig up a bath on the main deck by tying up the four corners of a sail to the yards, and filling up with

sea water. When ready we got into it and were splashing about to the amusement of all hands.

We were nearly becalmed, in latitude O, and it was so hot that clothing had been reduced to pants and singlet.

LARKS AND SPLASHES.

To the surprise and joy of all, the skipper ordered the bosun to pipe—all hands to bathe. Never was an order more quickly obeyed. In the crew popped, one by one, and, as there were no mermaids or sharks about, there was no worry about bathing suits. It was a prime lark and did us all good.

By the way, Jim, that Prince of Wales of yours is made of the right stuff. He made a good impression here and, if he is minded to take an American bride, there would be no trouble in him having a multi-millionaire as father-in-law.

In the whole circumference of the world there is no place so trying to the health and nerves of a sailorman as Cape

ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

Horn. Although only 55 degrees south, it has no Gulf Stream to temper the climate, and is so exposed that the winds are always strong. In addition, there are strong currents swirling round it which have proved fatal to many a good ship. Steamers can go through the Straits of Magellan, and so avoid the strong winds and currents. But we had no alternative than to sail westwards in the teeth of the strong trade winds. The mate's description of rounding Cape Horn, which he gave me at Glasgow, was not a bit exaggerated. But we got round it all right, and, steering north, we soon got into warm weather and forgot all about our late troubles. That's one of the good points in a sailor's life—he's never long in one place and, though he may steer from one trouble to another, still he never has the same trouble for long.

There were no other incidents in the trip worth recording,

and in due time we reached Callao, the old Spanish port of Lima in Peru.

Now, Jim, I've given you a pretty long screed which should fill a chapter in your book. I'll cudgel my brains and try to send you some copy about life in China.

With kind regards,

Your affectionate brother,

BILLY.

LONDON

Where has Pleasure such a field,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied
As London—opulent, enlarged and still
Increasing London ?

COWPER.

"SIR, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the Kingdom."

Such was the dictum of Dr. Johnson when he was seated with Boswell in the Mitre Tavern near Temple Bar. Many people before and since have felt the same attachment as the old philosopher to the vast town of multitudinous life and ever-changing aspects.

Macaulay had the reputation of having walked through every street in London, but to do this to-day would be a physical impossibility. To the stranger it is always a place bustling with traffic and excitement, the busy mart of commerce, and the home of gaiety and the drama.

One must live many years in London to realize its enormous size and population, its many-sidedness, its wealth, its poverty, and the many interests and activities which combine to make it the hub of the Universe.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Into this modern Babylon was pitchforked the elder of the two brothers in the autumn of 1868. The Lord Mayor and Corporation didn't turn out in State to welcome the young Scotsman as he arrived from Edinburgh.

The successful American speculator when he decides to visit "Yurrup," crosses the herring-pond in the luxurious $1,000 state-room of an ocean liner. Arriving in London, he is met at the railway terminus by his friends, who drive him to the "Ritz" or the "Cecil" hotel, where they have engaged a handsome suite of rooms for him. He finds everything rose-coloured and tells his friends, "My! but London is a daisy city."

When I decided to migrate to London, which so many Scotsmen have done before and since, I secured for ten shillings a half return-ticket in the Leith packet. Meeting an equinoctial gale in the North Sea I was turned inside out, and arrived in the Thames as pitiable an object as ever entered it.

The steamer was made fast at a dirty wharf at Wapping, and I came ashore more dead than alive, with my humble belongings in an old-time carpet bag. I made my way unaided through some dingy evil-smelling streets, and was fain to enter the portals of a coffee-shop, in whose window was displayed a dirty card bearing the words "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen." There I was offered and accepted a share in a room at a shilling a night.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

The American millionaire and myself had both entered the same city of London, but at different sides. He saw the top side—I the under side.

As the former entered the spacious dining-room of the "Cecil" through the palm court, his eye took in the great range of tables with their snowy white cloths. On these he saw epergnes with hot-house plants, together with polished silver and crystal decorations, and was lost in admiration. As he was being led to a seat by the head waiter he ejaculated, "By God, ain't this elegant?"

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS!

On the other hand, the young Scotsman, after he had

deposited his bag in a shabby and stuffy bedroom in the "Hearts of Oak" coffee-shop, asked what he could have for breakfast. The shop, which formed the dining-room of the establishment, was filled with dock labourers sitting round dirty tables devoid of all covers or decorations. The smell of cooking nearly overpowered the youth, but as he had retained no food in his stomach for forty hours, he was very hungry and so he ordered and ate a bloater with bread and tea. This was served by an untidy maid-of-all-work who demanded sixpence before he had eaten a bite.

The Scotsman was seeing the under-side of the same city as the American and, had they compared notes, their conclusions would have been altogether different.

London is so many-sided and complex that few Londoners know more of it than a narrow circuit round their places of business and their homes. I have visited most of the big cities in the world, and have always kept my eyes open. Without prejudice, I can say that London with its historical associations, its architectural beauty, and its literary, artistic, commercial and financial interests is the most attractive city in the world.

ALONE IN LONDON.

It's a risk for any young man or woman to begin life's battle in a great city single-handed. The odds are against one. I had been offered and accepted a situation in a wholesale book-store at £50 a year. As compared with my pound a month in Edinburgh this remuneration was princely. But in looking out at the arena in which I was to begin life's battle, through the mud-bespattered window of the "Hearts of Oak" coffee-shop, the prospect was not encouraging.

As I had had no sleep for two nights I decided to lie down for a few hours before reporting myself at the book-store. So, after my sixpenny breakfast, I went upstairs and laid me down in one of the two beds there. But sleep wouldn't come. The strange and sordid surroundings, the raucous

voices in and outside the house, the street traffic, but, above all, the stifling atmosphere kept me awake.

Here I was at last in London—the hub of the Universe. Its grandeur, wealth, and pleasures had been depicted to me in rosy colours, but as yet these had not been apparent.

As I lay in bed thinking of present conditions and future prospects pessimism found no place. I have always admired and striven to imitate Mark Tapley who was able to be cheerful in all circumstances. But Mark Tapley didn't have to fight in an impure atmosphere, while I did. God's fresh air is the cheapest and yet the most priceless of all His gifts to men. But it isn't appreciated in Wapping.

HAPPY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

So I got out of bed and made my way to the river where I hoped to find the fresh air I was in search of. And I found it by the river's side—and plenty of it.

Londoners do not sufficiently appreciate the value of the River Thames as a source of health and pleasure. A century ago it was the main highway for traffic. Royalty and the nobility kept their own state and private barges for ceremonial calls, while the ancient guild of watermen nimbly steered their wherries on the busy river for the common folk. Now, there is practically no passenger traffic on this noble river, excepting for the ingress and egress of ocean-going steamers.

THE CITY REACHES OF THE THAMES.

When I arrived at the wharf at Wapping in the early morning all around was dull and dingy. Now all was alive with noise and bustle. From great warehouses overlooking the river were being loaded or discharged cases, casks, and sacks into or from barges below. The river was alive with all sorts of craft, while the adjoining streets were thronged with heavy drays. A few hours had made all the difference in the world between a deserted Thames-side parish and a hive of industry.

Making inquiries I learnt that from an adjacent pier I

could get up to St. Paul's pier, close by the Cathedral.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This short trip was an eye-opener to me as to the vast water-borne trade of London. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen, on both sides of the river, but forests of masts, with great warehouses and busy wharves.

There was no mistaking the Tower of London when it came into view, and a magnificent sight it was. There was the moat and the cold massive towers, with the Traitors' Gate, which must have struck terror into the hearts of all condemned to enter there. How many heart-breaking scenes and tragedies have been enacted within those walls "with many a foul and midnight murder fed," the world will never know. But one is safe to affirm that more historical associations are connected with the Tower than with any other building in the world.

THE POOL OF THE THAMES.

The long façade of the Custom House next attracted my eye, with its noble esplanade adjoining Billingsgate Market. I was to become better acquainted later in life with the Custom House and with the enormous business done there.

The scene on the river as the little steamer threaded its way through the "Pool of the Thames" beggared description. At the age of nineteen I had discovered that my career in life was to be in trade. None of the professions attracted me, and I had no taste for engineering or mechanics. And so here I was, a youngster from Scotland with an ambition for trade, looking into the very heart of the things that my soul loved.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Who can picture the joy of any one, versed in the history of England, when seeing St. Paul's Cathedral for the first time? Here it was in all its magnificence as it stood out clear and massive on this bright autumn afternoon. As seen from the river its effect on me was magical. It is over fifty years

since then, but I can never forget the feelings of awe and reverence it inspired as I gazed on those magnificent towers.

The steamer drew up at St. Paul's pier and I alighted. I made my way to the Cathedral by St. Paul's Chain and through the Churchyard. I was on classic ground and, as I surveyed the wondrous pile as seen from the front entrance, this masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren appeared in all its grandeur.

It was the hour of Evensong, and the organ was pealing out in fine chords as the congregation was assembling. If there is anything stronger in my nature than trading instincts it is the love of sacred music. I got it from my mother. She had a natural untrained voice resembling that of Christine Nilsson, the "Swedish Nightingale." To hear my mother in her sweet clear voice sing one of the Psalms of David would bring tears to the eyes.

> Behold how good a thing it is
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell.

And here I had my mother recalled to me after many years as I listened to the sweet young voices of the choristers.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

This famous row, together with its adjoints Ave Maria Lane and Amen Corner, lie under the shadow of the Cathedral. For over a hundred years Paternoster Row has been the centre for the book trade of the United Kingdom. Here many famous publishers and wholesale booksellers are congregated, who distribute their wares from this mart all over the world.

The firm which had secured my services was that of Hamilton, Adams & Co., one of the principal distributing houses. They occupied an unimposing building at No. 32 which I entered. I was received by one of the principals who shook me kindly by the hand and said he was glad to see me. When I told him of my arrival that morning by

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

steamer, and of the "Hearts of Oak" coffee-shop, he first showed amusement and then anxiety. "You must leave there at once and get respectable lodgings with a decent family."

I said that as my bag was there I would stay overnight and look for lodgings in the morning. "Very well then, this being Friday, you can leave your bag here to-morrow morning, and then go in search for lodgings. Get to-morrow's edition of the *Clerkenwell News* in which you will find no end of advertisements offering apartments. We'll expect you here at 8.45 on Monday morning."

A GREAT METROPOLIS.

A walk along Cheapside with its crowded side-walks and dense road traffic was no easy matter, but when I reached the Bank, confusion became worse confounded. As I stood at the Mansion House gazing all around at the great buildings (then unknown to me), the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, and when I saw seven great thoroughfares, each with its own volume of traffic, debouching into this vast arena, I was lost in amazement.

A few hours back I had passed through the "Pool of the Thames" showing a bit of Britain's wealth in shipping, and now here I was at the heart of the world's commerce. Such evidences of the immensity and wealth of the trade centring in London fired my imagination and patriotism. No wonder that Blücher, with his Prussian love of plunder, when looking at the same scene, exclaimed "Mein Gott! What a city to sack."

THE BOAR'S HEAD, EASTCHEAP.

Walking back to Wapping via Eastcheap I noticed the tavern, alleged to be on the site of the "Boar's Head" referred to in Shakespeare's "*King Henry IV.*," and rendered famous by Sir John Falstaff and his merry men. One can recall Falstaff's entry into this hostelry after his imaginary fight at Gadshill—"A plague of all cowards, I say. Give me a cup of sack, boy.

Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?"

A little further on I saw Tower Hill around which so many historical tragedies linger. One could picture Mary, Queen of Scots still looking young—dressed and powdered as if for a festival—laying her head upon the block—a head which when cut off displayed the features and wrinkles of an old woman.

Before reaching the uninviting hostelry of the "Hearts of Oak" I was thoroughly exhausted. Two sleepless nights, followed by such a day of excitement, was too much for my light though active frame. I may here state that I never weighed more than 118 lbs. Reaching the coffee-shop I at once made my way upstairs and in a very few minutes was fast asleep.

A NIGHT AT WAPPING.

A few hours later I was suddenly awake looking into the face of a half-naked, repulsive looking man holding a candle. He looked as if he would strangle me as he ejaculated, "Oo in the 'ell are you, and wot in the 'ell are you doing 'ear?" When I took in the situation I explained that I had engaged the bed. "Not this bed, you ——, git out." As I got out of bed he got in and blew out the candle. I got into the other bed—but not to sleep.

The shock of being suddenly awoke from a sound sleep by a murderous looking villain set me all of a tremble. As I lay awake in that dark room I fancied I saw the ruffian with his bleary eyes standing over me, and felt his hot beery breath in my face. If wishes could have strangled him he would never had seen the dawn. But I had constant reminders that he remained unstrangled by his loud snores.

When I left Leith on Wednesday I had never slept away

from home since my school days. On Wednesday and Thursday nights I had been knocked about, buffeted and bruised in a North Sea gale, and now on Friday night I am scared to death in a Thames-side coffee-shop. I shall never forget that night. Kept awake by the ruffian snoring, and by the attentions of the live stock in the bed, I spent an anxious, restless night. The rent of the bed on which I lay cost a shilling, but all the wealth of London wouldn't have induced me to spend a second night under similar conditions.

THE UNDER-SIDE OF LIFE.

As soon as I heard people moving about in the house I got up and made my way downstairs. Knowing nowhere else where I might break my fast I repeated my breakfast of the previous morning which, albeit the sordid surroundings, was a cheap sixpen'orth. With my carpet bag I made my way to the wharf where I bade good-bye to Wapping with its painful memories.

I had seen a bit of the under-side of London life not observable from the Hotel Cecil.

BUSINESS LIFE IN LONDON

O grant me, heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

D. MALLET.

THE nearer one gets to the heart of a big city the more valuable are the business interests. On the outskirts, where land is least valuable, are the dwellings of the people, with the stores which provide their daily wants. Nearer the centre is a ring of factories and workshops where raw materials are worked up into finished goods.

Then where land has become too valuable for manufacturing purposes it is, at the fashionable side—usually the West-End—used as the shopping quarter and, at the business side, as the wholesale quarter. Inside this ring and, still nearer the centre, the buildings are occupied mainly as offices. No stock is kept there, but business agents show samples of produce and merchandise, and there also insurance men, brokers, solicitors, and shipping agents make their living. When you get to the centre of the business arena—the heart of the city—the only commodity which can be profitably handled is money.

THE SQUARE MILE OF THE CITY.

London has so branched out and increased that it is difficult to know where it begins and ends. But reckoning about 14 miles from north to south and from east to west you have an area of 200 square miles. Of this vast area the "City of London," presided over by the Lord Mayor and Corporation,

only measures one square mile. This "contemptible little" slice of the earth's surface is known as "The City," and at the heart of this is the Bank of England, which fixes the rate of exchange that rules the world.

Before beginning my life in the "City" it was necessary to get fixed up with lodgings. In the *Clerkenwell News*, which later developed into the *Daily Chronicle*, I found advertisements of apartments to let for all sorts and conditions of men—more especially single men.

SEARCHING FOR LODGINGS.

By the way, how is it that landladies do not invite single women to be paying guests? One would think that the latter would be more helpful in tidying up their rooms than the former, but the fact remains that landladies do not consider women eligible lodgers.

After unsuccessfully hunting for a room till I was tired, I at last found one in a house situated "near the Angel." The "Angel" I may explain is a large tavern which looks after the spiritual wants of the parishioners of Islington. Hence its name. The house was in a quiet little terrace off the City Road, and on knocking, the door was opened by a gentlewoman of about fifty. She showed me a small upper room, clean and tidy, the rent of which was 4*s*. weekly or, with breakfast, tea, Sunday dinner and laundry, 12*s*. Profiteers and millionaires, if they read this story, will smile at the humble sum paid for board and lodging in a London suburb fifty years ago.

My salary of £50 a year petered out to rather less than 19*s*. 3*d*. per week. Before leaving home £50 a year seemed a large sum, and indeed a handsome salary for a single man. My father had no more when he maintained a wife and four children. But here in London things seemed different. With 12*s*. for partial board, six lunches to get, and providing for clothes and boots, it was going to be a tight fit. But as it had got

TOUCHING MONEY MATTERS.

to be done I constituted myself into "a committee of ways and means." True economy is not starvation, so the lunches must be maintained.

This was before the days of temperance restaurants. The only place in which a wholesome meal could be had in the City at a moderate price was a tavern. By having your meal at the bar—"across the stick" was the local expression—it saved a waiter's fee—and I got a good lunch for 10*d*. This for six days came to 5*s*., leaving me a balance of 2*s*. 3*d*. for clothes and extras.

As I hadn't then acquired a taste for beer or tobacco it was no trouble to go without them. The only luxury I allowed myself was to spend a shilling about once a fortnight for a seat "in the gods" at the theatre. The theatrical stars in London at that time were Phelps, Kean, Talbot, Toole, Irving, Helen Terry, and Mr. and Mrs. Robsart. The plays of Mr. Robertson—*Caste* and *School*—were first produced at that time, and made a great sensation.

LIFE IN A CITY WAREHOUSE.

There is little or no difference in the running of various wholesale distributing trades. In woollen and cotton goods, millinery, boots, hardware, chemicals, stationery, oils or colours, the *modus operandi* is practically the same. Travelling salesmen are sent out, with patterns and price lists, to obtain orders from dealers in the various classes of goods; while samples of the stock, which has been bought by experienced buyers from manufacturers, are laid out in show-rooms for inspection.

As goods arrive they are taken to the "receiving room" and checked off from the invoice. Travellers' orders must be looked out carefully, each item done up separately, and the contents noted. Then the head of the department will check these parcels with the order, and call out each item to a clerk who enters them in the day-book.

Then an invoice of the entry with the goods are sent to the packing-room, from whence they are shipped to the customer.

To perform these various duties many thousands of young men are employed in city warehouses. I found myself one of a hundred employed by Hamilton, Adams & Co., wholesale booksellers.

OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

Solomon tells us that of the making of books there is no end. If that was his summary of the book trade in his time, how can it be described to-day? They come in units and battalions, and verily they are a weariness to the flesh. The book trade, as carried on in Paternoster Row, if not a lucrative one to the assistants, is the best possible training school for a young man.

It wants a good memory to be a bookseller. There are four points to remember about every book published—the title, author, publisher and price. The book trade, I have said, is a good training, but it is a poor profession. The most interesting part of the trade, although the worst paid, is that of collecting odd volumes and magazines. I was one of several collectors who, with their collecting books and blue bags, went out daily into the highways and byways of central London, picking up all requirements for country booksellers. A deal of experience can be picked up at the same time, and life is much healthier than in a stuffy warehouse.

AN AMUSING BIRD STORY.

While going my rounds one day I was attracted to a knot of people in Paternoster Row, in the centre of which was a lad offering for sale a canary which he held in his hand. He was saying—"It was singing so sweetly in a cage at an open window when it flew out, and I caught it. I'll take five shillings for it." As there were no bidders he reduced the price to half-a-crown, with a like result. Turning to me he said, "Here, guv'nor, you can have it for two bob, and it's a bargain."

It so happened that at breakfast that morning my landlady had wished her daughter "A happy birthday." The canary, I thought, would make a nice present for Polly, but

I had only eighteen pence. Seeing my hesitation the lad said, "How much have you got, guv'nor?" When I told him he said, "All right I'll take it, and you can give me the other sixpence when you see me next."

He produced a paper bag into which he put the bird and gave it to me. That bird in the bag gave me a lot of trouble before I got it home. The evening meal that night was quite a grand affair. Besides the family, Polly had brought some of her girl friends. A birthday cake and ginger wine were produced, and Polly's health was drank with "many happy returns of the day."

A SINGING BIRTHDAY GIFT.

As this seemed a favourable time in which to offer my gift, I brought in the canary which I handed to the girl, repeating at the same time the lines I had carefully conned—

> "There's ne'er a bonnie bird that sings,
> But minds me o' my dearie o'."

Polly blushed and handed the bird to her father. He examined it critically and then took it out of the room. Returning in a few minutes he said to me—"Did you say that you heard this bird sing?" "No. The lad from whom I bought it said, 'If you had heard it sing as I did you'd give a pound for it.'" "I'd give more than that myself," said Polly's father, "for a hen sparrow that could sing like a canary."

With that he brought out of the bag—not a canary—but a common London sparrow from which the paint had been washed. The burst of laughter which followed this exposure was too much for me. I never felt so sick and cheap in my life. The fiasco of the valentine was nothing to this, as no one knew of it save myself. But the story of the painted sparrow got down to the warehouse, and I never heard the last of it. "Good morning, Glass. By the way, how is your canary singing?"

While doing my daily "collecting" rounds I was acquiring

confidence. Both in buying and selling, confidence is a valuable possession. I had at that time discovered that I was a salesman, and a salesman I have been all my life. Nine out of every ten young men think if they only had the opportunity they would make good commercial travellers. Eight out of the nine would be wrong.

A TRAVELLING SALESMAN.

In bidding good-bye to the book trade I had no regrets. I felt like the bookseller's assistant in a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard who, when he was asked, "Have you the 'Life of St. Paul'?" replied, "No, I haven't the life of a dog, and am leaving the d—— place next week."

I applied for and got a situation with a firm of Letterpress and Lithographic Printers. The modest £50 a year I got in 1868 became £150 in 1870. In showing samples of showcards, labels, and trade catalogues I got into touch with big business concerns. It was an interesting trade in which I could see endless developments.

A fatal mistake is to keep one's light shining under a bushel. It is not necessary to parade our virtues, but it is necessary to use them. It is not only a mistake, but a crime to bury or misuse the talents which God has given us.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

Printing has been described as "the art preservative of all arts." No business can progress without printers' ink. If your business is a small one, the only way to increase it is to let people know about it. If your business is a large one, the only way to keep it so is to crack it up by giving it publicity in some form or shape.

Solomon says, "There is he that scattereth and still increaseth, and there is he that withholdeth his hand and it tendeth to poverty." This applies to all businesses. When soliciting orders for printing it was easy to discriminate between the two classes. If you starve the land it will starve you. As I

SCATTERING AND STILL INCREASING.

have been disconnected with the printing trade for many years I may here give a word of disinterested advice. If you want printing done, get it well done. There is nothing so dear as cheap printing—it will spoil a business quicker than anything.

THE MAKERS AND THE SPENDERS.

Even in these early days I used to moralize on the folly of men bolting their breakfasts and rushing by train to the City in the morning. Working hard in a stuffy warehouse or office for eight or nine hours, in order to make money for others to spend, is a form of insanity.

On the other hand, one saw in the West End crowds of well-dressed women and gilded youths promenading and spending the money which others had earned. It seems very one-sided that those who make the money shouldn't have the pleasure of spending it. And yet this goes on year after year, not only in London, but all over the world. Probably the explanation is that the former class get as much pleasure in making as the latter do in spending it.

TOP-HATS AND STRAWS.

Fifty years ago it was as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians that every City man should wear a silk top-hat. For a few months in summer straw hats were permissible, but most men wore top-hats all the year round. A top-hat looks very uncomfortable, and yet one gets so used to it as to be uncomfortable in any other head-gear.

No women were employed in the City at that time. It was only after the discovery of the telephone and typewriter that they put in an appearance. Now there is probably no office, bank, or warehouse without women workers.

This change has been beneficial in many ways. It has been helpful in all spheres of business, but more especially to the women themselves. The responsibilities of business have sobered them and given them a new outlook on life. During the Great War it would have been impossible to carry on the business of the country without the help of the women.

Their presence has lightened and brightened the life of the City.

I had not been many months with the show-card printers before I had sundry hints that they were "rather shadey" in their dealings. As I had no proof of this I took little notice of it. One day I was asked by a firm of South American merchants as to the cost of 500 large enamelled iron show-tablets. My employers gave me a quotation of 7*s*. 6*d*. each, which I presented to the firm represented by A. They thought the price too high, so I risked taking the order at 7*s*. When I handed it in, I almost expected to be reprimanded for "cutting the price," but nothing was said.

A GOOD NAME v. A BAD NAME.

Some six weeks after this, another firm, B, asked me about sizes and prices of similar tablets. With the first order in mind I gave them the size and quoted 7*s*. 6*d*. each for an order of 500. They said that was far more than they intended paying, indeed they were looking for something about half that price. I told them it was impossible to get them in iron at anything like that price, and I recommended cardboard as being cheaper. As they said they must have them in iron I didn't trouble any further in the matter.

Shortly after the above incident one of my principals said to me, "You're doing very little in enamelled iron tablets, Mr. Glass. What's the cause?" "I don't know, sir, but I'm told frequently that our prices are too high." I then related my conversation with B, when he said, "You should have mentioned this to us, and we would have quoted a lower price. Is it too late now?" I said, "If you give me your quotation I'll call and see them at once." After making some calculations he said, "You can offer to do them at 4*s*. apiece, but try to get a better price." I was dumbfounded, but said nothing.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

I called upon B, and found the order had not been placed.

But the heart had been taken out of me, and I played my cards so badly that 4*s.* 6*d.* was the best price I could get.

I didn't sleep that night. The castle I had been building during the past six months had fallen about my ears. What was I to do? I had been happy in my work, and had made friends in my new rôle of commercial traveller. It must be all a mistake I thought. My principal had omitted some important item in his second quotation. Yes, that was it. I would speak to him in the morning.

Next morning I saw my two principals—brothers—men of from forty-five to fifty. I handed them B's order, and in doing so said, "I feel sure there must be a mistake somewhere." "No, everything's all right, Glass; but, you see, you made a mistake in not telling us of B's inquiry." "But surely," I said, "if you can do B's order at 2*s.* 6*d.* apiece less than A's, you'll give the latter a credit note for the difference."

AND THE BROTHERS LAUGHED.

The brothers laughed as if they would burst themselves. "Do you think we're in this trade for fresh air? Mr. A. wanted 500 tablets for which our price was 7*s.* 6*d.* each. He screwed you down and gave you an order for them at 7*s.*, thereby saving £12 10*s.*, and feeling he had done a good morning's work. We did the job to his satisfaction and he has paid for the goods. He's not worrying about the price. Why should you?"

THE BROAD OR THE NARROW PATH.

Which? That is the question which every one must decide in making life's journey. It is so easy to take the wrong turning. Here was I, an inexperienced youth of two-and-twenty, sitting in an office with two experienced business men double my age, who were showing me the folly of worrying about things that were done every day in every business. One of them said, "Do you think a stockbroker has any qualms of conscience if he succeeds in selling in one morning two parcels of the same stock—one at double the price of the other?

The thing's absurd! What's the good of a salesman if he can only take orders at the bottom prices? You'll only ruin your career."

Although I couldn't answer them, still I felt they were wrong. It was dishonest trading. But what was I to do? There was no one to help me in the gravest decision I had ever been called upon to make. But mother came to me and said: "Remember, my son, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." That did it. I got up from my chair and said: "Gentlemen, I've decided to leave your employment. Please accept my resignation."

MOTHER CAME TO HELP ME.

They offered me another pound a week to stay, which when I refused they said, "You're very foolish, Glass. We appreciate your services here, and there is no reason why in time you mightn't be a partner in this business. But if you leave us now you'll rue it once, and that will be all your life."

Nothing they could say, however, would alter my decision, so I bid them good-bye, and left their office a richer and happier man than I had entered it.

BEGINNING BUSINESS

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON severing my connection with the printing trade and pulling up my anchor, I felt "all at sea." On Monday the sky was bright and I was happy in my work. On Tuesday a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had appeared on the horizon, and it troubled me. On Wednesday the cloud had burst in a great storm and I had lost my bearings.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

For five years after leaving school I had been cooped up in a publisher's warehouse in Edinburgh, doing monotonous work, and almost afraid of the sound of my own voice. Father and I had lived all alone, doing our own cooking and house-work, and we had but few friends. When leaving home for London I was a lad of nineteen, unversed in the ways of the world.

MY THREE YEARS IN LONDON.

What a change had taken place since then. I was now a man, with a man's understanding, and was doing a man's work.

For twelve months I had been taking orders and selling goods for employers—so why might I not take orders and sell goods for myself?

But what goods could I buy and sell? My business knowledge was confined to books and printing, and I had had enough of these.

The great trades connected with clothing, furniture, hardware, boots and groceries, required capital and experience to run them successfully, and I had neither the one nor the other. Here was I, a young man of two-and-twenty, who had just given up a job at £4 a week, and who hadn't a business friend in the world —standing alone in a London thoroughfare seeking for an inspiration. My total assets were—a good name, a strong determination to succeed, and £40 in cash. Not enough to set the Thames on fire, but by no means hopeless.

Watching the crowds go by I didn't feel a bit depressed. Looking at the sparrows picking up their food in the road the words came to mind, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father."

STANDING AT HOLBORN CIRCUS.

Suddenly there was a hand placed on my shoulder, and a familiar voice said, "How are you, James, and how are you making out?" The hand and the voice belonged to a former colleague in Paternoster Row—Mr. Charles Davies—who afterwards became a valued and life-long friend. "I'm all right and feeling quite fit," I replied. "Is your painted sparrow still singing?" "Well, it's very strange, Charlie, but when you slapped me on the shoulder I was thinking about sparrows. Like that little bird there chirping and picking up its grub I'm a 'commoner of air'—a gentleman at large."

After telling him my story he said, "Well, James, I think you've acted foolishly, and, if I were you, I would go back and take the £4 a week. I'm now town traveller for the old firm, but my pay is little more than half of yours.

Your governor was right when he said you would rue it all your life." "Well, I haven't commenced to rue it yet, and if that's all you've got to say, Charlie, I'll bid you 'Good morning.'"

"Wait a bit, James. Here's a pretty card I want to show you." With that he produced from his pocket-book a small white enamelled card, in the centre of which was a golden cross with flowers twining round it, and underneath the single word—Souvenir. It was a French religious card, but it might be used as a birthday, Christmas, or Easter card. My friend told me he was selling them to booksellers at 8*s*. a dozen, to retail at a shilling each. He gave me the address of the French agent, from whom I bought a gross for 72*s*. less 5 per cent. for cash down.

THE CROSS WITH FLOWERS.

Passing along Cheapside I noticed in the shop window of the London Stereoscopic Co. an array of photographs of celebrities. As I thought I might be able to sell these along with my souvenir cards I went into the store and bought a gross of them at the same price.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES.

As I recall these photographs now, it brings up memories of the great men and women of half a century ago. In royalty there were Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales. In politics there were Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Gladstone and Disraeli. In literature Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Browning, Dickens and Thackeray, and in music and the drama, there were Sims Reeves, Patti, Nilsson, Phelps, Irving, Toole, and many minor lights.

As the salesman was wrapping up this gross of photographs for me, I said to him that probably never before had such a picture gallery of all the talents been confined within such small compass.

Who shall venture to say that the meeting between my

friend Charles Davies and myself was by chance? When I left my lodgings that morning I had no idea what was going to happen, and had no plans laid.

CHANCE OR DESIGN?

When I met my late employers in their office and was being worsened in argument, was it by chance that my mother intervened and kept me in the straight path? Was it by chance that when for five minutes my attention was drawn to sparrows feeding on the road, that in that five minutes the only man out of four million people in London who could have helped me, passed that way? Was it by chance that he opened his pocket-book in the street and showed me a card which was to influence my whole life?

When we pray—Give us this day our daily bread—we ask God to provide for us. He does this in His own way, but not by chance. Although time and chance happeneth to all men, still we must admit in heart if not in words—

> "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we may."

As I walked along.Cheapside with my two parcels of cards under my arm the thought naturally presented itself—Where was I to start in business, and how? It was necessary to have a shop or office in which to keep my stock. In making a living by buying or selling you've got to find people to do business with—but I knew nobody.

GOOD-BYE TO LONDON.

In looking back now to that day in November, 1871, I often wonder how my little bark, laden with two gross of souvenir and photographic cards, did not founder as soon as it put to sea. It was a mad venture. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread. The strange thing is that I had no fear—I did not know the risks.

As I returned to my lodgings in the afternoon I made up my mind to go back to my native City of Edinburgh. Without hesitation I packed up my belongings—had tea

with my good landlady, who had looked after me well for three years, and caught the night train to Edinburgh.

I arrived home when my father and my elder sister, who was keeping house for him, were at breakfast. Both of them were surprised and pleased to see me and, when I saw my father's eyes light up with joy at having me home again, I felt glad I had come. Although my life in London had not been spent—'mid pleasures and palaces—still it was good to be back in the snug home nest.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

As I unfolded to them my story of giving up my situation on the previous day, of purchasing two gross of souvenir and photo cards, with which to begin business on my own account, my father's face displayed astonishment and then dismay, as he said to my sister, "The laddie's gaun gyte." [1] He could think of nothing stronger to say; but I feel sure that many who read this chapter would give their opinion of my proposed venture in similar terms.

After breakfast I left for the city, taking my stock-in-trade with me. On my way I bought a leather sample bag to hold my stock, and then looked about for a suitable office to rent. This I found, but as I had no business reference, I was compelled to pay six months' rent in advance.

A BUSY DAY.

I then made my way to a printer's where I ordered 250 business cards to be ready before lunch. Here is a facsimile of the card—

JAMES GLASS & CO.,
WHOLESALE FANCY STATIONERS
AND
FINE ART IMPORTERS,
27, COCKBURN STREET,
EDINBURGH.

At an auctioneer's, where I used to attend book sales, I

[1] The boy's wrong in the head.

found there was a sale of furniture going on. I went in, bid for and bought a writing-table, book-case, and some chairs. When I had got these transferred to "my office," had engaged a woman to wash it out, and a painter to write on the door the name and business of "my firm," it was time for lunch.

I got my cards from the printer and, as I ate my humble lunch, a feeling of proprietorship came over me. This was quite a new feeling. Up to now I had never possessed anything but my clothing and an old carpet bag. And now, since the morning, I was owner of a new leather bag, a small but select stock-in-trade, office furniture and some swanky business cards; while I could talk about "my office" and "my firm."

But the day was only beginning. Had I known what was to happen before its close I might have ordered a new hat several sizes larger than the one I wore.

MY FIRST REAL BUSINESS.

This, the 16th of November, was my opening day. It was also the anniversary of the day on which I began my apprenticeship eight years previously. After lunch I called upon the leading booksellers and stationers, presented my new cards, and offered my stock for sale. It was a very trying ordeal.

In beginning business I had gone in the face of all opposition; the advice of my employers and friends had been disregarded, and I had spent over half my capital in stock and furniture. Had a cold douche been administered to me that afternoon it must have altered my whole outlook on life. But the cold douche didn't come then. It came later.

To my surprise and gratification I sold the whole of my stock of souvenir cards and the picture gallery collection of notabilities. I went back to the office and wrote letters to London for fresh supplies. Then hastening home I told father and sister the good news. They would hardly credit the fact that I had sold twenty-four dozen cards at a profit of

2s. per dozen, making a total of 48s. profit in one day. It was too good to be true.

Two days later I had letters from London informing me that unless I could give bankers' references, all further orders for cards must be accompanied by cheque.

THE COLD DOUCHE.

In my arrangements for beginning business I had omitted one of the most important, viz. that of capital.

My total capital was £40 ($200), of which I had only £15 left. In selling the cards to the booksellers, none of them had offered to pay me in cash and, in my excitement, I had omitted to ask them for it.

I soon learned that Scottish tradesmen were in the habit of buying their goods on six months' credit, and that they were very reluctant to part with ready cash. What was to be done? My father couldn't help me, and I knew no one else. With my slender capital it was evident that I couldn't continue to buy for cash and sell on credit.

The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley was drawing thousands of young men there. While waiting on fresh supplies of stock I had nothing to do, and my mind was active. I suggested to father going to South Africa, but he was dead against it. He recommended me to go to a Bank and try to get a loan. I did so, and was told that, if I got two sureties, the Bank would place £100 to my credit.

THE DIAMOND RUSH TO SOUTH AMERICA.

The only man of position I knew was a local publisher. But he wasn't taking any risks. "You know, my lad, I have made it a rule in life never to become surety for a friend. But I hope the Lord will provide." I thanked him for his pious hope, and went home to tell father I had made up my mind to go to South Africa.

The wholesale Fancy Stationery and Fine Art Importing business, that had started off so brilliantly, had "come a cropper." Its day had been a short one. I would collect my

few debts, send my furniture back to the sale-room for re-sale, and try my luck at digging for diamonds.

Poor father was very sad, and said if I went away to Africa it would break his heart. He was a good man who had lived a clean, honest life, and had a strong living faith in God. He said to me, "You have asked man's help, my son, and you have failed, let us kneel down and ask God's help." Then, straight from the heart, he sent up a direct appeal for help to the Giver of All Good, in full assurance that it would be granted. Getting up from our knees father said, "I want you to go to-morrow morning and see Mr. Robert Turnbull, a merchant, in the South Bridge. I did a little service for him once, and I know he is a man of means and has a kind heart."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

I saw Mr. Turnbull next morning and told him my story. He said, "I also have a great objection to becoming surety, but for your father's sake I'll lend you £100." He thereupon gave me a cheque for that amount.

Was this a chance shot—a bow drawn at a venture—or was it God's answer to the prayer of His children? I was convinced then and, after the lapse of fifty years, I am convinced now, that that money was sent in direct answer to prayer.

I kept the money for five years, paying Mr. Turnbull five per cent. interest per annum. At the end of that time I got my partner to make the best pocket-book he had ever made in his life, and into that I put a cheque for £105 with a letter of thanks, stating that every pound had gained ten pounds.

EVERY POUND GAINED TEN POUNDS.

I agree with Polonius in the advice he gave to his son—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

But there are occasions when timely financial help may do a deal of good and be as the quality of mercy—

"Blessing him that gives and him that takes."

In any case it set me on my legs. I have never had occasion to borrow money since, excepting from my bankers on security.

I secured agencies from London publishers for the sale in Scotland of Christmas Cards, valentines and "relief scraps." These latter—coloured pictures stamped in relief—were greatly in demand for the making of fire-screens. These agencies made no call upon my capital as I was paid by commission.

FULL STEAM AHEAD.

As a commercial traveller I visited every town in Scotland and the North of England, opening new accounts and making many friends. I can honestly say that I never sold a parcel of goods to any one whom I did not think could sell them again at a profit.

This travelling for orders was a constant fight. It was full of incidents—successes and disappointments—but on the whole was interesting and invigorating.

During the war that was then raging between France and Germany, there was naturally a great demand in this country for coal and munitions. This gave a great impetus to trade in the West of Scotland where coal and iron abound. Wages went soaring up, and huge fortunes were made by Glasgow coal and iron-masters.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

One of these—Mr. James Baird of Gartsherrie—made a gift to the Church of Scotland of half-a-million pounds sterling. Another of these coal and iron lords—Mr. James Merry—meeting the former in Lang's Restaurant, Glasgow, complimented him on having taken out the largest fire insurance policy on record. "What do you mean?" asked Baird. "I mean," said Merry, "that the half-million you've given to the kirk o' Scotland is nothing else than an insurance policy against hell fire. Now I'll bet you five pounds that ye couldna' say the Lord's Prayer." "Done," said Baird—

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie,
In pastures green He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.

Merry took out his pocket-book and handing his friend £5 said, "I didna' think ye kent it, Jamie."

Another amusing story of the "nouveau riche" was told me by Mr. James Maclehose, the well-known Glasgow bookseller.

BOUND IN GLASGOW.

A man who had done well out of war contracts had built a grand new house for himself, of which he was justly proud. He called on the bookseller and said to him—"Ye ken, Mr. Maclehose, I've built a braw big hoose, and there's a fine room in it that I've made into a library. The book-cases are finished, and there's a hundred feet o' shelvin' that I want ye to fill wi' books." "What sort o' books do ye want, Mr. Thomson?" "Oh! I'm no' particular. Ye ken mair aboot books than I dae, and I'll jist leave it to yoursel' to fill up the shelves wi' what ye think best." "Would you like them bound in leather—all to match?" "Oh, aye, I wud like them to be weel bound." "Well, sir, would you prefer them to be bound in russia or in morocco?" "Weel, Mr. Maclehose, I'm no' very particular, but if it's a' the same to you, I'd raither hae them bound in Glasgow."

THE SPIRIT OF SPORTSMANSHIP

" Every day that is born into this world comes like a burst of music, and sings itself all day through, and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge, or a life march as thou wilt."

CARLYLE.

THE spirit of sport and adventure is hidden away deeply in every boy's heart. Tales of chivalry and romance are found in every language and in every age. English history is rich in stories of famous soldiers and sailors, of pioneers and adventurers, and of heroes and hero worship.

After the Bible there is no book which has done more to mould the character of the Anglo-Saxon race than " Robinson Crusoe." The story of Crusoe and his adventures, showing up his self-reliance and resource in surmounting difficulties, has shaped and influenced us more than we are aware of.

It was the spirit of adventure, combined with the love of fair-play inherent in the national character, which roused the whole British Empire as one man to fight the dragon of German militarism. Germany broke her pledged word to Belgium, and thereby broke the rules of the game.

As we see the world to-day seething with unrest we ask ourselves, " How is it all going to end ? " Civilization is as a ship in the trough of a stormy sea. Can it right itself and make headway ? The newspapers don't make pleasant reading —indeed their flaming head-lines increase the world's unrest.

HAS THE WAR KILLED SPORTSMANSHIP ?

It is difficult for ordinary men and women to go about their work in the usual way. The dependable things of

yesterday have become the undependable things of to-day. But it is unthinkable that the spirit of adventure and enterprise which has characterized the Anglo-Saxon race for centuries has been quenched.

The times may be unhopeful but "there's cheese and pippins to come."

Under our foolish trading system workpeople were educated to bow down and worship the Goddess of Cheapness.

CHEAPNESS AT ALL COSTS.

Their wages were whittled down to meet the popular demand for cheapness. The heart was being taken out of British working people by starvation wages. Pauperism was increasing, and young men with a spark of adventure in them were compelled to emigrate to countries where they could earn a decent living. While England was penny foolish, America was pound wise.

THE PENNY GODDESS.

One can picture the Goddess of Cheapness, seated on her throne with her poor devotees clustered round her—men, women and children—crying for bread. She holds in her hand a loaf, and calls to them, "Come unto me ye who have abolished the House of Lords, and driven away capital. You are now your own masters.

"You have cheapened the price of food—have cheapened everything. You have reduced your hours of labour, and have now leisure to enjoy your penny dinners, penny drives, penny books, and penny picture theatres.

"Here is your reward! A Four-pound Loaf for a Penny. Come and buy!" Hands are held up beseechingly for it, while a voice comes from the crowd, "We haven't got a penny!"

This was what our pre-war politicians were bringing the country to.

Germany, with her unsportsmanlike spirit, had for a generation been planning our destruction. But we were saved by the mad Kaiser. He had bitten off more than he could chew.

THE WAR SAVED US.

The bugle-call to arms roused the sleeping spirit of British sportsmanship. The paralysis which had been creeping over the Mother Country for years, caused by unemployment, low wages, and insanitary dwellings was thrown off—let us hope for ever.

Now that the war is over, our workers have demanded and obtained a larger share of the good things of life.

The soft jobs in life have been overpaid and the hard jobs underpaid. This must be altered. We are now getting nearer equality of opportunity and remuneration. The common-sense of the country demands that a fair day's wage be given for a fair day's work. We cannot all be doing the same work, but we must all be doing useful work. To eat the bread of idleness is bad for the eater and unprofitable for the State.

THE TRAINING OF CITIZENS.

Labour at the present time is in the melting-pot. It has vast power and enormous possibilities, but is being badly led. It is being taught to regard capital as its enemy, whereas, without capital, labour is useless. As a component part of the nation labour must be moulded so that it may take its proper share in educating and training the people to become good citizens.

A few years ago a young man in H.M. —— Office came to me for a job. He said, "I am fed up with frittering away my time, and in drawing a salary which I don't earn. I have a month's holiday and am willing to work in your warehouse in any capacity for a fortnight, gratis. At the end of that time you can 'sack' me or assess the value of my services." He was a good sportsman. I told him that the only department in which we were short-handed was in the packing

A CIVIL SERVANT'S DILEMMA.

room. Next morning he came with a suit of overalls. He was told to open some cases of goods and to check the contents. He astonished every one by his capacity and good humour. I took him out for lunch and learned that he had received a good public-school education, had passed his exams. for the Civil Service, and was given a good appointment.

He had received the congratulations of his friends, and he began his new duties with high hopes. He was hungry for work, and anxious to show what was in him. But he was soon disappointed and discouraged. The work he was given to do neither required brains nor muscle and, so far as he could judge, was perfectly useless. When he complained about this he was told, "Don't be a fool and don't worry." "I'm dead sick of it all," he said, "and, although I know I'll lose caste by resigning, still I hope to find work in which I can use my brains or muscle or both, and so earn an honest living."

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS.

He worked with us for three days, and was taking so much interest in what he did, that I felt he was capable of filling a higher post.

NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

On the morning of the fourth day he came to my room and said, "I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but I never felt so mean in all my life. The pater and mater and all my friends are dead against me leaving the office: I knew they would be, but as I meant to fight the battle of life in my own way I stuck to my guns. Last night, however, my fiancée called and, when the situation was explained to her, she backed up my parents.

"I said, 'This isn't fair fighting, Ethel. You seem to be in love with my job and not with me.' 'Well, Harold,' she said, 'you must make up your mind. If you leave the —— Office and go into business our engagement is at an end.' This, together with the mater's tears, settled it, and

I gave way. Oh! I feel so mean that I can't look you in the face. Good-bye, sir." And he went away sorrowful.

A true sportsman is self-reliant. It is the want of self-reliance, with its resultant indecision of purpose, which is the cause of all our trouble to-day. Individuality doesn't count. Big businesses must be run by limited companies, and labour by trade unions. A sportsman would never use unfair means to get the best of an opponent—he plays the game. But a syndicate wouldn't scruple to ruin a rival who stood in its way, and a trades union would call a lightning strike to further its selfish ends. This is not playing the game.

LACK OF SELF-RELIANCE.

Incalculable harm is being done to industry by unsportsmanlike tactics which benefit no one; but squander the resources of both capital and labour. The working-man is being doped by his leaders who tell him that the less work he does the better it is for the trade. A man's labour—mental or physical—is his capital, and to squander it foolishly is burning money. It may be your employer's money to-day, it will be your's to-morrow.

BURNING MONEY AND YOUR SHARE IN IT.

What is wrong in the individual to do cannot be right in the syndicate or the trades union. There is something nobler in life than this. What would be thought of a football team which, within a few minutes of the "kick-off," demanded a bonus of £10 per man or they would "down tools"?

In my younger days Mr. James Merry, Member of Parliament for Falkirk, referred to in last chapter, had a name for being a good sportsman. He used to say that he wouldn't die happy until he won the Derby. After several failures he won it and so, presumably, died happy.

BADGER BAITING.

When a student at Glasgow University with his future

partner in business, Mr. Cunningham, "drawing the badger" was a popular, albeit a cruel, sport. They were partners then in owning a dog trained for badger baiting.

A match for £20 a side was arranged with some Edinburgh students, to take place at the "Star and Garter" Hotel, Linlithgow, a small town midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow.

A few days prior to the match their dog died. Cunningham proposed sending £20 to the other side, but Merry said, "Not at all. You never know what'll happen to the other dog." The dead dog was packed in a box, taken by the partners to Linlithgow, and left in the baggage room.

THEIR DOG DIED.

When the Edinburgh students arrived they had no dog with them. "Where's your dog?" asked Merry. "It's coming by the next train. It'll be here after lunch."

While lunch was proceeding Mr. Denholm, the spokesman of the Edinburgh party, said, "Supposing our dog doesna' turn up, are ye willing to postpone the match for a few weeks if we pay for the railway tickets and the lunch?" Cunningham kicked his partner under the table to agree, but Merry said—"Not at all. Our dog's here and if yours doesna' turn up you've got to forfeit the stakes." The lunch went on. After a bit the offer was increased to £5. "Not at all," said Merry. "The match is no' for £5 but for £20, and if ye canna' produce your dog ye've got to pay."

The lunch proceeded. Then Denholm said, "Ye're a hard man, Jamie. We're no' asking ye to abandon the match, but jist to postpone it for a few weeks, and we're willing to gie ye £10 and your expenses."

"No, I'm no' a hard man," said Merry, "and to show you that, I'll make ye the generous offer o' taking £15 instead o' £20, and cry quits." This was accepted and the money paid over. As Merry was putting the pound notes in his pocket, Den-

A GENEROUS OFFER.

holm said, "Weel, Jamie, I think we've got the best o' ye the day, our dog's got the mange." "I'm no' so sure o' that," said Merry, "our dog's dead."

NEW WINE INTO OLD BOTTLES.

If the new wine of democracy is put into the old bottles of hereditary privilege the bottles will burst and the wine be spilt. The old bottles must be cast aside, and the new wine of democracy be preserved in bottles of our own making But we are not going to cast aside the old bottles until we are sure that the new bottles are better.

In these days of adult suffrage, democracy has the power of making and shaping their own bottles by constitutional methods.

The spirit of sportsmanship in the nation condemns alike class legislation, whether for peer or peasant. To all of us is given the brief adventure of life, and our part is to play the game to the end.

JONAH THE SLEEPER

BROOKLYN, N.Y.
February 12th, 1921

DEAR JIM,—

I dare say you'll remember that some years ago I had a bad accident at Scranton, Pa. When I was convalescent I filled in my time by reading. The story of Jonah the sleeper fascinated me, and I studied the character of that ancient prophet. It appeared to me that a lesson might be drawn from it to wake up present-day sleepers. So I hired a hall at Scranton and gave lectures on the subject. The entrance fee was a dime, and at the close of each lecture the hat was passed round for my benefit, and in this way I made enough to keep me afloat until I was able to go back to work.

The Biblical story runs thus :—

Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying :

Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it ; for their wickedness is come up before me.

But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, and went down to Joppa ; and he found a ship going to Tarshish : so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.

But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was likely to be broken.

Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship

into the sea, to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep.

There he lay with his cloak of exclusiveness wrapped securely about his person. The storm without meant nothing to him. He had paid his fare, so in fancied security he lay in an obscure out-of-the-way place, dead to the world, fast asleep.

BEHOLD THE SLEEPER!

Had the man a right to be asleep? How say ye? It was simply a commercial matter with him, and he was well within his rights. In paying his fare he had complied with all the requirements of the vessel's owners, and it was up to them to carry out their part of the contract.

There is no law of maritime jurisprudence to compel one to work ship when he had paid the stipulated sum for safe conduct to a specified port.

Not many years ago a British liner was bringing a cargo of emigrants from Trieste to New York. Soon after leaving port she ran into a succession of storms, one fiercer than the other. The steerage passengers became panic-stricken and, to keep them below, armed guards were placed over the hatches—the guards having all they could do to keep them down.

TRIESTE TO NEW YORK.

When the foolish crazy emigrants realized that they could not have their own way, they began tearing each other to pieces. Some priests who were in the cabin went among them to still the tumult, but without effect. As a last resort the captain was constrained to leave the bridge and, with a show of force and threats, succeeded in restoring order.

If these ignorant emigrants had done like Jonah there would have been no use for armed guards. Had they been orientals they would have resigned themselves to their fate and gone to sleep.

In the old-time sailing packets between Liverpool and New York, when a gale sprung up and the order "Reef top-sails" or "Haul the main-sail up and stow it" was passed, the decks were cleared of all passengers. Those who had paid their fare were forced below, whereas the stowaways were compelled to help in working the ship. Jonah was well within his rights, having paid his fare from Joppa, to put in his time by sleeping while he was being carried to Tarshish.

THE OLD-TIME PACKETS.

But Jonah's sleep was not a natural one. He was running away from his duty, and was ashamed to be seen awake. Like the ostrich who thinks he is escaping observation when hiding his head in the sand, so Jonah, in going down into the sides of the ship and falling asleep, thought he would be unseen by God or man. But something is happening which he hadn't reckoned on. God has sent out his order "Heave to!"

HEAVE TO!

Many years ago an English monarch had selected one of his subjects, a man of brilliant parts, to be his Secretary of State. He set great store by his advice and entrusted him with grave secrets of State. He heaped honours upon him, made him a Court favourite, and he became a power in the land. Judge of the monarch's anger and dismay when he discovered that this official had sold to France for £10,000 grave secrets of State, and then had mysteriously disappeared. The monarch signed a warrant for his apprehension, with instructions that the traitor be lodged in the Tower.

A SECRETARY OF STATE.

The officer entrusted with the warrant was informed that the fugitive had been tracked to Bristol, where he had gone aboard a ship which was waiting for him. On his arrival on board the cable was shipped, the boat made sail, and was

MAN'S HEAVE TO!

now standing down the Channel bound for the Garonne.

The Secretary of State, like Jonah, thought he had got clean away, leaving no trace behind. The official with the warrant rode post-haste to Portsmouth where he found a swift-sailing corvette-of-war at anchor, ready for sea. Boarding her she got "under way," and started in pursuit. Under easy sail they steered a course which would head off the Bristol ship, if their information was correct.

As daylight was slowly rolling the pall of night away, the deck was hailed by the look-out man aloft—"Sail Ho!"

SAIL HO!

"Where away?" sung out the officer of the watch. "Broad of the lee bow." Soon everything was bustling activity. "Man the weather braces, put the helm up, and call all hands." Sail after sail was sheeted home and hoisted. The opening day bringing with it a freshening breeze, the corvette, freed from restraint, under a press of sail started after the quarry, like a hound slipped from the leash.

Those on board the corvette, on a nearer approach, saw the people aloft on the Bristol ship drenching the sails to jockey her along. But no good. The corvette coming within range steered to windward and let fly her bow-chaser and, at the same time, summoned them to "Heave to."

The shipmaster of the Bristol ship realizing that he was within range, and that further resistance would be useless, ordered his crew to clew up the light sails and stow them; to haul up the main-sail, and back the main top-sail to the mast—thus "heaving the ship to." As soon as the manœuvre was noted, an armed cutter was lowered from the corvette and the Bristol ship boarded. A search party discovered the fugitive hidden away like Jonah in an obscure part of the ship. His £10,000 graft didn't help him much. He was trussed up like a fowl, bundled over the side into the

cutter, transferred to the corvette and from her taken to the Tower, where shortly afterwards he expiated his crime with his head.

GOD'S HEAVE TO!

Having given you man's method of "heaving a ship to" on the high seas, I now approach God's method of procedure in summoning the Phœnician trader bound for Tarshish to "heave to."

For several degrees on each side of the Equator where the S.E. or N.E. trade winds blow themselves in or out, the space between is known as "The Doldrums." The sea is apparently fast asleep, its surface like a mirror, hurtful to the eyes; and the vessel lies motionless, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." You feel something pass your face, merely a breath, and in a moment the surface of the calm sea is ruffled. You know not what has happened, but you are sensible that there has been a change. An experienced captain will at once run to the barometer where he will probably see the mercury falling rapidly; and will instantly prepare for a squall.

A FULL GALE.

Those on board the Phœnician trader had never seen anything like unto the hurricane which fell upon them. No wonder their hearts failed them and they were afraid. Jehovah with a voice of authority was summoning them to "heave to." But the mariners could not understand the reason for the summons. There was only one man on board who could have understood it, and he was asleep.

The fierce and sudden gale wrenched the sails from their sockets and tore them into shreds. Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea to lighten it. But Jonah remained asleep. So the shipmaster came to him and said, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise,

call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

And they said every man to his fellow, come and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. Now these Phœnician mariners were religious men in their way. They came of a religious race. The Phœnician ships at that time carried images of their gods as figure-heads. The men had prayed to their gods Baal and Ashtoreth, but there was nothing doing. Jonah might have said to them as Elijah had said to the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."

CASTING LOTS.

But Jonah did not mock them. He knew their prayers were of no avail. It was he who had sinned. So he said to them: "Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." He had heard God's "Heave to," and was ready to answer it.

It was manly of Jonah to take all the blame, and it was manly of the sailors to refrain from taking him at his word. So they unshipped their great sweeps and rowed hard to bring the vessel to the land.

JONAH TOOK THE BLAME.

The sea was under-running the trader, seizing her under the keel amidships, rearing aloft its angry head, exposing the bow and stern to an unequal strain, first plunging the bows under, then raising them and submerging the stern. Rolling to starboard the sweeps were so deep in the water the rowers lost command of them, whereas on the port side they were high in the air.

The ship had lost steerage way; the propelling force was useless; she was "hove to," and making heavy weather

of it. Under these circumstances the mariners had no alternative than to take Jonah at his word and cast him into the sea.

In drawing a lesson from Jonah it is unnecessary to bring in the miraculous. Whether the whale swallowed Jonah or he swallowed the whale is immaterial. He was called by God to go to Nineveh, and preach to the people there, that they might turn from their evil ways. He was told to do what he didn't want to do, and as he had no valid excuse, he cowardly ran away and hid himself.

THE WHALE STORY.

He wrapt himself up in his cloak of exclusiveness, folded his arms and dared the world to compel him to work. If he preferred to sleep through life, why shouldn't he ? He had paid his fare, and could do as he liked. But he was too valuable a man to sleep through life, and so God arrested him, plunged him into a sea of trouble, causing the billows and the waves to pass over him.

So Jonah awoke from his sleep. Then the word of the Lord came unto him a second time: "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."

Jonah had had his lesson, and he answered the call. We all of us make mistakes in life, but we don't all own up to them. When Jonah heard the first call he underrated his powers. Nineveh was a great city and it was a wicked city. What could one man do to reform it ? Jonah jibbed at the task ; then fled and tried to hide himself in oblivion. But he was the man God wanted for the job, and he had to return.

LIFE IS REAL, LIFE IS EARNEST.

Jonah owned up to his mistake, he didn't make any silly excuses. No ! He at once went to Nineveh, put his heart into the work, and through his preaching reformed that great city. Jonah the sleeper became Jonah the Prophet.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait."

My dear Jim, this is the gist of the lectures on Jonah which I delivered in Scranton, Pa., five-and-twenty years ago. Scranton was a rough place in those days, but I made many friends. Some of them advised me to quit work and take to lecturing, but I didn't see my way clear. One swallow doesn't make a summer, and one lecture don't make a lecturer. I felt I had a message to deliver. I did it, and I think it did a bit of good, who knows?

Your affectionate brother,

BILLY.

ON EARNING A LIVING

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can,
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute—
No matter ef his daily walk
Is subject for his neighbour's talk,
And critic-minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all git up and go fer him!

JAMES W. RILEY.

NO one realizes the great variety of ways in which people earn a living. Individuals and nations must earn their living or go under.

When one sees every morning the great crowds moving citywards on foot, train, or bus, all eager for the day's battle, one wonders how that great army finds work to do and bread to eat.

THE GENESIS OF TRADE.

When the world was young—when pastoral and agricultural pursuits were the principal means of making a livelihood—every man was his own master. He cultivated his own patch, tended his own sheep, and exchanged his produce by barter.

When money was introduced as a medium of exchange, the barter of commodities ceased, and trading was conducted in popular centres, which came to be known as markets.

These were surrounded by booths or shops, where goods could be protected from the weather, and shown at all times. The saddler there made and sold his harness and saddles; the tailor measured his customers and made their garments; the shoemaker made the boots which he sold; the smith had his forge there, where "week in and week

out" he fashioned and formed the ploughs and harrows for neighbouring farmers.

One can understand how all these people made a living —they were producers.

But the bulk of that vast crowd moving citywards every morning are not producers. They are merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, and clerks. These people can only earn a living by buying and selling the produce of others, and by catering for the wants of the producers. As they are entirely dependent on the producers for a living, it follows, therefore, that the producers form the foundation of the State. A nation ceasing to produce is in process of decay, while, on the other hand, a nation increasing its production is thereby increasing its wealth and population.

BUYERS AND SELLERS.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

The wealth of a nation can only be reckoned by its productive capacity.

In a country that for half of last century was known as the "Workshop of the World" it is strange that it should be necessary to draw attention to the importance of national production. And yet for the last fifty years the statesmen of this country, instead of training the people to increase production, have exhorted them to "Buy in the Cheapest Market." As individuals this was justifiable—but applied by a nation—it was suicidal. Everything in the country was being cheapened, except taxes. You cannot have cheap commodities and high wages.

A nation cannot live by purchasing,—it can only live by producing.

The primary source of wealth in every country is agriculture. If the land is productive—providing food for man and beast—the country is prosperous. But if you starve the land it will starve you. And yet the tillers of the soil—the producers of our bread —were the poorest paid of all the people. They had often

AGRICULTURE.

to live in insanitary cottages, far from all civilizing influences. Like serfs they were tied to the parish in which they were born and doomed to a life of penury.

When the emigration agent came along offering cheap fares to our Overseas Dominions, poor Hodge was only too pleased to pack up and, with his family, bid good-bye to the land of their birth. The State thereby lost a valuable asset.

The people who were acclaiming the virtue of the cheap loaf were denuding the country of its bone and sinew.

THE CHEAP LOAF.

And so arable land was turned into pasture, the countryside was being depopulated, and in the towns unemployment was increasing. If our rulers had been in the pay of Germany they could not more effectually have played into her hands. To neglect the producers of our bread—the staff of life—was not only a political mistake—it was a crime. We have paid dearly for our cheap loaf in blood and tears.

The discovery of steam power by our countryman James Watt gave this country an enormous advantage. This

THE DISCOVERY OF STEAM POWER.

produced a revolution in manufacturing. All sorts of commodities, previously made by hand, were now produced, at a fraction of the price, by machinery. Factories were built for manufacturing cotton, woollen and linen cloths, paper, glass, chemicals and carpets. Engineering works were started for making stationary and locomotive engines, rails, and machinery of all sorts. Railways were planned and laid all over the country, bridges built, and men taken from the plough were trained to drive steam engines.

An era of commercial prosperity set in, which in one generation made our country the wealthiest and strongest

THE WORK-SHOP OF THE WORLD.

power in the history of the world. We imported raw material for our factories, and exported our finished goods all over the world. We were making money hand-over-fist.

Our mercantile marine increased at an enormous rate We introduced steamships to take the place of our brigs and barques, built them of iron instead of wood, filled them with rich merchandise, sent them to Europe, India, China, and America, and brought them back filled with corn to feed us, and with flax, wool and cotton to feed our mills. We became not only the workshop of the world, but the carriers of the world.

OUR SHORT-SIGHTED RULERS.

One would have thought that with this magnificent start our statesmen would have taken pains to maintain these industries. But instead of feeding and protecting the goose that laid the golden eggs they did their best to kill it.

I am no politician. I am a business man and have no use for politics. But for fifty years I have seen the rulers of this country—obsessed with what they called "Free Trade"—allowing our national industries to languish. Their "Buy in the Cheapest Market" policy spells ruin to a manufacturing country.

THE METAL TRADE.

Even in our metal industries, in which we had every natural advantage, we were fast losing ground. In this country—where the power of steam was discovered and developed—where unlimited supplies of coal and iron were at hand—where capital and skilled labour were abundant—and where transit facilities by land and sea were unequalled—one would have expected foreign competition in the metal trade to be negligible.

And yet Germany was allowed, and even encouraged by our rulers, to penetrate into every branch of this industry—from locomotive and stationary engines to tools and cutlery—capturing several branches and making serious competition in all.

When Britain was at the heyday of her prosperity and

was manufacturing for the world, American statesmen awoke to the fact that the trade which was making us richer was making them poorer. Owing to the start which the discovery of steam power gave us, we were sending to the United States cheaper goods than she could make. While this was of temporary benefit to her consumers it was fatal to the general interests of the country. So in self-defence they imposed taxes on the goods which we sent them.

PATRIOTIC STATESMEN.

Our trade theorists raised their voices in pious horror at such action. Tax the goods which we make and deliver to you! Absurd! You'll only have to pay more for them. No end of such foolish maxims were invented and quoted by British statesmen and newspaper leader-writers. But Americans flouted our maxims and theories, and, from being an importing country, gradually became a manufacturing one.

In 1877 I made my first trip to the United States. The saloon in the old *Scotia* was nearly filled with British manufacturers and commercial travellers. All our staple industries were represented. Bradford and Leeds men were on their way to sell their woollen piece goods, Manchester men their cotton cloths, Sheffield men their cutlery; while there were representatives from Glasgow, Dundee, Birmingham and the Potteries—an enthusiastic crowd of salesmen. The warehouses in New York, Chicago and St. Louis were filled with British goods which commanded high prices.

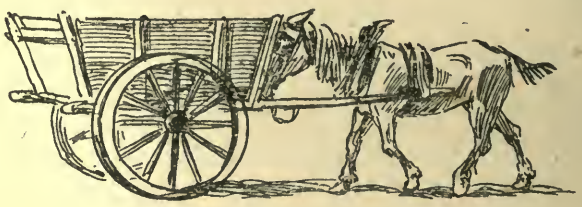
THE OLD CUNARDER "SCOTIA."

But what do we find to-day? America is still an importing country, but she only imports what she cannot produce. America is by far the richest country in the world, and her wealth is more equally divided than in any other. She owes her position not only to her vast natural resources, but to the fact that her statesmen have had, and still have,

the common-sense to encourage production, protect her industries, and thereby add to the wealth of the nation.

The question of how Britain is to find work for her vast population is now taxing the energies of her statesmen. They have set up Industrial Councils and Trade Boards in the interests of the workers. They have fixed minimum wages and maximum hours of work in all industries—and still unemployment increases.

UNEMPLOYMENT.



In all our Government's socialistic schemes for bettering the condition of working people they have failed in finding remunerative employment for them. How can you protect work-people in their wages and hours of work unless you protect the industry in which they are engaged? Our foolish policy of free imports is the main cause of unemployment. You are putting the cart before the horse. Look after the horse and the cart will look after itself.

PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

Our rulers prior to the war were foolish enough to introduce legislation for bettering the minds of the people, but took no pains to increase national production. Unemployment was increasing then, and the physique of the people was being lowered. Germany had come to rate us as a C 3 nation. Our pre-war mistakes must not be repeated.

A NATIONAL POLICY.

At this period of world reconstruction our rulers should take their courage in both hands, and adopt a national business policy, framed in the interests of the people, by protecting the industries in which they are engaged. In

this way only can our vast population find employment. Our nation at present is not earning its living. We are making too little and spending too much.

I have no axe of my own to grind. I come of working people, and I appeal to my fellow-workers to think out for themselves the subjects affecting their daily lives which I have touched upon. This old country of ours can only live by transforming raw materials into finished goods. There is no other way. The oratory of our professional politicians, like fine words, butter no parsnips.

ORGANIZED PRODUCTION.

Organized production must be our National policy—a policy which will draw closer together the operative and the capitalist, the owner of the land and the tiller of the land, the mill-owner and the mill-hand, the manufacturer and the artisan.

It will require a United Nation to repair the ravages caused by the war, to build up the walls that have been broken down, and to replenish the national exchequer.

The future is full of promise. The vista opened up by this world's war encourages one to hope that British interests in the future will be guided and encouraged by wise statesmanship for the benefit—not of politicians, bureaucrats, and millionaires—but of an educated and prosperous democracy.

A BUSINESS JOURNEY

A business that makes nothing but money
Is a poor kind of business.

HENRY FORD.

THE trading career so auspiciously began as a one-man business in 1871 was transformed in 1873 to a partnership concern. In the latter year I was introduced to Mr. Peter Ormiston, purse and pocket-book maker. He had started business for himself in 1868, but had made little progress. He was a splendid workman, but a poor salesman. We joined forces, and traded as Ormiston & Glass. We occupied two back rooms in Elder Street, Edinburgh, at a rental of £16 a year, and employed two apprentices and a girl clerk.

It is very rare that an artisan ever becomes a good salesman or *vice versâ*. My partner could make beautiful pocket-books, but couldn't sell them, while I, who have sold in my time thousands of grosses, couldn't make one to save my life.

It was soon evident that we must increase our staff, but Mr. Ormiston was dead against this. "We'll work harder than ever and we'll work overtime," he said, "but I don't want to engage a journeyman. We'll no' get one under 25*s*. a week, and where are we to find the work and the wages?"

MORE HELP NEEDED.

Notwithstanding all extra efforts it was apparent that we must either engage more help or I must cease taking orders. On my assurance that I would find the work and the wages we engaged a leather worker named Grant.

Mr. Ormiston's health was never good. He came of a consumptive family and, although his spirit was good, he was often off duty. I was constantly travelling from Monday morning till Friday night every week. Our range of samples had now increased. It included purses and pocket-books, writing and dressing cases, photographs, valentines, Christmas and Birthday Cards. Quite a good variety.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Our new man Grant, taking advantage of Mr. Ormiston's ill-health and my absence, conceived the idea of biting the hand that fed him, and seizing the business. I had got out a smart little catalogue of our wares. This he copied word for word, altering the name and lowering some of the prices.

Mr. Ormiston met me at the railway station on my return home one Friday night and, with an agitated colourless face, said, " James, we're ruined. That man Grant has induced the two lads to go, and the three of them are leaving to-morrow. He has copied all our patterns, has got the names of our customers, and had the cheek to tell me to-day that he means to cut us out. I'm not feeling well, James, and this'll kill me."

" But it won't kill me, Peter. What am I going to do while he is ruining and killing us ? I've had a successful week's business and I meant to tell you to-morrow that you must engage other three workmen as I can get orders to keep you all going."

A ROMAN FATHER.

On the following morning the father of the eldest apprentice called to see Ormiston, and to ask why he was sacking his boy. The latter explained that he hadn't sacked him, but that the boy had given him notice to leave. The boy was called in, and this is what happened.

" Didn't you tell me, Sandie, that Mr. Ormiston had sacked you ? " " Yes." " Then you told me a lie ? " " Yes."

"Why are you going with Grant?" "Because he offered me and Bob another shilling a week." "Do you know you're a bound apprentice?" "No, I'm no' bound," said the boy.

"But you are. When you applied to Mr. Ormiston for a job, he called at the house to see me. He said it was a seven years' apprenticeship, fixed the wages and, saying it was a pity to spend money on lawyer's fees, we would make it a bargain by shaking hands. And he shook hands wi' you and wi' your mother and me. Now, Sandie, that's a bargain, and I'll tell you this—If you leave Mr. Ormiston to-day you leave my house at the same time. Now what are you going to do?" "I'll no' leave, feyther. I'm sorry I told you a lie." Bob, the other lad, was brought in and, when he learnt that Sandie wasn't leaving, he decided to stay.

A SHERIFF'S SALE.

On paying Grant his wages that day, I took care to tell him what I thought of his dirty trick.

He didn't gain much by it. About a couple of months after this I saw, at the door of the little shop he had taken, a red flag with an official notice—"Sale of the stock-in-trade of John Grant will be held here by order of the Sheriff at 12 noon." I was there, and was the only bidder. I bought the whole lock-stock-and-barrel for £10, and had the pleasure of telling my partner that we had made a good deal more out of Grant than ever he had made out of us.

The business continued to grow, and I kept going further afield in search of orders.

On my first visit to Kilmarnock in Ayrshire I called at the shop of James McKie, a well-known bookseller. He

SELLING A BIBLE.

was quite a character—one of the old-time booksellers that knew the inside as well as the outside of every book he sold. He was dressed in a black swallow-tail coat, with wide shirt front, high collar and black tie.

While I was waiting till he was disengaged, a country-woman with a basket on her arm came in and said, "Gude mornin', Mr. McKie." "Good morning, Mrs. Cameron, and what can I do for you to-day?" "Weel, sir, ye ken oor Jeanie will be twenty-one next Tuesday, and the gudeman and I thocht we cudna' do better than gie her a Bible as a birthday present." "Ye couldn't do better, ma'am." With that he produced a Bible and handed it to the wifie, who opened it and exclaimed: "Oh! but that's a bonnie Bible, wi' bonnie big print. Hoo much is that ane?" "Seven shillings and sixpence, ma'am." "Hae ye got onything cheaper?" Mr. McKie showed her another. "Aye that's a bonnie Bible tae, and there's maps in till't. Oh! Jeanie wud be prood o' this ane. Hoo much is it?" "Five shillings and sixpence, ma'am." "Hae ye got onything cheaper?"

CHEAPENING THE WORD O' GOD.

He produced another which the wifie critically examined and said, "Oh! this is no' a bad book ava'. And it's got a fine gold clasp. Hoo much is it?" "Three shillings and sixpence, ma'am." "Hae ye got onything cheaper?" I could see the old man was getting ratted, but saying nothing, he handed her the cheapest Bible that was then made. It was a poor thing in cloth binding, but the gudewife "thocht it wud dae fine for Jeanie. Hoo much is that ane?" "Two shillings and sixpence, ma'am." "Hae ye got onything cheaper?"

This was too much. The old gentleman got down on his knees on the dusty floor and, holding up his clasped hands, said, "Oh Lord, come down from Heaven and sell yer ain books, for I canna'." As he was rising from the floor and dusting his knees, the market wifie said, "I'll tak' the five and sixpenny ane, sir." He handed her the Bible, took her money and showed her out; and then turning to me said: "Eh, man. There's nothing like asking the help of the Almighty in a' yer deeficulties."

The City of St. Mungo with its quaint coat of arms and motto "Let Glasgow flourish" was my happy hunting ground, where I was always able to do good business.

GLASGOW CITY ARMS.

Glasgow vies with London as a distributing centre, with Liverpool as a shipping centre, and with Manchester as a manufacturing centre.

I also visited regularly the cities of Dundee and Aberdeen. On my first visit to the former I called upon an old-time stationer who, after giving me an order, said, "Ye should write to your firm and tell them they better make inquiries about me, as I'm living above my income." On making inquiries I found that his financial standing was O.K. and that "living above his income" meant dwelling over his shop.

Experiments were being made in the town in telegraphing without wires through the water in the docks. I was informed that the experiments were successful, but I never understood why nothing more was heard of the matter.

A HOME-MADE TELEPHONE.

In the shop of an old-established firm of stationers, there was suspended over the desk a cone of about 12″ diameter into which the stationer was speaking. He explained to me that it was connected by a waxed cord with a similar cone in his factory in the next block. There was no bell in connection with it, but attention was called by tapping on the cone.

Here in one day I saw the genesis of the modern telephone and also wireless telegraphy. Had I been of a mechanical turn of mind here was a golden opportunity of becoming a millionaire. Four years after this I saw Mr. Edison and his assistants experimenting with telephones from the roof of some buildings in Boston, Mass. It was also about this time that Sir Joseph Bell took out his first patents for telephones.

Aberdeen is one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. Its main thoroughfare—Union Street—makes a magnificent promenade. The business men are very conservative, and are averse to opening new accounts. They also get the name of making hard bargains; but when you come to know them as I did, you find them warm-hearted, honest people. I did business in Aberdeen for about thirty years, and I cannot recall ever having made a bad debt. Of course one comes across "hard nuts" everywhere, and the following story illustrates one of them.

THE GRANITE CITY.

On my first visit I called, with my samples, at a large fancy goods shop in Union Street. The proprietor was pleased with the samples and gave me an order for about £10.

DISCOUNTING A BILL.

On my second visit, the proprietor said to me in his broad Doric, "Man, your purses have done fine and I'll be wantin' a few more—Hae ye got your accountie wi' ye?" I produced this, when he said, "Ye'll be takin' yer five per cent. deescount aff it?" I explained that it was arranged he was to get 2½ per cent. "That's no muckle; but ye can tak' it aff."

I did so, when he said, "And noo you can mak' out a bit billie for it." I protested, and told him the discount was for a cash payment. "Na! Na!" said he. "You and I are goin' to be freends, and ye'll jist mak' oot a bit billie at three months." What was I to do? As an excuse I said I hadn't a bill stamp. "Oh! but I can gie ye a stamp; it'll jist cost you tippence." I paid the "tippence" and wrote out the bill, which he signed.

As I was putting it in my pocket he said, "An' phat will ye be daein' with the bit billie?" "I'll discount it at the bank." "Aye, an' phat will the bank be chairgin' ye for discoontin' it?" I said, "Probably three and sixpence."

"Aye, that's a lot of money. Weel, I've a few pound notes in ma desk and, if ye like, I'll discoont it masel' for half-a-croon."

Aberdeen is a great fish centre, and it is very interesting to visit the wholesale market in the early morning and hear the smart salesmen knocking down the catches of herring, cod and haddock to the dealers. An Aberdeen haddock, either fresh or finnan, wants a lot of beating. The latter are sent all over the world.

WHISTLE ON YER PARTAN!

There's a story told about the local retail market that is worth repeating.

A shepherd going into the town on market day was asked by his wife to bring home "a gude-sized partan, and be sure it's alive." A partan, it may be explained, is the Scotch name for a large crab. After the shepherd had disposed of his sheep he visited the fish market where he saw displayed a range of partans. He said to the dealer, "Phat's the price o' yer partans the day?" "They're fourpence, and sixpence and ninepence according to the size."

"Weel, I'll tak' a ninepenny ane, if yer sure that it's alive." "Oh! it's alive enough," said the dealer, "but, if ye've ony doobts aboot it, put ye're finger in the claws there and ye'll ken a' aboot it." "No, I'll no put my finger in the claws," said the shepherd, "but I'll put my dog's tail in." He whistled on his collie, and put the tip of his tail in the claws. The partan suddenly closed on it, the dog howled and ran along the market with the partan dangling at his tail. The shepherd ran after his dog—while the dealer, seeing his partan carried away that hadn't been paid for—shouted to the shepherd, "Hey! whustle on yer dog." The shepherd turned round and shouted back, "Aye! an' ye can whustle on yer partan."

Continuing the journey by the small towns on the Moray

Firth one comes to Inverness. This is a well-built town beautifully situated at the mouth of the river Ness. It was here that Shakespeare laid the scene of his tragedy of *Macbeth.* In summer, the town attracts large numbers of tourists. At one time nothing but Gaelic was spoken here, and one still hears old folks conversing in that ancient tongue, said to have been spoken by our first parents in the Garden of Eden. But the people now all speak pure English, just as it is taught in school, free from the accents which characterize Scotch folks all over the world.

THE CAPITAL OF THE HIGHLANDS.

While seated one day at dinner in the Caledonian Hotel, next a fine old Irish gentleman and his daughter, the latter told her father of a visit she had paid that day to Culloden Moor. A monument has been erected there to commemorate the Highlanders who fell in the rebellion of 1745. "Isn't it a great pity, father," she said, "that so many brave men were killed in defending the unfortunate Prince Charlie?" "I wouldn't bother much about that, Norah," said the old gentleman. "Shure an' it's such a long time ago, that if the men had been alive at the present time, bedad an' they would be dead at any rate."

AN IRISH BULL.

The Highland railway from Inverness to Perth passes through some of the finest mountain scenery in Scotland. Perth is so associated with the dyeing industry that it is said of it, that its people dye to live and live to dye.

My business journey ended at the ancient town of Stirling whose history goes back to the troublous times in which Scotland was fighting for its freedom. From the battlements of Stirling Castle can be seen Bannockburn and other battlefields, all associated with the deeds of Scotland's national heroes, Sir William Wallace and King Robert Bruce.

STIRLING CASTLE.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aft-times led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory."

Ever on the move to do a bit of business here, and pick up an order there, I had the pleasure of seeing the young shoot of the business which I had planted grow into a strong tree. The only royal road to fortune that I am aware of is hard work coupled with enthusiasm. Without the latter there never was or never will be a successful enterprise.

In 1875 Mr. Ormiston, my genial partner, retired owing to bad health. He went out to Australia, where he died many years ago. And so for five-and-forty years I have had to fight my own battle. Business life without fighting would be a very tame and empty affair.

I LOSE MY PARTNER.

The late Professor Blackie used to tell his students at Edinburgh University—"There are three things and three things only that make life worth living—a good cause, a good fight, and a glorious victory."

FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood doth reach,
More audible than speech,
We are one.

W. ALLSTON.

IN the spring of 1877 I paid my first visit to America. I was offered a commission by a firm of publishers to introduce their collection of Christmas cards to American buyers. I accepted their offer, as I was anxious to see the New World and also to meet my brother, who had recently got married and settled down at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

The trip from Liverpool to New York then took sixteen days. I had a sample case containing twelve pattern books of Christmas cards, together with a trunk of personal baggage. In the latter was a Paisley shawl which I was taking as a present to my new sister-in-law.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS AND THEIR WAYS.

Before arriving at New York, declaration papers were given us to be filled in. As I could not declare the Paisley shawl as "personal clothing" I asked a fellow passenger for advice. He said, "What hotel are you going to?" "The Astor House," I replied. "We're going to the same hotel for one night, and leave for Boston to-morrow. My wife will put the shawl in her trunk, and give it you at the hotel."

On landing, I was informed by a Customs Officer that my sample case must go to the Custom-house to have duty assessed. I said to him, "Surely not! These pattern books

cannot be dutiable, as the Christmas cards, being pasted on to the books, are unsaleable." "That may be, but in any case I can't pass them." "Then what passes?" I asked. Looking me straight in the face he said, "Gold passes." Taking the hint I gave him a sovereign. He tossed it in the air, caught it, and then displaying it on the palm of his hand said, "Is that the best you can do?" "Yes, I'm only a commercial traveller." "All right, I'll pass them."

This done, I was looking for an express-man, when the lady who had my shawl in her trunk approached me saying, "We find we can get a steamer to Boston right away, so I'll give you back your shawl." As she was doing so I was hailed by another Customs Officer—"Hulloa, young fellow, that won't do." Seeing the man who had my sovereign I referred the other to him. "Oh, it's all right, Charlie."

As the Irish emigrant said to his friend the policeman after he had been in New York for a few days, "Shure it's a divil of a foine country where ivery wan's happy."

AS SEEN FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE.

From the windows of this old hotel, situated in the busiest part of Broadway, is seen a constant rush of surging humanity which rivets the attention. Happiness is not the predominating expression on the sea of faces; but rather that of anxiety. Every one appeared to be in a hurry. I was used to equally large crowds in London, but never to such a rushing crowd. London attracts more visitors and sight-seers than New York, and as these are never in a hurry, its crowds move more slowly.

There are also more people in London than anywhere else, with settled incomes, and these take life more leisurely. But down-town in New York there are no people of leisure. And so from the Astor House windows one sees a constant hustling throng of men and women all on business bent.

Outside the U.S. Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, and facing

the financial centre of the western world, stands the statue of George Washington. Inside the building is shown the slab of stone on which he stood when taking the oath of allegiance as First President of the United States. This monument, which ought to be dear to every lover of liberty, narrowly escaped destruction by the Bolshevist bombs exploded near it in 1920.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

As Christmas cards had never before been shown in America it was difficult to find business houses to handle them. Everybody admired them—but none of the New York "jobbers" would buy them.

NEW YORK JOBBERS.

"Look here, young fellow! We'll take this job right off your hands. We know the country, you don't. We'll place an initial order with you for $5,000 'on consignment' and further orders will follow, as our drummers sell the goods. You can cable your folks 'K—— and T—— will handle the line for America.'"

As I hadn't heard this term before, I asked what it meant. "Why, sir, it means that you consign your goods to us right here. We'll store them free of cost to you. Our salesmen will show your samples to buyers—you have no travelling expenses to pay—you make no bad debts—and you get your money as the goods are sold. Your folks on the other side will thank you for making such a 'cute bargain."

"ON CONSIGNMENT."

"But supposing you don't sell the goods, what happens then?" "Why, sir, you needn't suppose anything of the kind. We are salesmen right here in Broadway, and what we don't know in the way of handling fancy goods ain't worth knowing. We ain't here for our health. Your line of goods tickles us, and we're dead sure our orders in three months will run from $15,000 to $20,000."

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE.

I began to see daylight through this "on consignment" scheme. On the face of it it seemed quite fair, but it was cutting no ice.

So I said, "It's quite possible that you mayn't buy a dollar's worth of these goods, and my time and trip across the Atlantic are wasted. No, it won't work. It appears to me that 'on consignment' is another name for 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you give me a firm order for $10,000 I'll leave you all my sample books and give you the sole agency for the United States for one year."

As this proposal wasn't to the taste of Messrs. K. and T. there was no business done. No more was anything to be got from the other jobbing houses save a plentiful supply of cold water down my back.

So I left New York without having sold a dollar's worth of goods.

BOSTON, MASS.

Unlike New York or Chicago, Boston is not a cosmopolitan city. It is the capital of the New England States, has a large manufacturing and distributing trade, and, in addition, is the intellectual centre of America. The trip from New York to Boston in one of the elegant steamers on the Fall River route is one to be long remembered. The constant changing scene, with the sunset effects, as the steamer threads its way up Long Island Sound is very beautiful.

Although these daily trips are run on purely commercial lines still the comfort and entertainment of the passengers appears to be the first consideration.

Boston strikes the stranger from the Old Country as being more English than any of the other big American cities. Although a large trade centres in Boston there is not the same rush after the almighty dollar as in New York or Chicago.

There are some fine stores in the city into which I introduced myself. My Christmas cards were critically

examined, and I had no difficulty in making sales. Instead of the merchants treating me to a cold-water douche, they thanked me for introducing to them such a beautiful line of goods.

From Boston I made my way to Chicago via Buffalo and Niagara.

AN INLAND SEA.

I spent a Sunday morning in Buffalo, an important town on Lake Erie. Here I had my first sight of one of the great lakes.

It was a stormy morning and, seeing the waves breaking on the shore, together with the big ships moored at the wharves, I found my geography was "all at sea." It seemed foolish to ask any one whether it was sea or lake, and to settle the matter I walked down to the edge and tasted the water. This was a very practical way of acquiring first-hand knowledge.

Being a wet Sunday I dropped into a church. This I found was an old-fashioned Episcopal Church of England. It had been a Parish Church when the country was a British Colony. The Book of Common Prayer contained references to the King and Queen of England, and to King Charles the Martyr.

After leaving Buffalo I paid a visit to Niagara. In describing a city or a building, a mountain or a valley, one

NIAGARA FALLS.

can draw a word picture of its size or beauty. But no words or photographs can convey to the reader any idea of the immensity and power of this—one of the seven wonders of the world.

It so fascinated me that I couldn't tear myself away from it until after I had spent a night in the adjoining township of Niagara. There I lay awake picturing it, and listening to the mighty waters tumbling and roaring, swirling and foaming, as they fell over the edge.

CHICAGO.

On my visit to this city I found it hadn't quite recovered from its two fires of 1871 and 1874. Many building sites were still vacant, and it was

strange to see numbers of fire-proof safes lying in the lots where the fire had left them. Business was good, and I sold so many parcels of Christmas cards that I felt justified and happy that I had turned down the "on consignment" offers of the New York jobbers.

WASHINGTON.

From Chicago I had a long cross-country journey to the capital. Washington is a grand city of which any country might be proud. It is not a business city like London, but it has a great advantage over the latter in that it is far removed from the industrial centres. The President and Congress have peace in which to do their legislative work, without fear of interruption from crowds of cranks or strikers.

On the evening of my arrival in Washington I was sitting in a public park listening to the music of a band. Sparks were flying about in the bushes around me which I couldn't account for. I thought at first these were caused by smokers, until I noticed they were emitted by fireflies while in flight. The same night I was kept awake by the bellowing of bulls. They were all round the house, and kept up their unholy noises the whole night through. The next morning I was informed these sounds came from bull-frogs which are reared for food. Their hind legs are very palatable, and indeed they are reckoned as delicacies.

SUNDAY IN THE CAPITAL.

The weather was extremely hot, without any tempering breeze. This, together with lack of sleep, brought on a violent attack of toothache. The hotel porter recommended me to a dentist, on whose door a notice was affixed—"Teeth extracted with gas, $1.00; without gas, 50 cents." I entered and, after waiting my turn, was shown into the parlour, and motioned into the arm-chair.

I told the dentist I would have 50 cents' worth, and he gave me good measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over. He tried one forceps after another, gouged and

lanced my gums, until I was nearly choked with blood. He then coolly told me he couldn't extract the tooth until the inflammation had gone down. It was Sunday—a day on which Scotsmen are forbidden to whistle—much less swear.

I paced the streets like a wild animal. The fool dentist had been trying to extract a sound back tooth, which I still have in my head after all these years.

Seeing people entering a church I followed in and was shown into a seat. There I heard a very sensible sermon which made me forget my toothache trouble.

After the service was over I saw people looking at a lady and gentleman getting up from one of the front pews. On asking, I was told that these were the President and his wife. I waited, and as they came down the aisle by which I was seated, I got up as they were passing and shook hands with the President. We walked down together to the door, during which time he had asked my name and business. He said, "I needn't ask your nationality as I guess you're a Scotsman. If you would like to see over the White House you call around to-morrow morning and it'll be all right."

PRESIDENT HAYES.

As I saw President Hayes and his wife, inexpensively dressed and carrying five-cent fans, walk away from the church without attendants, fuss, or ceremony, I was filled with admiration. There was true nobility!

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gold for a' that."

On the following morning I called at the White House and, on giving my name, was shown into the waiting-room. A smart well-bred boy introduced himself to me, and said that by order of the President, he was at my service for the day. He was a senator's page, and had the entrée everywhere.

He showed me all over the White House, the Capitol, and indeed every public building in Washington worth looking at. So, after all, the fool dentist in driving me into the President's church had done me a good turn.

THE QUAKER CITY.

Philadelphia at this time was the second city in the United States for population, wealth and importance. Its streets are all laid out at right angles, the most important bearing the names of trees—Walnut, Chestnut, etc.

As the city contains the administrative offices for most of the religious denominations—the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, and others, I succeeded in obtaining good orders for Christmas cards from these bodies. They evidently thought that the sentiments of " Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men " which they expressed, were worthy of circulation among their adherents.

THE TWO BROTHERS MEET.

As I had now time to visit my brother I made my way to Scranton. From there I took train to Carbondale, a little township in the coal district of Pennsylvania.

There I found my brother. He had charge of some derricks in connection with the coal mines. He had married a smart young German woman who, I feel sure, made him a good wife. But he wasn't happy. He had settled down there to please his wife and her relatives, but his heart was elsewhere. " You know, Jim, I ain't doing no good here. Sophy's a good girl, but I can't stand her relations. They live only to save money and to guzzle beer. I'd like to smash the lot o' them. I'm making good money, but what's the odds when your heart isn't in your job."

While I was there for a few days he knocked off work and showed me around. It was a monotonous country, studded with pit-head buildings and intersected with gravity roads. No wonder my brother couldn't stand it !

One morning a Yankee pedlar, with his mule outfit, called

to do a deal in chickens. Sophy had two dozen to dispose of and a bargain was struck at so many cents per pound. One chicken was to be weighed to average the lot. The pedlar produced his scales: these Sophy examined, and drew the pedlar's attention to a lump of fat adhering to the bottom of one of them. Sophy had a chicken in her arms and in a trice, while the Yankee was apologizing for the lump of fat, she whipt off the shuttle from her sewing machine, inserted it in the nether quarters of the chicken, and had it weighed in this way. The Yankee pedlar bluffed with a weak pair, but the lady scooped the pool with a full hand. Unquestionably, brother Bill had married a smart girl.

A DEAL IN CHICKENS.

My brother came with me to New York, and although that little change brightened him up a bit, I noticed the same restlessness as he had prior to his leaving home, sixteen years before.

A SAD PARTING.

He was again wrestling with "The call of the sea." His duty lay in going back to his home in Carbondale, but his inclination lay in going down to the docks and shipping as a mate for a South American port. Duty prevailed. As he saw me off on a steamer for Glasgow, an internal struggle was going on, and he was holding himself in. At last, with a tear in his eye, he grasped my hand and, with a "So long, Jim, God bless you," he tore himself away.

CANADA

Blest land of peace! O may'st thou ever be
Even as now the land of liberty!
Treading serenely thy bright onward road,
Honoured of nations, and approved of God!
On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright—
Freedom, fraternity, and equal right.

S. VINING.

ALTHOUGH only three thousand miles apart from the Mother Country, Canada is little known or understood by the average Britisher. For this the various statesmen and Governments which have run the British Empire within living memory are solely responsible.

Canada, together with Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, had been slumped together as "Colonies," and put under the charge of politicians. When promoted to the job such men were dubbed—"Secretary of State for the Colonies"—although they knew nothing whatever about them. These important territories were rarely mentioned in the Houses of Parliament, and they were left severely alone to work out their own salvation.

A DUMPING GROUND.

Before Canada had woke up to the folly of free imports, she had been the dumping ground for surplus British products. This, together with the neglect shown her by H.M. Colonial Office, estranged a large number of loyal Canadians. The cord was so thin that bound them to the Mother Country that it is a marvel it didn't snap. Things are much better now than they were; and Canada has at last a voice in shaping the affairs of the Empire.

A few years ago I was asked to attend a lecture on "Western Canada," given by a Canadian visitor before a Young Men's Literary Society in a London suburb. The lecture, with moving pictures of the Rocky Mountains, salmon fisheries, and modern harvesting, was first-rate. Knowing that I knew something of Canada, the Chairman, who was a parson, asked me to move a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

GEOGRAPHICAL IGNORANCE.

After doing so, I stated that I found the ignorance of Britishers on the geography of the British Empire most appalling. "As your secretary has announced that your funds are at a low ebb, I'll subscribe a guinea to them if any of your members will repeat the names in rotation of the provinces forming the Dominion of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific." The Chairman thanked me for my offer; and felt quite sure that many of the members would give satisfactory answers. I feared he was too optimistic, and my fears were justified.

The members got up one by one and were all run out without scoring. They mixed up provinces and towns in most admired disorder. The Chairman was annoyed as he saw his young men being bowled out with "ducks' eggs," and when there were no more competitors he asked if he might compete. On being answered in the affirmative he got up with a smile, as if he felt the guinea in his hand. "Of course the first province is Newfoundland," he said. "You're wrong," I replied. "Oh no, I'm not. Newfoundland is the first land you come to on the west after leaving England." "You're wrong again, sir. The first land you come to is Ireland, and Ireland is as much a part of the Dominion of Canada as Newfoundland is." Then I gave them a free lesson on the geography of Canada, and kept my guinea.

A MAIDEN INNINGS.

One of the few links connecting Canada with the Mother

Country was the " Allan " line of steamers. They ran from Glasgow and Liverpool to Halifax in winter, and to Montreal in summer. They did not pretend to be floating hotels like the mammoth boats on the New York route, but they were substantial well-found steamers, which for many years carried passengers and mails without a hitch.

THE OLD ALLAN LINE.

The visitor to Canada who makes Halifax his port of entry will hardly realize that he is in a new country. He will find the people, the streets and the shops very much the same as those he has left behind. He will hear the English language spoken with a pure English accent, will see British soldiers in the streets and, with the exception of the money being different, might think he was in an English provincial town.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Since my first visit to Canada I have been a strong advocate for a uniform decimal coinage throughout the British Empire. All that is wanted is to make the sovereign divisable into 500 cents instead of 480 as at present. Our three money columns might be retained, but be used for pounds, dollars, and cents, instead of pounds, shillings, and pence. With cents as the basis, the coinage in metal or paper should represent 1, 5, 10, 25, 50, 100, 250, and 500 cents. Under a uniform decimal system, there is no reason why there should be a difference in the rate of exchange between Montreal and London, any more than between Glasgow and London.

DECIMAL COINAGE.

Passing through the province of New Brunswick with its thriving capital—St. John—we ferry across the St. Lawrence to the quaint historical city of Quebec.

IN OLD QUEBEC.

Now you begin to realize that you have left home. The streets are narrow and have French names, the " cochers " shout to you in French, and will probably drive you to a French hotel.

In recent years Quebec has been modernized and anglicized, but, speaking of forty years ago, it was a most interesting and lovable town in which to spend a few days.

MONTREAL.

A short railway journey brings you to the great city of Montreal. In recent years this city has so expanded in size, population and trade that it has become a vast metropolis.

On my early visits the trade was all done "down town." The principal stores, banks, and offices for the Protestant section were in St. James Street, while the trade of the Catholic section centred round the Rue de la Notre Dame.

Now the shopping and fashionable district is St. Catherine Street, a splendid boulevard "up town," and filled with great stores and fine buildings.

Although the city is divided in race and religion into two nearly equal portions still they are as one household.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

The grand Cathedral of Notre Dame stands as a sentinel over the Roman Catholic portion of the city. It holds 10,000 people, and is the most historical and interesting church in Canada.

In breaking the thread of business, even for a few minutes, on a week-day, and entering the portals of a cathedral such as this, it is wonderful what feelings of serenity come over one. The stated services in all churches on Sundays are frequently formal, and do not always lend themselves as aids to devotion.

TEN MINUTES' MEDITATION.

Business people may say they cannot afford the time. Try it, and you will find that a few minutes so spent is a gain, not a loss. It matters little whether the temple be Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish, or Mohammedan, they were all built and dedicated to the worship of one God, and the effect is the same. No language is needed. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

On my early visits forty years ago Canada was emerging from boyhood to manhood. A few years previously the various provinces, with loosely-knit connections, had confederated, and the Dominion of Canada comprised the whole of British North America, with the exception of Newfoundland. Business was none too good. I was then struck with the lack of manufacturing activity. Almost everything, with the exception of food, paper and lumber, was imported. All my life I have been a strong advocate for national production. Canada had not then realized, as the United States had previously done, that a nation cannot live by purchasing, but can only live by producing.

BUSINESS IN CANADA.

At that time Canada was inoculated with the foolish "Free Trade" system of the Mother Country, and it was evident that the dumping of British and American goods into her markets was ruining her.

FREE DUMPING.

In 1875 the Canadian Premier, Sir John Macdonald, was forced to advocate a protective policy. The local industries were being slowly throttled by free imports. Factories, paper mills and engineering shops were working half-time, or had been closed; free soup kitchens were opened in the principal towns, and young men were leaving the country for the United States, where labour was protected. A movement was on foot for federation with the United States. In the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, I heard a Canadian manufacturer offer to bet a hundred dollars to sixty, that in seven years Canada would be part and parcel of the United States. The bet was not taken up.

Sir John Macdonald, in advocating Protection, said, "The welfare of Canada requires the adoption of a national policy which will benefit the agricultural, the mining and other industries of the Dominion. Such a policy will retain in Canada thousands of our fellow-countrymen now obliged to expatriate themselves

A PATRIOTIC STATESMAN.

in search of employment, and will restore prosperity to our struggling industries."

COMMON-SENSE PREVAILS.

In 1879 a national fiscal policy was inaugurated—a policy amply justified by results.

Had it not been for this action, Canada would have become a province of the United States. We know what Canada is to-day. Its older cities have quadrupled their populations: new cities have risen from the boundless prairies as if by a magician's wand, factories turn out all classes of goods which were formerly imported, wages are high, living is good, and free soup kitchens are unknown.

The capital of the Dominion is beautifully situated on the south bank of the Ottawa River. This river drains a large

OTTAWA.

tract of country in which the lumber trade is carried on—indeed the industries of Ottawa are mainly connected with lumber.

The Parliament Buildings form a noble pile, and were commenced in 1860, when the foundation stone was laid by the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales. They were burnt down in the first year of the Great War by, it was thought, a German incendiary, but have since been rebuilt.

Although Ottawa is not by any means the most important town in Canada still, owing to its position being midway between Montreal and Toronto, it was chosen as the administrative capital in 1858.

When industrial Canada only extended to Fort William on Lake Superior, Toronto was known as the capital of

TORONTO.

Upper Canada. It is a modern city, built on the site of an old fort on Lake Ontario. Its growth has been phenomenal. Incorporated in 1834, when its population was under 10,000, it has rapidly increased until it is now nearly half-a-million. Toronto in its rapid growth from a small township in 1834 to a great city in 1921

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

represents the marvellous growth of the Dominion of Canada in a single lifetime.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

One cannot sufficiently admire the cheery optimism of Canada's business men. They are ever forging ahead, and making their plans for supplying the wants of a greater Canada. They know they have a great country, they know its resources, and they also know that one day Canada will vie with the United States in population, in production, and in the amenities of life which make for a happy and prosperous people.

Like ourselves, Canada has to carry a heavy war debt. But she is proud of the part her sons played in the Great War, and she isn't worrying about their expenses.

THROUGH THE GREAT LAKES.

The great lakes, linked up by a series of canals, afford a continuous course of water communication extending from the Straits of Belle Isle on the St. Lawrence to Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, a distance of 2,275 miles. They form a great feature in the carrying trade of both the United States and Canada. It makes a pleasant break in the long overland journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific to travel a part of the way by water. Leaving the Canadian Pacific Railway at Toronto, a short railway journey takes one to Port McNicoll, where a fine steamer is ready to start for the west.

A sleeping berth and place at table are assigned to you, and you settle down in a deck chair with your rug and a book in the most approved Cunard manner.

Passing out of Georgia Bay you enter Lake Huron, studded with many islands, and then through Sault Ste. Marie canal into Lake Superior. Here you are in a great inland sea, in which you see big freight steamers with a carrying capacity of from one to two thousand tons. On arrival at Fort William you will feel that the forty-eight hours taken in the 500 mile journey on the lake liner have been well spent.

On one of these trips I had as room-mate a travelling salesman from England in the carpet trade. He showed me a letter he had received from his son in Kidderminster in which the boy said—

WHAT IS A LIE ?

"Our Sunday-school teacher asked the class last week 'What is a lie?' One of the boys answered, 'A lie is an abomination to the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble.'"

Still travelling westward, we arrive at the great city of Winnipeg—dumped down on the prairie. This is the heart city of North America, being 1,500 miles from the Atlantic, from the Pacific, from New Orleans, and from Hudson's Bay. From its position on the great wheat-bearing belt, it bids fair to rival Chicago as a produce centre. Its history since 1871, when it was known as Fort Garry with a population of 240, has been one of constant and rapid progress.

WINNIPEG.

The development of Western Canada has naturally brought about a great increase in land values. Prairie land worth a dollar an acre, when cut up into building sites for a rising town, has within a few years been worth $5,000. Land speculation became rampant, and brought into being a class of men known as real estate agents. These men, with little capital beyond their nimble wits, would so picture a parcel of land as to deceive the very elect.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

One of these gentry induced me to purchase a central block of building land in Winnipeg for $10,000, way back five-and-twenty years ago. As there were some wooden cottages on it he agreed to collect the rents and pay the taxes. I held the property for six years and, as I was making nothing out of it, I was glad to accept an offer from the agent for $12,000.

MY FIRST LAND VENTURE.

In the following year when I was again in the city I found a palatial block of stores and offices on my late site.

On making inquiries I found the site had been sold for $100,000. The deal had been a crooked one and might have been upset in law, but I let it go. Some folks are hungry for land, others for money, but I am glad to say I never was very hungry for either.

About 500 miles west of Winnipeg we arrive at the young and fair city of Regina. It is a little over twenty years ago since I was dumped down on a Sunday morning at this then little known town. There had been a heavy fall of snow which had blocked the line, and passengers were informed that the train would probably proceed in twenty-four hours.

THE QUEEN OF THE PRAIRIE.

Regina had recently been made the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, and the town had been laid out, like a boy's first suit, on broad and generous lines.

It had previously been called by an Indian name signifying "A pile of bones." The Lieutenant-Governor wrote to the Marquis of Lorne, who was then Governor-General, asking him to suggest a better name. The marquis mentioned the matter to his wife—the Princess Louise—who said, "Call it after mother," and so the name was changed to Regina.

CALL IT AFTER MOTHER!

The town is the head-quarters of the North-West Mounted Police—a splendid body of trained men who, in their scarlet uniforms, add life and colour to this "Queen City of the Prairies."

Passing through Calgary—a fine go-ahead city—the train slowly ascends the foot-hills of that marvellous range—the Rocky Mountains. It's a long, long trail from Calgary to Vancouver, through some of nature's wonderland which, to adequately describe, would require a gift of language I do not possess.

THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE ROCKIES.

Vancouver is beautifully situated on a fine bay, and has a warm and genial climate. Its principal industries are in

lumber and fruit growing, but it is also cultivating a large shipping industry with China, Japan and Australia.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is a pleasant and thriving town on Vancouver Island. It is very English in its habits, and is the resort of well-to-do people, who spend here what they have made elsewhere.

A PENNY COUNTRY.

On one of my visits through Canada I had collected a lot of coppers—one and two cent pieces—which I couldn't get rid of. I offered them as payment to boot-blacks, news-boys, and car-conductors, but they weren't taking any. When leaving my hotel in Victoria a happy inspiration seized me. Meeting a friend I asked him to have a drink with me, and at the bar I laid down 25 cents, in copper, as payment. The bar-tender wouldn't take them but, seeing the proprietor, I appealed to him. "No, sirree, the money may be legal tender, but I don't want the pennies. I remember when this was a penny country, and a mighty poor country it was then. Everything could be bought for a penny—and I don't want to see these penny times back again. If you're 'stoney broke,' I'll give you the drinks for nothing, but take away the pennies."

A MILLIONAIRE IN GOOD HUMOUR.

On one of my visits to Vancouver a man passed me in the street whom I felt sure I had known in the years of long ago. I followed him and stopped him and, as we faced each other, the recognition was mutual. We had both of us entered our old school in Edinburgh on the same day, and six years later had left it on the same day. We had lost trace of each other for forty years and now, looking into each other's eyes, these years were obliterated, and we were boys again at school.

While I had been hunting the almighty dollar all over the world he had been "prospecting" in British Columbia and had struck a rich vein of good humour. He was the happiest and most contented soul I have ever met. It made you

AN OLD SCHOOL-MATE.

laugh to look at him. We spent some golden hours together in chats over a pipe.

What price Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie alongside a man like this? Why they were paupers compared to him. He was a millionaire in good humour. What Hamlet says of his friend Horatio I can say of my old schoolfellow—

> "A man who fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks."

Many fathers spoil their boys' careers by suggesting to them to go to Canada or Australia to push their fortunes. The boy is not a success at home, and he readily assents—it will be a pleasant change. They pay his passage out, and promise to send him £5 or £10 a month until he gets a job.

REMITTANCE MEN.

I know that boy well. He is a nice lad—well educated and with pleasant manners—but he lacks initiative and energy. I've seen him loafing about in Montreal and Winnipeg—in Melbourne and Sydney—waiting for something to turn up. He hopes to get an appointment soon, as manager of so-and-so, but his hopes never materialize.

You have killed that boy with your £10 a month. If he had arrived in Sydney with only half-a-crown in his pocket to buy his first meal ashore, he would have got a job before his second meal was due. These lads are known as "remittance men" and they rarely succeed.

In all our Overseas Dominions, but more especially in Canada and New Zealand, I have been amused to hear broad Scotch spoken by young people who had never seen Scotland. They had inherited the accent with their blue eyes and flaxen hair from their forbears. To a Scotsman, like myself, who has spent the bulk of his life away from the home-land, it is very

BROAD SCOTCH.

touching to hear the language and accents of his boyhood days, when so far from home. Canada and the south island of New Zealand are like "bits o' my ain countrie," and it is difficult tearing oneself away from them.

HEAVE TO!

Sing ho! for a brave and a valiant barque,
And a brisk and lively breeze,
A bully crew, and a captain too
To carry me over the seas:
To carry me over the seas, my boys,
Where the dancing dolphins play,
And the whales and the sharks are having their larks,
Ten thousand miles away.

OLD SONG.

ALTHOUGH we are commanded—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," still we are not commanded to do it beyond our might. This is what many business men forget, more especially those running a one-man business.

To superintend the various processes of manufacturing, to buy the raw materials, to sell the finished goods over a wide area, and to look after the finance, is more than one man is fit to do. And so, sooner or later, and usually between thirty-five and forty years of age, the doctor issues his order—"Heave to!"

There is no mistaking the necessity or the urgency of the order, and so, willy-nilly, we must pull down the main-sheet and reef top-sails.

Such an order was given me when I was thirty-seven. I had three attacks of pleurisy, each one leaving me weaker than before, and it didn't require a specialist to tell me that another attack would lead to the churchyard.

I booked a berth in the good ship *Mount Etna*, bound from Glasgow to Melbourne. She was a strong, well-found ship, barque rigged, with a general cargo, and with accommodation for twelve saloon passengers, together with a crowd of emigrants. The passengers were not an eligible lot—those in the saloon being mainly ne'er-do-wells—whose friends had induced them to leave their country for their country's good. The emigrants in the steerage were a nondescript lot of men and women who hoped, under other conditions, to retrieve their failures in the old country.

THE "MOUNT ETNA" OF GLASGOW.

At Greenock the ship was taken in charge by a tow-boat which took us down the Firth of Clyde and, on the following morning, left us in the Irish Sea with a fair wind, outward bound to Australia.

The first sounds that greeted the passengers' ears that morning were the calls of chanticleer. He evidently was displeased at being cooped up in a crate, and woke up everybody to let them know it. Then the air was filled with the bleating of sheep and the grunting of pigs—familiar sounds that were very cheering to the low-spirited crowd on board.

A MARINE FARMYARD.

A pleasure trip anywhere, with pleasant companions, makes a happy break in one's life journey. But there was not a single passenger in that ship who was there for either pleasure or business. The bulk of them were as the flotsam and jetsam of the tide, drifting from their home moorings to an unknown country.

It was a fresh bracing morning in mid November and, as I paced the deck inhaling the stimulating air, I felt as if new life was being pumped into me. Long before the trip was ended my health was completely restored, and I was keen to return to the battle of life.

We crossed the Line on Christmas Day. The cook did

his best to give us all a good dinner, but his menu was limited. His usual stand-by was canned bully-beef, but in the tropics all canned meats turned out like soup. It was a great treat when he killed a sheep or a pig, and on this Christmas Day every one had roast mutton and plum duff.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT SEA.

As time was hanging heavily on my hands I offered my services to the skipper, to act as clerk, and he got me to keep his log-book. In return, he gave me lessons in navigation, and taught me how to "take the sun" and work out the latitude and longitude.

Learning that my birthday was on New Year's Eve—a Scottish festival named Hogmanay—he asked me if I would arrange to have a concert in the evening. "Get up some theatricals," he said, "and I'll stand a bottle or two of whisky. We'll bring in the New Year, and hae a grand spree."

> "Is it a custom? Ay, marry is't:
> And to my mind, though I am native here,
> And to the manner born, it is a custom
> More honour'd in the breach than the observance."
>
> *Hamlet.*

I got up a concert, with a charade and recitations, which went well for a while, but too much honour began to be paid to Bacchus and too little to Orpheus.

A WET CONCERT.

Quite recently I was introduced to Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson by a mutual friend. I found Mr. Johnson a very nice man and very sincere in the work he has taken in hand. He said to me, "I'm going to begin my campaign in Scotland. If I can succeed in making your country 'dry' I'll have an easy job in England." I told him that the drinking habit in Scotland was too deep-seated to be easily cured, and that his proposed "dry campaign" there did more honour to his heart than to his head. And so it turned out.

The *Mount Etna* being a Scotch ship, and the whisky being cheap, the New Year was ushered in mid sounds of revelry. The captain and the first mate, who could hold as much liquor without spilling it as any men I knew, were soon *hors de combat.* All the crew and most of the passengers were so drunk that when the "eight bells" were rung at midnight, which ushered in the New Year, there were only the second mate and three passengers capable of exchanging New Year greetings.

MIDNIGHT UNDER THE STARS.

Fortunately it was a beautiful star-lit night and we had a fair wind. To see the stars in all their brilliance one requires to be far from land. Being in the southern hemisphere we had lost Ursa Major and had picked up the Southern Cross, while Orion and Sirius shone in all their glory. The second mate asked one of the sober passengers to act as look-out man at the bow, while he would take the wheel himself. Knowing I had picked up a bit of navigation, he asked me if I would relieve him at the wheel, while the third passenger would be on the look-out.

AN AMATEUR STEERSMAN.

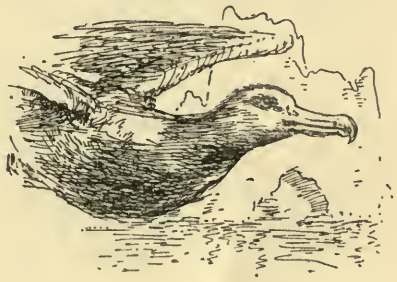
I was called at 4 a.m. and took the wheel from the mate who gave me the course. When left alone I felt the great silence, with the immensity of space around me, almost overpowering. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the huge ship of 1,700 tons was bounding onwards—"She trod the water like a thing of life." It was a grand sight. No living thing was to be seen nor sound to be heard, and yet the stars overhead seemed to be full of life.

> "What though no real voice nor sound
> Amid those radiant orbs be found?
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> For ever singing as they shine
> The hand that made us is divine."

My four hours' watch on this New Year's morning, holding the reins and guiding the ship amidst the mighty waste of waters, I shall never forget.

There is nothing which relieves the tedium of a long voyage in the southern seas so much as watching the flight of the albatross—that mighty hunter of the deep. As he cannot stand extreme heat or cold he has never been able to cross the Line. He therefore restricts his aerial flights to the temperate zone south of the Equator. The flight of an albatross is the most marvellous as well as the most graceful motion of any living thing.

THE MARVELLOUS ALBATROSS.



With outstretched wings, which he never flutters, he glides swiftly and yet gracefully along, trimming his sails and altering his course without any apparent effort. He will sail round and round a mail steamer, going at full speed, as easily as if it was standing still. The only thing he cannot stand is a calm. Then he is absolutely helpless. He floats on the water, like the Ancient Mariner waiting for a breeze.

One day the *Mount Etna* was nearly becalmed—doing only a couple of knots per hour. The albatrosses—who seemed to come from nowhere—collected round the ship in great numbers. We got out fishing lines, baited them with pork, and had great fun hauling them in and hoisting them on board. They are foolish birds. They snap the bait, but do not swallow it, and so are not hooked. But they hold on to the bait with their strong beaks, and won't let go. As we hoisted them on deck

A MARINE CORROBBERIE.

some got frightened, opened their beaks and so got clear away.

THE COCK O' THE SOUTH.

The father of the flock, a huge fellow, snapped at my bait, and tugged so hard to get away with it, that I had to get assistance to pull him in. One of the sailors went over the stern on to the rudder chains to get hold of him as he came close in. He grabbed him round the neck, but found he had caught a tartar. The bird struck him with his huge wings all over the head, so that the man shouted for assistance. Two other men went over to help him, and then there was such a flapping and a whacking, a screaming and a cursing as never was. I question as to whether these three sailors could have pinioned and brought that bird on board, had not a belaying-pin been handed to one of them, who whacked it on the head until it became unconscious.

Altogether we caught a score of them and, as the skipper had a supply of preserving ointment, I embalmed the head of my fighting cock and still have it at home. He weighed 23 lbs. and his wings measured 12 feet from tip to tip.

SAILORS' CHANTIES.

It was very interesting listening to the sailors singing when pulling on a rope. There are, or rather there were, large numbers of these chanties, which the mate in charge of a watch would encourage the men to sing ; as in doing so they pulled better together. As steamers have now in great measure taken the place of sailing ships, so these old sea chanties are mostly forgotten. Here is one of them—

"Oh, whisky here—and whisky there,
Oh, whisky !—Johnnie !
Oh, whisky here—and whisky there,
Oh, whisky—for my Johnnie.
For whisky makes the Old Man sing,
Oh, whisky !—Johnnie !
Oh, whisky's good for anything,
So, whisky—for my Johnnie."

After broiling in the tropics it was a great relief to get away south and into the fresh trade winds. These winds in the South Atlantic blow mainly from north-west to south-east. Sailing ships from the old country to Australia or New Zealand cannot take the direct track across the ocean which steamers take.

They must go where the winds will help them most, and so they steer their course by what is known as the "great circle sailing." Our ship, after sighting South America, bore away south to the latitude of Cape Horn, where we caught the N.W. trade wind. Here the shipmaster makes up for his slow progress across the tropics. Every inch of canvas is set, and the ship bowls along for weeks on end at an average of about 12 knots an hour.

GREAT CIRCLE SAILING.

The change in temperature from 100 to 30 degrees was very trying to the invalids on board, and we buried two of them. One of them was a young minister whose mother and sisters bade him a fond farewell as they saw him off at Greenock. He was a nice lad who was looking forward to taking up ministerial duties at Adelaide. The body was sewn up in canvas with some pieces of pig-iron, and covered with the Union Jack. The snow was falling when, at eight bells on a Sunday afternoon, all hands were called, and the skipper read the burial service. Then the body was reverently lowered through the lee port into the mighty ocean.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

> "Long, long shall his mother mourn him,
> Long, long shall his sisters weep,
> From his hammock they have borne him
> And laid him in the deep."

After the monotonous, but health-giving journey we arrived at our destination.

Although the trip as a whole had been a pleasant one,

still I wasn't sorry to come ashore and return to civilization. The *Mount Etna* arrived in Melbourne after a trip of twelve weeks from Glasgow. I was in the pink of health and hungry for work.

AUSTRALIA

Britannia, when thy heart's a-cold;
When o'er thy grave has grown the moss,
Still "Rule Australia" shall be trolled
In islands of the Southern Cross.

ANDREW LANG.

WHEN leaving home in ill-health I had no idea of doing business in Australia—my one thought was to get well. The main cause of my break-down had been the extra work connected with placing on the market a new series of steel pens. I had been appointed selling agent for these by the manufacturers in Birmingham.

PIONEER WORK.

To the uninitiated it may seem a simple matter to launch a new line of goods and to place it on the market. They think that all that is wanted is to introduce the goods to store-keepers, show samples, quote prices, and book their orders. Just so! Quite a holiday task.

Inventors are usually bad business men. It often requires more genius to christen a commercial baby, to dress it suitably, and to place it on the market than it does to invent it.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Some years ago I met on board ship an American gentleman on his way to England to introduce a silent door-closer, for which he held a patent. A few months later I met him in London, when I found him very enthusiastic about his success.

He had decided at the outset to make an effort to intro-

duce his door-closer into the Bank of England. If he was successful in this the rest was easy. When he called there he was referred to a local firm of lock-makers who did all the Bank's work in locks and safes. Although he offered the lock-makers good terms, they wouldn't take up the notion.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO.

Was he down-hearted? No! The walls of Jericho didn't fall in one day. He got into conversation with one of the liveried door-keepers at the Bank, and gave him a cigar. He saw him daily, got chatty, and handed him some American newspapers. He wasn't in a hurry; but was always on the outlook for an opening in the walls. At last the opening came. One wet day the door-keeper asked him into his room. This is what he had been waiting for.

He noted that the door of the room was always being opened, and banged, and left open by messengers, making the room very uncomfortable. He drew the door-keeper's attention to this, who merely remarked, "What can't be cured must be endured."

"Oh! but I think I can cure it," said the Yankee. "In any case I'll try." Next day he brought, as a gift to the door-keeper, one of his patent door-closers and fixed it on the door. On his next visit he was asked to see one of the managers. This gentleman arranged with him to fix his door-closing apparatus to a large number of doors.

He then advertised the line—

As Used in the Bank of England

and the walls of Jericho fell down before him.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

When unpacking my baggage I fortunately discovered a few sample boxes of the new steel pens which I had named—"Ball-Pointed."

It seemed a pity that in a fine business city, such as

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

Melbourne, I should remain idle. I got a few business cards printed, and then I called upon the leading stationers in the city to try to sell my pens. But there was nothing doing. I was told by every one, "There are too many varieties of pens already on the market and we don't want any more." "All right," I told them, "you'll want them before I leave the city," and they did.

I then called on the two leading newspapers—the *Argus* and the *Age*, and engaged in each for three days a prominent space, at a total cost of £24. I wrote out an advertisement that no one could read unmoved, and then interviewed the editors, inducing them to insert a short notice.

While waiting a couple of days for the advertisements to soak in, I had a narrow escape of becoming a millionaire.

MYSTERY OF A HANSOM-CAB.

To fill in my time I bought at a bookstall a book published locally, "The Mystery of a Hansom-Cab." After dinner that night I began reading it, and couldn't put it down till I had finished it, long after midnight.

The following morning I went to the bookstall, and asked the address of the author, with an idea of buying the copyright. I was informed that the author, Mr. Fergus Hume, was a clerk in a suburban branch bank, and would be glad to take £5 or £10 for the copyright—the sale of the book being so small.

While waiting outside a stationer's shop for a car to take me to Mr. Hume's address, the stationer came out and said—"Excuse me, but are you the gentleman who called here the other day with 'Ball-Pointed Pens'? "Yes, that's so, but you didn't want any." "Well, I want them now. The shop is full of people all wanting these pens. Have you stock with you?" "No," I replied, "but I have samples in my pocket." "Then," said he, "as you

know more about them than I do you can send me £50 worth assorted."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

That morning I had a triumphal progress through Melbourne—every stationer wanted the pens, and before lunch I had sold £250 worth.

"The Mystery of a Hansom-Cab" was forgotten, and my chance of becoming a millionaire was lost. On my return home I found that the copyright had been bought by someone else. The book was published in London, and had an enormous sale. The profits on the book, together with the stage rights, must have realized a big fortune. It was a narrow squeak!

THE QUEEN CITY.

From Melbourne I went to Adelaide, so named after the Queen of William IV. It is a finely laid-out city and is the capital of what was then the colony of South Australia, but now a province in the Commonwealth.

There I met my old partner Mr. Ormiston who was in business as a printer and stationer, but was in poor health. We spent a few happy days together.

PRIMITIVE GOLD DIGGINGS.

We made an excursion to an alluvial gold-field in the colony, where I was greatly interested in the diggers and their diggings. They were a happy lot of men, dwelling in tents, and living on "damper" and mutton chops grilled on barbed wire. In their quest for gold they weren't "striking it rich," but found compensations in their freedom from rent, taxes, and conventionalities.

Their principal trouble was—dust. It was everywhere—in their meat and their drink—and in their eyes, ears, and nostrils. In the main avenue of the settlement was a tent, over the doorway of which was a card, bearing the inscription—

Royal Hotel
All drinks — Sixpence.
N.B. Clean Glasses.

In returning to Melbourne, I stopped at the thriving town of Ballarat in the province of Victoria. It lies in the centre of one of the richest gold-fields in the world. The "Welcome Nugget," the largest ever found, was discovered here in 1858. It weighed 2,217 ozs. and was sold for £10,500. The mines are nearly worked out now.

BALLARAT.

One of Ballarat's citizens wisely spent his fortune in beautifying the city, by erecting in the public gardens some magnificent specimens of Italian sculpture. It is a most handsome collection, doing credit to the donor and to the town.

I knew that one of my mother's sisters had gone, as a girl, to Australia, and had married a Mr. John Bowes, Wesleyan Minister, somewhere in New South Wales. On my arrival in Melbourne I had sent a letter to my aunt, addressed exactly as above. It was a bow drawn at a venture, but it hit the mark. I had a reply from my aunt giving her address in Sydney, and inviting me to come and stay with her.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

It is impossible to enter the capital of New South Wales, by its magnificent harbour, unmoved. Its importance and its natural beauties place it in the front rank of the harbours of the world.

Leaving Melbourne by steamer, I arrived at Sydney in the evening. While telling the steward that I would leave my baggage overnight, a man, about my own age, said to him, "Is there a Mr. Glass on board?" This was a cousin—who had come down on the off-chance of meeting me before I went to a hotel. He had a carriage awaiting me on the wharf

ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY.

in which we drove to the railway station and thence to my aunt's house at Stanmore, Sydney.

A HOME OF PEACE.

How can I ever forget that first meeting with my old Auntie Phemie, my mother's sister? It was my mother back to life again. The same little, round, happy face, with the bright blue sparkling eyes—which I had loved so much—was looking into mine—and calling me her son. Earth has nothing sweeter to give than the love of a good woman.

I was introduced to the family which was quite a large one. My uncle, a fine genial old man, had retired from active ministerial work, and there were four sons and four daughters. These had all been well brought up, and some of them held important positions in the city.

My aunt was quite a public woman in the social life of Sydney. She was President of the Y.W.C.A. and of the Women's Temperance League. In the old convict days she had taken an active part in ameliorating the lot of the poor creatures in the penal settlement of Botany Bay. In these "good old times" it used to be said that the convicts' sang—

> "True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

She took great interest in all schemes for the betterment of the people—and indeed, she was looked upon as a mother in Israel.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

I had parted with my brother in Carbondale, Pa., in 1877 and the only news we had had of him for eight years was that he was in Cuba. I had been a week in Sydney, when my aunt handed me a letter she had just received. It read thus—

AUNT PHEMIE

BARQUE *GOLDEN GATES*,
MELBOURNE,
14th March, 1886.

MY DEAR AUNTIE,—

If this reaches you let me know at the above address and I'll come to see you. I used to hear my mother speak of you, and if you are anywhere within hail I'll pay you a visit.

Your loving nephew,
WILLIAM GLASS, Mate.

Here was a marvellous thing. Neither my brother nor I had ever been in Australia before. We were there unknown to each other; and that we should meet in this unexpected manner bordered on the miraculous. I wrote to him to come at once and he came.

Early one morning my bedroom door was opened and a "Hulloa, Jim" woke me up. Here was my brother looking better, stronger, and happier than I had ever seen him before. When in San Francisco his ship, the *Golden Gates*, was chartered to take a cargo to Melbourne, and he hoped to be able to find his old auntie. His wife, Sophy, had died in giving birth to a boy, which her relations were looking after, and so he was a rolling stone again.

"Say, Jim, is this auntie's house, and who is the girl that opened the door to me? She threw her arms round my neck and kissed me." "That's your cousin Jean, and the house belongs to your uncle and aunt." "Well, I'm blest. I walked from the wharf this morning and, when the house was pointed out to me, I couldn't believe it. I thought she might own a laundry or a candy store and I've a few dollars I meant to give her."

At breakfast that morning he was made to feel as one of

the family, and I never saw him looking so happy. He laughed a lot, but said little. Indeed his answers to questions were little more than "Yes" or "No," and this puzzled me. My uncle had family prayers after breakfast, and then William said he would come with me to the city.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

When outside, I questioned him about his reticence. "You speak freely enough to me, but there was no getting a word out of you at breakfast." "Well, it's like this, Jim. I've got so into the way of using swear words, that I don't know when they come out. I've never been with a family like this all my life. It's like heaven to me. My auntie and the girls are like angels, and a swear word would strike them like a blow. So mum's the word."

My aunt and brother got on splendidly together. She took him to her heart and brought out all that was best in him. Although he was then thirty-five years of age and a big strong man, still he had the heart of a child. He had held the rough end of things all his life. Like Esau of old, his hand had been against every man's and every man's hand against him.

A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The hard-shell casing that had grown around him, and which had withstood the buffetings and storms of years, was pierced by the still small voice of our sweet-souled aunt. She found the key to his heart, and had discovered the jewel that had lain dormant since mother died. She could do anything with him.

There was at that time a scheme on foot by the Wesleyan Church of N.S.W. to send a missionary party to found a station in East Africa. My aunt and cousins were taking great interest in the scheme. William was infected by the excitement and offered his services. When he told me of his decision to go out to East Africa as a handy man in a missionary

A MISSIONARIES' HANDY MAN.

outfit, I told him he was very foolish. "There is nothing in common between you and these people, and you'll fall out with them in about a week."

All he said was, "Look here, Jim, I've lived a very selfish life, and have never done any good to anybody. Now it's up to me to make good. Auntie hasn't asked me to go, but I know she would like me to, and I would go through fire and water for her."

On the eve of the departure of the Mission we were all sitting in the verandah, when aunt said, "Now, Willie dear, I hope you have not been over-persuaded to join the Mission. The pay is very little, and I'm afraid the risk of fever is very great." "That's all right, auntie, don't you worry about the pay. If I get none at all that don't matter. As for the fever, I've seen a lot of that in South America, and in any case I'll take the risk."

"Well now, children," said aunt, "we'll kneel down and ask God's blessing on the enterprise." Then the good woman poured out her soul in prayer for those going out to teach the poor ignorant heathen of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

A DRAMATIC DÉNOUEMENT.

It seems a pity to spoil such a pretty picture which might have been worked up into a first-class missionary story. But truth compels me to tell of its dramatic dénouement, so far as my brother was concerned.

Aunt was saying, "You know, Willie, you have lived a rough life among rough people; but the only way to win the hearts of the heathen, among whom you are going, is by kindness." "Yes, I know that, auntie, and although I've got a quick temper, still I'll try to curb it."

"Never forget, my son, the Lord's command—'Whoso striketh thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also.'" "Now let me think, auntie, for a minute. Will you say that over again and say it slow." She did so.

"Now, tell me. Does that mean that if a nigger struck me one in the jaw, I should turn round and let him get in another blow?" "Yes, that's what it means, Willie."

The poor boy was terribly upset and leant his head on his hand. Then he said, "I'm awfully sorry, auntie, for giving you all this trouble. I thought I might have been useful in fixing up tents, and in cooking and packing, but I guess I ain't been converted, and so it's no good. I don't bear the niggers no ill-will and wouldn't hurt them. But if one of them, even if he was as big as a cocoa-nut tree, hit me once he would never have a chance of doing it again. No! I couldn't do it, auntie. I ain't good enough for the job."

So ended what might have been an interesting experience in missionary effort, and so ended the two brothers' visit to Sydney. On the following day William went back to his ship at Melbourne, and I took the steamer for Brisbane, Queensland.

A SUB-TROPICAL JOURNEY

Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
A comfort it is to say,
Of no mean city am I.
KIPLING.

BRISBANE, beautifully situated on the Brisbane River, is the capital of the province of Queensland. I arrived there in the autumn—April—and was captivated with the climate. Its warm bracing breezes, right from the Pacific, were as delicious and invigorating as dry champagne.

The same pleasure I have felt when inhaling the cold bracing breezes on a bright day in Canada, when the thermometer registers about ten degrees below zero. That makes a difference of 80 degrees between an early spring temperature in Canada and an autumn temperature in Queensland, and both equally pleasant.

THE WEALTH OF QUEENSLAND.

It would be difficult to find any portion of the earth's surface so rich in everything which makes for the material wealth of a people. In cattle raising and dairying, in sugar and fruit growing, in gold mining and in precious stones, Queensland is a veritable Land of Promise.

The population is very sparse and the droughts are severe, but these obstacles to progress are slowly disappearing. Its industries are in their infancy, and the people are but scraping the surface of a world's treasure house.

I saw on all hands so many golden opportunities of profitable work, with visions of wealth galore, that I was

sorely tempted to remain in the country. But this day-dream passed.

Where Nature is bountiful and the means of making a living are easy, man is apt to become lazy. He wants someone else to do the work, and is satisfied to look on. Hence labour troubles. This is the fly in the pot of Queensland ointment. The experiment is being worked out there as to how little work a man can do to earn a living. The modern Trades Unions' policy of "ca' canny" would exact from the people a good day's pay for a bad day's work. Such a policy, if persisted in by individuals or communities, can only have one end—poverty.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

I may here state that I came into the world with a high instep in my right foot. This is said to bring good luck. It may do so, but it certainly brings corns.

BOOTMAKER AND CHIROPODIST.

In Brisbane I was recommended to a bootmaker who cut the corns and made the boots of His Excellency the Governor. As soon as he had my foot on his knee, he said, "You have a marvellous foot. You got that from your mother, who must have been a clever woman. A man gets his right side from his mother and his left from his father.

"Show me your left foot. Aye, I thought so. You got your character from your mother—and your father was a man of no enterprise. I can read your whole life from the sole of your right foot. It is studded all over with beacons showing your career, right from the cradle.

"Tell me," he said, "how you managed to get over the serious break in life I see on your foot? It is quite recent."

"Yes," I replied, "this trip has bridged the break." "Well, there's another break in your life seven years hence, and if you can bridge that you will probably live to man's allotted span. With such a spring in your foot you should become a

A CLEVER PROPHET.

millionaire—if you want to. You have also political leanings and have some slight literary ability."

My readers will be able to judge of the last characteristic should this book ever see the light of day. Seven years after my visit I had a second break-down which necessitated a second trip to Australia; I have already passed man's allotted span of life; and have had several opportunities of acquiring wealth. Then as to political leanings—

THE ARENA OF POLITICS.

Ten years ago I was foolish enough to think that business men would be welcomed in Parliament. I therefore stood as a Tariff Reform candidate for Dundee, against Mr. Winston Churchill, a professional politician. At that time Mr. Churchill was President of the Board of Trade. As I thought I knew more about trade and more about Dundee than he did, I put up a good fight, but came off second best. I ought to have known that a thinking man has no chance in political life against a talking man. Let the shoemaker stick to his last!

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

A trip from Brisbane to San Francisco across the Pacific, visiting the Fiji, Samoan, and Hawaiian Islands was very interesting.

The Fiji Islands, over 200 in number, lie in a ring somewhat like the West Indies. The principal island is named Viti Levu, in which is the small town of Suva, the capital of the whole group. I was fortunate in making the acquaintance, in the steamer, of a young professor of Sydney University, who had been studying the language and habits of the people, and from whom I learned a great deal. In Suva we are at once introduced to a typical scene of missionary enterprise, reminding us of Sunday School days.

The Fijians were, prior to the introduction of Christianity, ferocious cannibals; but are now religious after their kind, and believers in a future life. They are mainly Wesleyans, have schools and school-boards, and are an industrious law-abiding people under the British Government.

One here sees cocoa-nut palms, bananas, bread-fruit, etc., growing in abundance; while the vegetable products of the islands include sugar, maize, cotton, tea and coffee. By the roadside one sees patches of the sensitive plant, the leaves of which close up quickly when any portion of the patch is touched.

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

Souvenir hunters can get no end of curios in white and pink coral, mother-of-pearl shells, and native handwork in mats and baskets. With a tropical temperature clothing is superfluous, and Fijian ladies, therefore, have not acquired the shopping habits of their sisters in other climes.

About 450 miles N.E. of Fiji we came to the group of nine islands known as Samoa. The natives here are lighter in colour than their brethren in Fiji, more resembling the Maoris in New Zealand. My talented townsman, Mr. R. Louis Stevenson, settled in these islands, where he wrote some of his charming stories. He died there in 1894, but his fame will long survive him.

THE SAMOA OR NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS.

The climate of Samoa is very variable, being subject to violent hurricanes. One of these storms in 1889 had a disastrous effect at the port of Apia, when many British, American, and German vessels were lying there at anchor. Every one of these vessels were lost or stranded with the exception of H.M.S. *Calliope*, which managed to get away under the able seamanship of Captain Kane. I happened to be in Sydney when the *Calliope* arrived there, and where the officers and crew had a great ovation.

When leaving the anchorage of Tutuila, our ship was besieged by boat-loads of natives selling fruit and curios. The chief of these was a tall well-made muscular man, with loin-cloth and matted hair, who was offering for sale carved models of their surf boats. He offered to swap one of these for a

A SAMOAN CHIEF.

A SAMOAN CHIEF.

top-hat worn by my room-mate, a Roman Catholic priest. The exchange was made, and the hat transferred from the priest to the chief.

The latter was so proud of his new head-gear that he marched up and down the deck to the admiration and amusement of us all. He was so taken up with himself that he took no notice of the fact that all his brethren had gone off in the boats, and that the steamer was well under weigh.

When he realized this he was in a fix as to how he could save his hat from getting wet. At length, jamming it hard on his head, he leaped on the gunwale, stretched out his arms, and steadying himself for a moment, jumped clear of the ship and reached the water feet first. He swam towards the receding boats keeping his head well out of the water. All we could see in the gathering darkness was the periscope of this Samoan submarine.

THE HAWAIIAN OR SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I have visited these islands several times, both before and after their annexation by the United States. They were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and there he met his death by the natives in the following year. I made my first visit about 1890, when the islands were governed by a native queen. She lived in a grand palace in the capital, Honolulu, and as she was frequently driving about and laughing merrily, she appeared to be having a good time.

HAWAIIAN SHARKS.

The harbour of Honolulu is infested by sharks, but nobody takes any notice of them. When a steamer arrives they swim round it in shoals, hunting for grub. The native boys who dive for coppers are not afraid of them—indeed it is said that they will swim under them and rip them open with their knives.

At this time there was a very pretty custom in the islands of decorating with flowers friends who were leaving. Bevies of young men and women would come down to the wharf

with ropes of flowers and entwine these round their departing friends. In a land where summer reigns supreme throughout the year no wonder the people are happy.

SHARK'S SKIN. A NEW LEATHER.

To America belongs the credit of having discovered the value of shark's skin as an article of commerce. When chemically treated and tanned it becomes a valuable leather, at once tough, pliable, and impervious to water. It is declared to be unrivalled for the making of boots, bags, gloves, pocket-books, and motor coats. The only fear that the boosters of shark's skin leather have is that, as sharks are not as plentiful as herring, there won't be enough to go round.

Our American friends may dismiss this fear. There are more sharks in the world than swim in the sea. They are to be found at race meetings, law-courts, and Houses of Parliament. If America hasn't enough land sharks of her own we could send her large consignments at a low price.

The *genus politicus* abounds in Britain. They are very prolific and exceedingly voracious, living mainly on graft, but when very hungry have been known to eat their own words. Their skins, when tanned, will be found to be quite as tough and pliable as the American variety. Enough said. There's nothing like leather!

A DRUMMER'S RESOURCE.

In my journeyings to and fro I never lost sight of the fact that I was out for business. That was my primary consideration. On my first visit to Honolulu I had opened an account with the Hawaiian News Co., who also asked me to act as their London purchasing agent. Between my first and second visits the islands had been taken over by the American Government. They had imposed a tax of $25 on all commercial travellers offering goods for sale.

On my arrival on a Saturday night I was told of this tax, and also that the steamer would continue its voyage to

Australia at 10 a.m. Sunday. Here was a how-d'ye-do! I had some new samples to show the Hawaiian News Co., and now this couldn't be done. On my arrival I saw a notice tacked on their door stating that they would be open for the sale of newspapers and magazines from 8 to 10 a.m. Sunday. The Tax Office would not be open till Monday, and it was illegal to offer goods for sale without a licence.

But necessity knows no law. On Sunday morning there were several customs' officers on the quay inspecting passengers' baggage, while a soldier on duty was guarding the dock gates. I made up a parcel of samples, and putting this under my arm walked along the quay, closely followed by an officer. Just inside the gate were several native women selling curios. I bought some of these, and asked the woman to pack them with my parcel. Turning to the officer I said, "Is there time to see the Palace before the steamer sails?" He replied, "Yes, you've lots of time," and opening the dock gates he led me out and showed me the way to go. Once out I went straight to my customer's store, amused him at the way I had run the gauntlet, and left with a good order.

HONOLULU AQUARIUM.

The Government have spent no end of money in building and equipping here the finest aquarium in the world. The South Seas are prolific in a greater variety of fish than are found anywhere else. This is mainly owing to the safe breeding grounds afforded by the great coral reefs. The fantastic shapes and brilliant colours of the fish in this aquarium beggar description.

A never-failing source of enjoyment in Honolulu is the surf-riding. It wants a bit of doing and a lot of ducking before one becomes expert; but it is a most exhilarating pastime.

On a recent steamer trip from Jamaica to Montreal were

a party of three friends—an Englishman, American, and Canadian. While the vessel was lying at Nassau (Bahama) they decided to have a swim. While in the water a cry was raised from the shore—"Look out for the shark!"

WHO WON THE WAR?

The Englishman and Canadian quickly returned to the boat, but the American paid no attention. The shark made for the latter, who coolly faced it, whereupon the shark turned tail and swam away.

On getting back to the boat the American explained that when the shark was close up to him he undid the top of his bathing suit and displayed his chest, on which was tattooed the Stars and Stripes with the words underneath "We won the war." Whereupon the Canadian exclaimed, "No self-respecting shark would swallow that."

In the tropics where there is practically no dawn or dusk one would suppose that there would be more daylight than in countries further from the Equator. But this is not so. It is not generally known that every part of the earth's surface has the same amount of daylight and darkness in the course of a year. The long summer days of northern latitudes are counteracted by the long winter nights. In the tropics days and nights are practically equal all the year round.

DAYLIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Another little-known fact is that in crossing the Pacific from the east you have a week of six days, while in reversing the journey you have a week of eight days. Every one who has travelled knows that in sailing westward from the longitude of Greenwich you are going with the sun, and naturally your days are longer. In steaming from Liverpool to New York in an ocean greyhound you gain forty to fifty minutes per day.

A WEEK OF SIX OR EIGHT DAYS.

In sailing eastward from Greenwich you are going against the sun and your days are therefore shorter. It makes a

difference of one day in sailing westward round the world, to the same journey in sailing eastward. This difference must be smoothed out somewhere, and it is done in the Pacific Ocean.

TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY.

So the shipmaster, crossing the Pacific from San Francisco, puts up a notice on the companion stairs, on (say) a Wednesday, "To-morrow will be Friday," while the shipmaster crossing the same ocean from Sydney will notify his passengers on the same day "To-morrow will be Wednesday." In the first instance, the passenger has the pleasant task of sleeping from Wednesday night till Friday morning, while in the second he has the seemingly impossible task of going to bed on Wednesday night and getting up on Wednesday morning.

A LEAGUE OF LOVE

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of unselfish love, a joy that will ever remain with us. GEORGE ELIOT.

WHEN George Stephenson, the first railway engineer, was giving his evidence in support of a Railway Bill before a committee of the House of Commons he naturally dilated on the enormous power of steam. One of the committee said to him—"I suppose, Mr. Stephenson, you maintain that steam is the greatest power in the world." "No, sir, I never said that." "But you said it was greater than horse-power and wind or water power, so it must be the greatest in the world." "No, sir!" "Then what is?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I had a young shop-mate in Newcastle who went out to Sydney in New South Wales. He was doing very well there, and began to think that the girl he left behind him would make him a good wife. So he wrote her an offer of marriage, enclosing money for her ticket and outfit. The lass accepted the offer, bid good-bye to her friends, and went out to join her lad. Now, gentlemen, that letter was full of love, and that love carried the lassie twelve thousand miles across the ocean. So love is the greatest power in the world."

Yet this marvellous power—more valuable than all the gold of Africa—cannot be bought or sold. It is not the monopoly of kings, presidents or politicians, neither can it be controlled by capitalists or syndicates. It is boundless as the heavens, free as the air, and is to be found in the home of the humble as in the mansion of the mighty.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

It is the only power in the world which will keep individuals and nations from drifting. It is because men in their madness, ignorance, and selfishness have pulled up the sheet anchor of love that the world to-day is drifting towards anarchy.

Love is no new power in the world. No! It is as old as the hills. The founder of our religion in His Sermon on the Mount breathed love in every verse. Love is religion—because there can be no true religion without love.

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.

How often do parents fail to realize their responsibilities in the training of their children? Home life is losing its attractions. People are drifting from the home anchorage into hotels and boarding-houses, where children are not wanted. Men neglect their homes on Sundays to play golf, and parents are too fond of spending their week-ends away from home and thereby letting the children drift. Their food is neglected and, by untaught mothers' ignorance of mother-craft, many precious lives are lost.

The feeding and training of children is being left more and more to domestic servants and professional teachers. Modern school teaching is too mechanical to bring out what is best in children. It lacks the loadstone of love.

THE TRAINING OF GERMANS.

The Germans are the most highly educated nation in the world. The State takes in hand their training almost from the cradle to the grave. There is nothing superfluous in the teaching of her children or the training of her soldiers—all is practical.

But love finds no place in German training. And so the war revealed Germany to the world as a nation of scientific savages. Their cruelty, deceit and selfishness is engrained in them. There is no humane law of God or man which they did not wilfully break.

The Germans have no God of Love, but they have a God

of Hate, and to this deity they appealed for help to destroy their enemies by fair means or foul.

THE MYSTERY OF CHILDHOOD.

It is to save the young from such an upbringing that this chapter has been written. The world of children is altogether outside of ours—far from mean streets—soul-killing flats—and the sordid money-making instincts of the age. Children are God's heritage—and as God is love—so children must be fed on love. Their minds must be opened and expanded to the sweet influences of nature, moulded and trained to a love of the beautiful and the true. More than anything else, it is the wealth or lack of love which makes or mars the lives of women and men.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

President Wilson, with the best intentions in the world, introduced the League of Nations into the late peace negotiations. It seemed a reasonable suggestion that as the bulk of people in the world were lovers of peace, so all lovers of peace should league themselves together for the maintenance of peace. The scheme was accepted by the British Prime Minister, and so these two idealists forced the Peace Conference to accept the League of Nations as a cardinal point in the Peace Treaty.

France, that had suffered most from the war, was dead against it, while practical men on both sides of the Atlantic felt it was unworkable. There has been more world unrest since the war was over than ever there was before in the same space of time.

The League of Nations, as presently constituted, has an impossible task before it in breaking down national selfishness. Had the work which the League has in view been entrusted to a body of men and women whose sole object was the attainment of international peace, the task would have been difficult enough. But the work of the League of Nations has been entrusted to many hundreds of highly-paid

officials presided over by a chairman getting a salary of £10,000 a year.

What are the qualifications of the officials of the League? Who elected them? Were these officials known to be men of clean hands and pure hearts, men who had done noble and unselfish work in ministering to those who had fallen out in the battle of life? Or were they friends of politicians—hungry for a soft job?

WHO ARE THESE LEAGUERS?

We know not. But we do know that men cannot give their whole-hearted devotion to the promotion of "Peace on Earth and Good-will to Men," the attainment of which would cause them to lose their means of living.

The history of our country is interlaced with deeds of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice. Where would the British Empire and where would civilization be to-day if Britain had not lovingly gone to the help of France?

NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

Prussianism and its twin brother Bolshevism have no God—no religion—and no love. They would drag everything down to the level of the brute beasts. Love is the light of the world, and is the only power that can save the world. The best work in the world is not done for money or, at least, mainly for money. Money will never purchase love.

At the initial meeting of the League at Geneva, it was evident that the proceedings were dictated by politicians who, like their namesakes elsewhere, are "as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals." The League of Nations is only a new outlet for the spending of other people's money.

One notices, in travelling through the United States, the shrewd common-sense of native-born Americans. They turned down President Wilson and his League of Nations because they saw the scheme wasn't founded on practical common-sense. It was an idealist's dream.

THE COMMON-SENSE OF AMERICANS.

All haters of peace, such as Anarchists, Bolshevists and Communists (A. B. and C.), have striven to drive a wedge of discord between America and Britain. For many years they have organized a campaign of lies, in which they denounce the tyranny of England and appeal to liberty-loving Americans to help them.

HIGH TREASON.

The tyrants to be dreaded are those who would turn the world upside down, who have no patriotism, and to whom treason is no crime. America has no use for traitors.

While I was in Chicago after the Armistice 6,000 troops who had returned from France were marching through the city, headed by a regimental band playing the "Star-Spangled Banner." An American citizen near me refused to uncover and, when remonstrated with, shouted, "To hell with the Stars and Stripes." One of the soldiers lining the route thereupon levelled his rifle and shot him down. The newspapers, in referring to the incident, stated that the traitor had only got his deserts, and praised the soldier for his pluck.

The man's action and language showed that he was a traitor to his country. Such language, spoken in the presence of soldiers returning from a war in which they had risked their lives in the cause of freedom, was High Treason—punishable by death. The League of Love and treason have nothing in common.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

What is wanted is a League of Love between America and Britain. There is so much in common between us. We come of the same stock, speak the same language, and have the same ideals. We are the only countries in the world that have put down slavery by force of arms, and who to-day send out missionaries to preach the gospel of peace.

It is because of this that all haters of world peace strive to drive a wedge between us. They know that a League of

Love between America and Britain would ultimately bring about the peace of the world. The British and American nations have always been intensively patriotic. Love of country has been engrained in us from our childhood—it is in our blood. But the League of Nations would substitute cosmopolitanism for patriotism. It won't succeed.

" My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

HARBINGERS OF PEACE.

Is it possible in our times to bring about a union of hearts between the two main branches of the English-speaking race? Who can say?

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Let us begin with the children. If our hands are stained with blood, the hands of the children are clean. They must be taught that as God is Love, so love is the greatest power in the world.

This great power must be more interlaced with our daily lives. It must be utilized as an electric current in the teaching of our children, the training of our citizens, and the framing of our laws.

IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?

The world is sick unto death with war, anarchy, and labour unrest, and is ripe for the reign of love. Every other power has been tried and failed. But love never faileth. Love is the balm in Gilead, the great physician for all life's troubles. As individuals we must join the League of Love

Nations will follow. Love is like the leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. So the leaven of love will influence all life's problems for good, and in time, overcome the evil in the world.

THE LEAGUE OF HELP.

This has been incorporated with the League of Love, for love and help go hand in hand. The leaven has begun to work. Already one hundred French towns and villages have been adopted by British leaguers and set on their feet. For centuries France and Britain were at war—hating and fighting each other. Now their hearts have been drawn together —the hating turned to loving, and the fighting to helping.

TRUE FREEMASONRY.

Freemasonry is founded upon charity—and charity is love. So the League of Love is but the embodiment of a world-wide freemasonry.

Work this out in your own way—apply it to the routine of your everyday life—and it will hold good. Measure it by the foot-rule, the square, and the compass, and it will stand the test. It is not the phantasy of a poet's brain—a dream that will fade at sunrise. No ! it is a stern reality which faces the world to-day. It may be dismissed with a sneer by rulers and politicians ; but let them produce an alternative for the healing of the nations.

The League of Love is free to rich and poor alike. No distinction is made between race or colour, caste or creed, age or sex. There is only one rule of membership—the Golden Rule—thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

With this bond of union between parents and children, teachers and taught, capital and labour, rulers and ruled,

NO MORE DRIFTING.

there should be no more drifting. National and international misunderstandings would never arise—for "love thinketh no evil." We may not live to see the Golden Age where Love is the

supreme ruler. We live in an age of selfishness, and the mills of God grind slowly. But love will ultimately eliminate selfishness—rebuild a broken world—and heal the wounds of suffering humanity.

MAROONED ON THE COAST OF CHINA

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night:
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God and do the right.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

I DON'T know yet how it happened!

I had been staying for a few days with a shipmate named Jerry in a boarding-house at San Francisco, waiting for our ship the *Julian N. Sherman* getting ready for sea.

Jerry and I ought to have known better for, like myself, he was very abstemious. He was an Irish lad, as white as they make 'em, and a better pal I never had.

One evening we had been induced by a fair-spoken stranger to have a drink—and that's all I know about it.

SHANGHAIED.

I awoke in an evil-smelling fo'c'sle feeling very sick and with a racking headache. Five or six hands lay on the floor, among whom I recognized Jerry. He looked very bad and I had great difficulty in waking him. Poor chap, he must have had more of the doped liquor than I had, for he couldn't stand.

VALUE OF SEA WATER.

I had learnt that the best "cure all" in the world is sea water. For external and internal complaints it can't be beaten, and if it cost a dollar a bottle it 'ud be prized as a valuable medicine. I gave Jerry a good dose of it, and took some of it myself. This had the effect of making us both sick, and so getting rid of the villainous stuff with which we had been doped.

Two mates came along to the fo'c'sle, and began rousing up the hands on the floor by kicking them and knocking them about in a way that made my blood boil.

THE GOOD SHIP "WALTER RALEIGH."

On taking stock of the ship, the officers, and the crew, I came to the conclusion that everything wasn't O.K. But I could get little information from anyone.

The *Walter Raleigh* was a brig of from 700 to 800 tons, and had cleared from San Francisco for Honolulu with a general cargo. A fresh nor'-easter was blowing, and we were rapidly leaving the land behind us.

The captain and his three mates were a ferocious-looking quartette. They had evidently been selected by the owners, not for their seamanship, but for their slave-driving qualities.

The crew, which was more numerous than the size of the ship warranted, were mainly a nondescript lot of 'Frisco wharf loafers and toughs, that would require careful handling if the ship was to be properly worked. That they didn't get.

There was nothing but cussin' and kickin' and cuffin' the whole time, and the crew were soon in a state of seething discontent.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

We made the islands in about a fortnight. Jerry and I had made up our minds to desert the ship at Honolulu. But we never got the chance.

The ship stood out in the offing and began signalling. After a while a launch came out to us, and a Chinaman came aboard.

Next day a sailing barge came alongside, and we took a lot of bales and boxes from her, but what the goods were I couldn't make out. There were four barge loads in all, and the stuff was all handled and stowed by Chinamen who had come out along with it in the barges.

Two of these gentry remained with us when the last

barge had left, and we at once weighed anchor and sailed away.

There was such an air of mystery about the whole proceedings that my first suspicions were confirmed that the *Walter Raleigh* wasn't an ordinary trading ship.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

No one had been ashore but the skipper, and no one had come aboard but Chinamen, who either couldn't or wouldn't speak a word of English.

The ship's course was now nor'-west-by-nor'. One day when at the wheel I asked the second mate if we were going to China, but he told me to mind my own business.

Although Jerry and I kept ourselves to ourselves as much as possible, still there was no mistaking the signs that the crew were restive and mutinous. I also knew that the Chinamen in the fo'c'sle were carrying tales to the skipper. Like other folk sailors don't want to be treated as dumb-driven cattle, but in this ship they were treated worse. They didn't know where they were being taken to, which was enough to upset any crew, and I could see there was trouble brewing.

The officers took no pains to conceal their revolvers, and this roused them still more.

THE SKIPPER MAKES A PROPOSAL.

One day the skipper called me into the cabin and asked me to sit down. A revolver was on the table close by him, and he fixed me with a look half leer and half scowl. But I've never met the man yet who could cow me with a look.

He began: "I believe, Glass, you hold a mate's certificate?" "Yes, sir." "How would you like to be a mate here at $50 a month?"

Now I didn't like the man, and I didn't like his mates, and I didn't mean to have any truck with him, so I said, "No, thanks, Captain."

"Now look here, I'll let you into a secret. There's trouble

brewing forrard and there's going to be some shootin'. We're on a gun-running trip to China, and if we land the stuff all right there's money in it. If you stand in with us you'll get your share."

I wasn't surprised at his information or his offer. There certainly was trouble ahead, and I was unarmed.

But as I didn't trust the skipper or his mates I said—"Now look here, Captain. I'll give you a bit of advice. If you treat the hands better you'll get to China all right. Jerry and I were brought aboard this ship by a dirty trick. I don't mean to join you, but if you drop Jerry and me at a Treaty port, and give us $50 apiece, we'll help you with the crew and cry quits."

"Well, that's a bargain," said he, and so I left him.

A FREE FIGHT.

There was an improvement in the treatment of the crew, and things were going smoother when we sighted the coast of China.

Jerry and I were in the first mate's watch. He was a big surly brute with an evil eye and a broken nose, and he treated the hands something shocking. He had kept his hands off me, however, although Jerry had felt the weight of his boot.

One day I did something that didn't meet with his approval, and he landed me a savage kick.

But only one.

I hit him clean on the jaw with my right, and sent him reeling to the deck. He got up quickly and pulled his revolver, but Jerry was too quick for him. The weapon was jerked out of his hand and thrown overboard.

He blew his whistle, when the skipper, the other mates, and some of the crew got mixed up in a free fight. The officers were getting the worst of it, when the skipper called to his mates to use their shooting irons.

I saw the game was up. A mob of unarmed men have no

FIGHT ON THE "WALTER RALEIGH."

chance against six-shooters, so I sang out, "Hands up, men, you'll only get hurt," at the same time holding up my own. Jerry did the same, and the other men slunk away.

HANDS UP!

We were put in irons and spent the night in the hold among the rats.

Early next morning two of the men brought us coffee and biscuits.

They whispered to us that the crew had decided to mutiny that morning. At eight bells they would rush the first and second mates as they were exchanging watches, pinion them, and take away their shooting irons. Then if the skipper and third mate resisted they would shoot them.

A MUTINY AT SEA.

Was I willing to navigate the ship and take her into a Chinese port? This was the question they wanted me to answer.

As a boy my imagination had been fired by reading the "Mutiny of the *Bounty*" and here was a similar adventure in which I was asked to take a leading part.

I had given my word to the skipper to help him keep the peace if he treated us better. And now here Jerry and I were in irons. We owed nothing to the owners or the officers. We had been drugged and carried on board against our will, hadn't "signed on" for the voyage, and had received no pay. This was bad enough, but in addition we had been cuffed and kicked by four bullies to help them make a pot o' money out of a gun-running expedition. The sport was all on their side. They got the ha'pence, we got the kicks.

WAS IT SPORTSMAN-LIKE?

I told the men we would chip in and, if they could manage to take the bracelets off us, we would take a hand in the fighting.

SIX BELLS.

Shortly after the men left us it struck six bells and then there was a great commotion on deck.

Something was happening. We could hear orders being given, but there was no shooting. Then two of the mates came down with the two Chinamen. They removed the bracelets from our wrists and ordered us on deck.

Arrived there we saw the ship had been "hove to" and the cutter had been lowered. We were bundled into her, bag and baggage, followed by one of the Chinks and the two mates. It was all the work of a few minutes.

The skipper was a knowing hand. He had got word of the intended mutiny at eight bells, and had made up his mind to play the first card and to spoil the game without resorting to shooting.

THE SCHEMES O' MICE AND MEN.

He knew the mutineers couldn't navigate the ship without me, and so I must be got rid of. He had brought his ship close inshore, and here were we in the cutter making for the beach, before the crew had got their wits together. As soon as the boat touched bottom we were ordered to jump out. Our swag, a bottle of water and some biscuits were handed to us, and the mates bid us "au revoir."

The cutter at once returned to the ship. We watched her being hoisted in, then the main-yard was trimmed, and the *Walter Raleigh* glided away, and was soon but a speck on the horizon.

"Here's a pretty mess—here's a how d'ye do." Within an hour or less we were on board in irons, cogitating a mutiny with all its excitement and glory. And now here we are dumped down in a strange land among a strange people.

Bobbie Burns wasn't far out when he said—

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley."

I had read of people being marooned on desert islands, and I knew off by heart the whole story of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, but I never imagined that such adventures would come my way.

And yet here I was "somewhere in China" with my old pal Jerry, both of us sound in wind and limb.

WERE WE DOWN-HEARTED?

No! There were no houses or people to be seen, and so we decided to go inland for about a mile and follow the coast line. We walked till sundown, when coming to a small spring we agreed to spend the night there and resume our tramp on the morrow.

So, after eating the last of our biscuits, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon in the land of Nod.

THE AWAKENING.

How long had we slept? Who knows! But we were awoke by such a squawkin' and cacklin' and hullabaloo as would have puzzled a saint, let alone two unfortunate pilgrims bound to nowhere and botherin' nobody.

A crowd of folks were around us—all talking at once. "Ak a hoo lung?" and other lucid questions were hurled at us, but nothing doing. A powerful-looking Chink asked me in pigeon-English, "How come? What do? Where go?"

By the cut of their jib we were evidently among seafaring folk. I drew their attention to Jerry's black eye and my swollen wrist, got in the free fight on board ship, and then I drew a picture of a ship's boat landing on the beach. After much talking they seemed to be satisfied.

The place we were in was a look-out station, and they had had the brig under observation, and wondered why she had come so close inshore.

"FOLLOW ME."

The boss Chink made signs for us to shoulder our swag and follow him. We followed the bunch for a mile or so, till we came to a small village where there were no end of geese, chickens and pigs.

They gave us breakfast consisting of yackaman, rice bread, and tea. Everything was O.K., only the two knitting needles for spoon, knife, and fork were awkward eating tools for two hungry men.

After breakfast Jerry filled his pipe and was soon puffing away. As my pipe had got broken I was sitting watching Jerry, when I saw the boss Chink watching me like a terrier. He said, "No smokey, no can do?" But when I showed him my broken pipe, and Jerry gave me his for a draw or two, he appeared satisfied.

NO SMOKEY?

The incident, small as it was, satisfied me that we were in no great danger, at least for the present.

The Empire of China is a big proposition, with an enormous coast line. I had been to Shanghai before, and I guessed that the brig hadn't come so far north.

WHERE WERE WE IN CHINA?

Then on the day of the free fight I had seen land on the starboard quarter, and so I guessed we were on the mainland opposite the island of Formosa.

Nobody bothered us until the evening, when a chop suey and tea were served, and then the boss showed us where to sleep and gave us some tobacco. I tried to thank him for his kindness and to make him understand that we would leave in the morning.

Jerry's eye had been troubling him a good bit, while for the first time in my life I had such a violent earache that I scarcely knew what I was doing.

CHINESE LADY DOCTORS.

In the morning I told the boss, who went away, but soon came back with two women. One examined Jerry's eye, bathed it and punctured it with a lancet, getting the blood to flow. It was soon all right and Jerry was himself again.

The other overhauled my head, examined my mouth and, making signs, to show me she would soon return, went away.

She came back bringing a square piece of paper which

she rolled into a cone, and put the sharp end into my ear. She then set fire to the base of the cone and blew the hot air into my ear. It was very painful, but was soon over and the earache subsided. She also gave me some medicine to take internally, and by sundown, I was all to the good.

PRISONERS AT LARGE.

On asking the boss if we could get away and make tracks for the nearest seaport he smiled or grinned, that is to say if a Chinaman can do either, and shook his head. "By-an-by. No can go till by-an-by."

It seemed, therefore, we were being held as prisoners, but for what purpose we had no idea. We loafed around the village for four or five days wondering how it was going to end. We had no money, but as they gave us good food, it was evident they didn't mean us any harm. But why they should want to detain us was a mystery.

A JOB AT SHIP CAULKING.

One evening the boss called us, and in his hand he had a mallet and a caulking iron. Pointing to these he asked us if we savvied. "Me savvy," said I, and winking at Jerry, "me can caulk, he pick oakum and heat pitch."

The boss seemed to understand, and was so pleased that he took us to his house and produced a bottle of old Jamaica rum. As this was the first liquor that Jerry or I had seen since we were doped at 'Frisco we gladly partook of it.

Next morning we were shown some very decent English tools in a woven grass bag. There were also several caulking irons, a couple of cross-cut saws, some bolts of canvas, sheets of copper, copper nails, and a new grindstone. We were also shown some sailmakers' tools and sail needles.

PROCEEDS OF PIRACY.

As I was examining these articles carefully, and wondering how they got there, I saw the boss eyeing me.

"Mum's the word," thought I. Speech is leaden, silence golden.

The boss led the way carrying the kit bag. I followed with the caulking box, Jerry with a long-handled horsing iron and mallet; a bow-legged Chink lugged along a bale of oakum, while a white-faced, warmed-up corpse brought up the rear with a pitch kettle and a jar of Stockholm tar.

Every article of the outfit I felt sure had been the result of piracy on the high seas. A British ship had evidently been boarded, the officers and crew knifed, everything of value removed, and the ship scuttled and sunk. Such is Chinese piracy.

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

It was difficult to disguise my feelings in looking at these articles. They are the stock-in-trade of the carpenter's and sailmaker's shops of every well-found ship.

But among these mild-eyed, innocent-looking Chinks one has to be careful in word and look, or you would soon lose the number of your mess.

> "For east is east, and west is west,
> And never the two shall meet."

JOHN CHINAMAN AT HOME

For why?
The good old rule sufficeth them,
The simple plan;
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can.

ROB ROY.

AFTER hoofing it for a couple of miles, the procession of five, headed by the boss Chink, came within sight of the sea. Jerry and I were mighty glad to see again its dancing waters and to smell once more the fresh sea breezes.

The procession descended a rocky path which led to a fishing village. A number of boats were there—some moored at anchor—and others high and dry on the beach.

AN INNOCENT TRADING JUNK.

Lying at anchor was a fairly large trading junk, dismantled. She was nearly as broad as she was long, and it was difficult to distinguish between the bow and the stern. We were rowed out to the hulk and shown what was to be done.

Jerry said, "Bedad, it looks like the Connaught man's gun—it wants a new lock, stock, barrel and touch-hole."

The boss showed us the cabin where we were to sleep till the job was done. He wanted the deck to be caulked and canvas nailed down over it and painted. He would send us bedding, provisions, and cooking utensils, leave the bow-legged Chink to help, and the ghost to cook for us. He would pay us when finished, and send an escort with us to the big seaport city.

Jerry and I talked the matter over and, as the proposition seemed fair, we accepted it.

A NAVAL CONTRACT.

The job went along all right. Jerry was in his element sewing canvas; the helper spun oakum, heated the pitch, and was quite a handy man, while the cook was a wonderful chef. I caulked the seams and bossed the job.

When folks are kept busy and satisfied time flies rapidly. I could scarcely credit what we had accomplished in two to three weeks of steady work.

When left to ourselves we rummaged around down below, and saw many things that puzzled us. We also made a discovery.

On deck the ship looked like a great bandbox, as unseaworthy as could be imagined. Below she was as sharp as a clipper, with a clean entrance, smooth run, and good clearance. She had several great sweeps, some twenty and others twenty-four feet long. As there were no port-holes or rowlocks we couldn't understand how they were to be used. Then we discovered a clever arrangement by which they could be worked from the deck without creating suspicion.

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELS.

Fore and aft we discovered well-built partitions, entered by concealed hatches, each capable of holding twenty-five to thirty men.

The "Bandbox" was undoubtedly a pirate ship.

The slow-moving, innocent-looking junk would be a cause of laughter to the unsuspicious merchantman as she hove in sight. Coming nearer he would wonder how such a Noah's Ark could be navigated. But when within range of her quarry the great sweeps would suddenly be unshipped, and the junk raced to her prey, with fifty armed men who gave no quarter.

That was the mystery junk which we had nicknamed the "Bandbox." Was ever a more ingenious death-trap designed and floated?

It remains a mystery with me to this day why the boss,

after we had finished the job, didn't cut our throats. We had learned something they didn't want us to know. We had certainly been very careful in covering up our tracks after exploring, and this may have saved us.

THE CAPTAIN COMPLIMENTS ME.

When the work was finished the captain, who was also part owner, came on board and sent for me to see him in the cabin.

When I entered he said to me in passable English, "Mr. Glass, sit down. My officer, Mon Duck, made a contract with you, which you have carried out on your part. I thank you for doing the work so well."

He thereupon handed me an old-fashioned silk purse, for which I thanked him, and then put it in my pocket without looking at the contents.

He continued, "Mon Duck will escort you to the seaport where you will have to paddle your own canoe. It is not necessary for me to say more than—Keep your mouth shut. Have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, a faulty brain, and a poor memory. Also steer clear of the consuls and sailor boarding-houses. That's all. Good-bye, Mr. Glass."

OUR JOURNEY TO THE SEAPORT.

I sought out Jerry and told him all the news, at the same time giving him a caution—"Mum's the lingo from this on." We got the "Bandbox" moored, and slept aboard for the last time.

We had just finished breakfast, when who should put in their appearance but his giblets Mon Duck and the mummy-faced cook. The latter shook hands and said "Good-bye," while the former—our old friend the boss Chink—piloted us to his house.

A rickety cart without springs was to be our mode of conveyance and Mon Duck was to be our conductor.

He made us understand that we had to remain in the cart, under cover, till sundown and that we must do nothing

to attract attention. Lucky for us the sides of the cart were three feet high, making it possible to rest the back and stretch out the feet, but even then the jolting was most uncomfortable. We could neither see nor do anything; were not allowed to smoke, and the heat under the cover was most oppressive.

HALTED AT NIGHT.

In this way we travelled till dark, when the cart was stopped and we heard a whistle. This was answered, and then Mon Duck told us to get out.

This was easier said than done. Although Jerry and I were pretty tough the jolting had taken all the toughness out of us. Every bone ached and we could hardly stand.

We seemed to be at a farm-house in charge of an old Chink and his wife. Mon Duck spoke to them, when they got supper ready consisting of soya beans, rice curry, and tea. He then produced a bottle of gin, helped us to some and left us, signalling that it was time to go to sleep.

While Jerry and I were puffing at our pipes we tried to size up the situation, and wonder how it was all going to pan out.

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

Here we were, strangers in a strange land, among a strange people. We were completely at the mercy of Mon Duck—a man we couldn't trust, and who was taking us we knew not where.

But as we had gone through so much already we quit worrying, had a good laugh, and, rolling ourselves in our blankets, we were soon sound asleep.

Next morning, after a good breakfast, we resumed our journey. The first day's travelling had been on by-roads, rough and narrow, but now we got on a main highway which was a good deal less unpleasant. A roll of matting had also been provided, so that we almost fancied ourselves in a Pullman Car.

Had we only been able to look out and see what was

going on we would have enjoyed the ride. As we rattled along we heard many salutations exchanged and, from the amount of traffic, it was evident we were approaching a large city.

NEARING A SEAPORT.

The name of the seaport to which we were being taken had never been mentioned. When we asked Mon Duck to tell us he shook his head.

We drove on till long after sundown, when we brought up, for good, outside a small dwelling. All was dark and quiet, but the Duck roused up the inmates. When the door was opened we were greeted by many voices all cackling at the same time.

We went inside and found four men, one resembling a white-washed mummy, and the other three seemed to be sea-faring men, stout, husky chaps. The mummy soon brought a tray with hot tea and a bottle of native wine. The latter was good and, as we polished it off, the sailors laughed and dug each other in the ribs.

Supper was served in another room and, as we had eaten little all day, we made a hearty meal, working overtime with our chop-sticks. Then we were shown to bed, a very good one too, where we slept the sleep of the weary.

Next morning on getting up, the mummy brought us an " eye-opener " in the form of two cups of Sam Shu, a kind of native whisky. There was no telling what it was made of, but it was so strong that it went down the throat like a torch-light procession, and you had to hold your breath before you could say " thank you."

We remained in this house all day and part of the next night. Long before dawn we were awoke by Mon Duck,

THE CITY OF AMOY.

who motioned us to get up and prepare to leave. We were soon on the highway and, carrying our swag, we tramped for a couple of hours. As the day was dawning we entered the suburbs

of a city which we afterwards learnt was Amoy. Here Mon Duck left us. Pointing to a road leading to the sea, he merely said "Go" and, making a salaam, left us.

The captain of the "Bandbox" made a good selection in appointing Mon Duck as our guide. He was cautious, silent, observant; always firm, and never harsh. Still, we weren't sorry to be shot of him. He had been our polite jailer and, now that he was gone, Jerry and I felt like dancing a hornpipe.

A VERY ANCIENT CITY.

The city of Amoy is on an island, so we were ferried across a channel, and then made for the sea. As we stayed here for nearly a month we learnt a good deal of its history. It has been held by the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the British, and is now one of the principal Treaty ports.

We had now been in China for six weeks and had never any occasion to spend a cent. But now we had to think how we were going to live.

The silk purse which the captain of the "Bandbox" had given me I had kept carefully concealed, not even letting Jerry know anything about it. It contained ten sovereigns, five half-sovereigns and fifteen shillings in English money. I felt sure this had been part of the spoils which the pirates got on the British ship along with the tools and canvas.

This money I carefully husbanded until we got a ship. We put up at a boarding-house, and I had to impress on Jerry the necessity of secrecy as to our past. Jerry was a son of Blarney-land, and when he had a drop of liquor he couldn't hold his tongue.

PIRACY LAWS.

It wasn't for nought that the captain of the "Bandbox" cautioned me to secrecy, or that Mon Duck practised it throughout the journey.

No! The Chinese laws against piracy were drastic, as will be seen later on. Had it been known that we had

repaired a pirate junk, and made her ready for sea, our days in the land would have been few and evil. So I put the fear of death in Jerry and he kept mum.

I made the acquaintance of a young Englishman known as Joe London. Sailors have a habit of "signing on" under an assumed name. They sometimes have a bad discharge owing to misbehaviour, and then they change their name. But I always stuck to my own name, as I wasn't ashamed of it, and tried to keep it clean.

THE ABERDEEN CLIPPERS.

On my first visit to China, several years previously, there was great competition among owners and captains to get the first cargo of the new season's tea into London. The wholesale tea merchants gave a handsome bonus to the first arrival, which was distributed among the hands. The fast tea clippers at that time were the *Ariel*, *Taping*, *Napier*, *Highflyer* and others. They did some "carrying on" and no mistake.

Apart from the mainsail, lower topsail, upper topsail, to'gallant, royal and skysails on the fore, main and missen masts, and the usual jibs, they set stunsails on both sides, and under the bows and stern. To see one of these clippers with all sails set and under a fair wind was a magnificent sight. It was a regular cloud of canvas.

AMOY ON HOLIDAY.

Our new acquaintance Joe London spoke the language pretty well, and knew all the ropes. He informed us that a new Pagoda had been built in the city, and that a public holiday had been ordained in celebration of the arrival of a new god from Pekin.

No end of decorations were being put up. There were flags, banners, lanterns, and a whole paraphernalia of silk streamers floating in the wind.

During the night preceding the arrival of the new god,

we were woke up by a tremendous racket of fire-crackers, bombs, and the beating of drums. These noises were made to frighten and confuse the devils—the Chinese have no end of them—so that the god might enter the new Pagoda in peace.

A few days later we entered this temple and saw the new joss. It resembled an old-time ship's figure-head sawed off at the waist and decorated in gold and colours.

A CHINESE EXECUTION.

One morning we were attracted by a crowd outside a prison. A gang of about two dozen men, with their hands tied behind them, were being assembled to march to the place of execution.

Joe learned that these were pirates who were about to suffer the death penalty. Some of the gang were pointed out to him who were innocent, but these had offered their lives for a money consideration, as substitutes for others. This sounds strange, but I was informed it was absolutely true.

In any case they all looked very indifferent as to what befell them. For them death seemed to have no terrors. They laughed and chatted amongst themselves as they strolled along the road—go as you please.

Arrived at the place of execution, they were arranged in two rows, and ordered to kneel down and stretch out their heads. There were no tears, sobbing or praying, nor were there any attempts to escape. All quietly did as they were told. The executioner with a heavy sword went up one row and down the other—making short work of it. As the heads fell on the ground and rolled over, we noticed the eyes moving and the features twitching—a most gruesome sight. For many days these moving eyes and twitching muscles stuck in my crop.

Had we been in Shanghai we could have got a ship to

America without any trouble. But here in Amoy the shipping was mainly local. But the city was a most interesting one, with ancient and modern civilizations strangely commingled. And so we mouched around, studying John Chinaman at home, and picking up some of his lingo. Living was cheap and, so long as the money held out, we weren't worrying.

A MONTH IN AMOY.

Rambling around one day we strolled into the Courthouse, attached to the prison. The place was very close and dirty, and we were about to leave when we noticed our old friend Mon Duck among the audience.

A COURT TRIAL.

He took no notice of us, but seemed to be greatly interested in the trial. The prisoner being tried was a tall, well-dressed man who looked like a merchant.

Joe was able to get the hang of the case, which was as follows—

A large junk with a valuable cargo of silk was sailing along the coast, with only enough wind to keep steerage way on, when they came in sight of a mysterious looking craft apparently becalmed It was as broad as it was long, and would want a lot of wind to drive her. But after sundown the junk was suddenly boarded, the crew butchered, and the cargo quickly transferred to the pirate.

Two of the crew who escaped, by jumping overboard and swimming ashore, reported the incident. Some of the silk was traced to the prisoner's store and he was now on trial.

This accounted for the appearance in court of Mon Duck. The pirate junk was, without doubt, our old friend the "Bandbox" and Mon Duck evidently held a watching brief for the prisoner. Along with the judge on the bench was an official who was writing rapidly on a paper. Instead of a pen he used

THE "BANDBOX" AT WORK.

a little brush which he dipped into a dish of Indian ink, and which seemed to do the trick all right.

The judge read from a document given him by the official, and which was handed to the prisoner to sign. He read it but, shaking his head, he refused to sign it.

The judge very quietly seemed to reason with him but, still shaking his head, he refused to sign the paper. The judge then stamped with his foot—a gong was sounded, when some prison officials entered and took the prisoner out of court through folding doors. These doors closed with a bang, excluding all sound.

In about a quarter of an hour the prisoner was brought in again. But what a change had come over him! He had been put on the rack and stretched. His legs seemed too long for his body and he couldn't stand unsupported.

ON THE RACK.

The judge again asked him to sign, and in a persuasive way seemed to argue with him. But in vain. The prisoner, still refusing to sign, was again taken out to the rack, and brought back more dead than alive.

We felt so sick that we could stand no more of it, and so came away. We afterwards learned that the prisoner's reluctance to sign the paper was to save his friends from a pirate's death.

A few days after the trial I began to suspect that Jerry and I were being shadowed. We had done no harm to anyone, had been "mum" as to our past few weeks in China, and were only anxious to get a ship for America. And yet I sensed that our every action was being watched. This creates a strange sensation. Neither Jerry nor I would jib at a fair fight, but no one likes to be taken at a disadvantage. Among the almond-eyed heathen fair fighting

I DISCOVER A PLOT.

is unknown. I suspected two Chinks, dressed as sailors, who had recently come to the boarding-house, and I put Jerry on his guard. Our meeting with Mon Duck at the Court-house—who had pretended not to see us—turned my thoughts to the mysterious "Bandbox."

TWO CHINESE SAILORS.

He had carried out the instructions of the captain of that craft to escort us safely to Amoy. The captain had indeed warned me against going to a sailors' boarding-house. And yet Jerry and I had stayed in one for three weeks, during which time information had been given to the police leading to the torture of a receiver of pirated goods.

I felt sure Mon Duck had been overruled by the captain in not putting us to death after we had repaired the pirate junk. We knew too much. And now he was on our track to get rid of us by fair means or foul.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

I had a chat with Joe and arranged that he should appear to be a stranger to us and to nose out Mon Duck's game. Joe was a masterpiece in his get-up as a Chink sailor-man. In his top-knot and pigtail, pasty-face and pigeon-English, he deceived the whole bunch of us when he made his appearance as a new arrival from Shanghai.

Joe wasn't long in finding out that the two disguised Chink sailors were set to watch us and, unless we soon quitted Amoy, we were to be treated to a repast of rice, milk and honey.

On the face of it this seemed to be a comic opera way of killing us. But, as a Chinaman has no sense of humour, we concluded that there was probably more tragedy than comedy in it, and so it turned out to be.

RICE, MILK, AND HONEY.

Joe's efforts to learn from the spies the hidden meaning in a repast of rice, milk and honey were met by chuckling and grinning and rubbing of the stomach, together with

gleeful expressions—"welly good, nicey nicey." It was only by careful bribery and native whisky that he discovered the secret.

A diet of rice, milk and honey is flowery language for the most cruel death which even a Chinaman could devise. Mon Duck suspected that I was an "informer" and Jerry an accomplice, and so Amoy wasn't a healthy residence for us.

An "informer" is inveigled into a strange house, usually by a woman. He is treated as an honoured guest, excepting that he has little to eat. He is then given a small portion of rice, cooked as only Chinamen know how, served with milk and honeycomb. His appetite thus whetted he is given as much dry rice as he can cram into himself, with just sufficient milk and honey to make it palatable. Thus filled up he is placed upright in a deep hole with only his head above the ground. The soil is stamped down hard all round him so that he cannot move. His hair is shaved off and his head smeared with honey so that the flies torture him beyond endurance. He is given plenty of water to drink, thus causing the rice to swell.

BURIED UP TO THE NECK.

For hours the victim suffers intense agony while his murderers dance round him with joy. The tragedy only ends when the poor wretch's stomach and its contents are slowly forced up into his throat—thus choking him. Ugh! Let us change the film.

As I had no desire for such an end I told Joe to inform the spies that we were leaving Amoy in a few days. Meanwhile we kept our eyes peeled for Mon Duck and his milk and honey tricks. We were also careful to keep out of drinking and opium dens where, in any row, we would have been at a disadvantage.

A CARGO OF COOLIES

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No! I'd much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
COWPER.

JERRY and I were anxious to get away from Amoy. In the first place the silk purse I had given me by the captain of the "Bandbox" was nearly empty, and in the second place Mon Duck's spies were still in the boarding-house and we were kept in suspense as to what they might be up to.

So we had decided to sign on as "hands before the mast" in any wind-jammer bound for England or America. The *Arkwright* of Liverpool, a large full-rigged ship, had come into port and was discharging cargo. No hands, however, were being taken on as it was waiting for orders.

In filling in our time we paid a second visit to the new Pagoda and were shown over the temple by a young priest.

I have always taken an interest in wood-carving and have made many models of ships in my spare time. I was examining some of the fine wood-work in the joss-house when the priest started chatting to me. He spoke better English than I did, so I asked him if he was educated in England. "No," he replied, "I was educated in Pekin, and have never been out of China. But I have a great desire to see Europe and America, and I hope to do so before I am too old to travel."

I thought no more of the incident, but some days later Jerry, Joe and myself were arrested by a drunken brawl in the street. Some Chinks had got out of hand and were fighting among themselves.

A STREET FIGHT.

The innate cruelty of Chinamen comes to the surface ever and anon. They can't fight fair. These hooligans in the street were trying to tear each other to pieces, and may have done so, as nobody seemed inclined to interfere with them.

One ruffian was deliberately trying to gouge out the eyes of another whom he had knocked down. Our friend the priest suddenly stepped forward and tried to separate the two men, when a third knocked the priest down and jumped on him.

I rushed forward to save the priest and, with a blow, sent the ruffian sprawling. Shouting to my mates, " Come on, boys," we laid about us with a will, and rescued the priest. Some of the ruffians tried to stop us, and might have got us in an awkward corner had they been sober. But, acting quickly, we knocked down half-a-dozen, cleared a way for ourselves, and got the priest back to the joss-house. He was badly shaken, poor chap, and said he would send for a doctor. I called to see him next morning and was glad to find him quite cheerful.

He was anxious to know how he could repay us for (as he called it) saving his life. I told him we were anxious to get a ship to Europe or America, or to earn money enough to take us to Shanghai. He promised to speak to some merchants, friends of his in the shipping trade, but failing this, he would give us money to travel to Shanghai.

SHOWS HIS GRATITUDE.

He lost no time in informing us that the *Arkwright* had been chartered by some Chinese merchants and would shortly be sailing for Callao in Peru.

This was good news. He gave me a letter addressed to one of the merchants, who gave me a line to the shipping agents, asking them to engage the three of us for the trip, which they did.

ON BOARD THE "ARKWRIGHT."

We learned that the ship was taking out 500 coolies to the Chincha Islands. I didn't like it. It was practically slave traffic. I had been twice at the islands and had seen the life these poor wretches led in the guano pits.

The pay offered them was three times what they could earn in China, and the silly fools thought that, by saving this, they could return home in one—two—three years' time, and live like mandarins. I recalled the cruelties to which these poor Chinamen were subjected. They died off like flies, and precious few of them ever returned to the flowery land.

If it hadn't been for Jerry and Joe I'd have cried off. They'd never been there, and so they only laughed at what they called my squeamishness. In the end I agreed to go, and so, at the appointed time, we found ourselves on board. A fourth man came with us from the boarding-house—a Yankee chap who went by the name of Tom Boston.

The mate said to me as soon as we arrived—"Captain Tweedie wants to see you." I went to his cabin, when he told me that his second mate had been arrested on a criminal charge on the previous day, and so couldn't sail. Would I take on the job?

I'M MADE SECOND MATE.

I told him that I had a mate's certificate at San Francisco, but it had been stolen. It was arranged that I should act as second mate, get a mate's pay and, on arrival at Callao, get a mate's certificate.

I wasn't taken up with the skipper. He had a shifty eye and didn't look you square in the face. The first mate was all right. He was a good-tempered, big husky chap

who knew his duties, and he and I soon became good friends.

The skipper ordered me to take full charge of the coolies as they arrived on board, and see them safely stowed below.

THE COOLIES' ARRIVAL.

Jerry was made bosun, while Jack London and Tom Boston were made bosun's mates. There was a crew all told of four-and-twenty, of whom eight were Chinks.

Next day the coolies began arriving in droves. They were easy to handle and did as they were told. They were all searched for opium and dangerous weapons. These things when found on them were taken away.

Taking them altogether they were a group of poor humanity—timid and docile—just like a flock of sheep. When the last batch had arrived, making up the tally to 500, I asked the skipper if we would weigh anchor; but he said, "No, not yet."

About seven bells I was called, as someone from the shore wanted to see me. I found a Chink at the gangway with a bundle and a letter for me. The bundle contained clothes and underwear, while the letter was from our friend the priest, with best wishes for a prosperous voyage. It also contained a $20 California gold bill which he asked me to divide up with my friends. It was very kind and thoughtful of him.

We soon had everything ship-shape on deck, while the

MORE ARRIVALS.

coolies were safely stowed below. But still we didn't set sail. Neither the first mate nor I could understand the cause for this, and the skipper would give no reason.

Later in the evening he said to me, "You've had a busy day, Mr. Glass, you'd better turn in." I did so. I was awoke at midnight, and found that another batch of a hundred coolies were coming aboard.

The skipper was making a great song about this. Someone had blundered! He went pacing up and down the deck

cursing the agents, the owners, the consul and himself. I thought he was rather overdoing it. The ship's articles stated that he was to take on board 500 coolies and, as ship-master, he could have refused to take more.

The plot was too thin. He knew of the extra bunch coming along, and had kept the ship back for six hours to receive them. All in the way of business—and graft.

The ship had three decks, but even then there wasn't room to stow 600 men. This led to discomfort and dis-

OVERCROWDED.

content. We made a lot of them into stewards, cooks' mates and dish washers, and so rounded them into some sort o' shape.

I couldn't make out the captain. Although he had been the cause of the discomfort among the coolies, he did nothing to remove this. He took no interest in them whatever, and treated them no better than if they were cattle.

I wasn't surprised, therefore, to notice a change coming over our human cargo. The resigned placid expression on the faces of the Chinks as they came on board, had given way to restlessness and suspicion.

In the few months in which I had been amongst Chinese working people it was easy to know when they were happy. But these coolies on board were unhappy, and something was at work which was bringing this about. I tried to find out the cause.

After passing the Philippine Islands and getting into the open sea the weather got bad and the wind was dead against

MAKING BAD WEATHER.

us. This made a lot of extra work for the crew. The constant tacking, with the ceaseless rain, and the changing of sails, got upon their nerves, and even Jerry was grumbling.

When I said to him, "What's the matter, sonny?" "Matter!" says he. "Everythin's the matter. The weather's bad, the wind's bad, the grub's bad, and bedad the hull menagery's bad."

And Jerry was right too. There was no comfort on board the ship. The captain took things easy and was the only man on board that was pleased with himself.

One day he said to me in an off-hand way, "By the way, Mr. Glass, I was told there was a man of your name on the *Walter Raleigh* when sailing to China. Was that you?"

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

"Yes, that was me."

"Well, you got out of it all right."

"Got out of what?" said I.

"Oh, nothing," and with that he turned on his heel and walked away.

How did the skipper come to know of that trip? If he knew so much he knew more. Once when he was in a genial mood in the cabin I turned the conversation to the *Walter Raleigh*, but he wouldn't be drawn. I'd have given a good deal to learn what came over that ship after Jerry and I had left her.

Things somehow were going from bad to worse, and I couldn't get to the bottom of it. There was mischief brewing 'tween decks. The Chinks had got it into their heads that they were prisoners bound to a penal settlement.

MISCHIEF WAS BREWING.

Now if they should "run amuck," we'd stand a very poor show. They'd simply toss us over the side. Our crew's chances in a fight with six hundred coolies reminded me of Bret Harte's description of a row in a Californian mining camp:

> "With their ching-a-ring chow
> And their chic-colorow,
> They're bent upon making
> No slouch of a row.
> Four hundred Chinee,
> We are eight, don't ye see
> That makes a square fifty
> To just one o' we."

Joe's knowledge of the lingo came in handy. I kept him down below to mix with the Chinks and to nose out the mischief-makers.

I called the skipper's attention to the matter before it got too serious, but he pooh-poohed it. Said I was making a mountain out of a molehill, and so on. But the first mate agreed with me, and told the skipper plainly that he didn't mean to have his throat cut if he could help it. "I know something about these Chinamen," said he, "and if they round on us we'd be food for the fishes in no time."

The captain then went to the opposite extreme. He became alarmed, and did his best to botch the whole affair, by showing his anxiety. He was the poorest specimen of a skipper I'd ever come across.

If it hadn't been for Joe London we'd all a' been as dead as red herrin' in four-and-twenty hours.

Things were simmering along when I came on deck at eight bells to relieve the mate, morning watch. Everything seemed fast asleep. Four bells struck. Daylight appeared. The wind and weather had improved and we were under full sail slipping along at nine or ten knots.

THE HIDDEN PERIL.

A steward had brought my coffee, when Joe put in an appearance with "Good morning, sir!" "What's the good word, son? Spit it out."

I felt sure the hell broth being brewed 'tween decks was about ready for ladling out.

"I got 'em, Billy, dead to rights. I suspected from the first that the Chinks had been made discontented by ringleaders, as a cover for a plot. And now I got 'em. There's a dozen pirates on board, and one of them says he knows you and Jerry. Saw you with a man he called 'Mon Duck.' The pirate craft they belonged to was captured and most of the pirates killed. See!"

I did see, and saw very plainly too. Our old friend the "Bandbox" had been captured. Those who escaped had disguised themselves as innocent coolies and were now on board.

THE OLD "BANDBOX" AGAIN.

They had no hankering to go to Peru, but only wanted to lie low for awhile till the "Bandbox" was forgotten.

It was just as well that Jerry and I had left Amoy when we did. Mon Duck might have credited us with giving the information which led to the capture of the pirate junk, and made it too hot for us.

"Well, Joe, what's their plan?"

"Dead easy, unless we look alive. At seven bells this morning when the coolies are at breakfast and things are in confusion, the pirates are going to raise hell among the almond-eyed heathen. They've been telling them that they're being taken to slavery, and so they're ripe for a row. At a given signal they'll rush up on deck and, under cover of the uproar, the pirates will stab the officers and crew, throw them overboard, and steer the ship to the nearest land."

"'Nuff said, Joey! We must be up and doing." I went to call the "old man" and the mate, and then roused the hands quietly.

NOW'S THE DAY AND NOW'S THE HOUR.

Including the "old man" and the surgeon there were only eighteen white men aboard. The eight Chinese seamen couldn't be relied on. There were only six revolvers between us, but each man had his jack-knife and a belaying-pin. The latter, I may explain to landsmen, is a stout rod of hard wood, used as a cleat for fastening a running rope. It resembles a policeman's baton, and is equally effective in cracking a skull.

Joe was ordered to go to the galley and get a tray filled with cups of hot steaming coffee. With this in his hands and a smile on his face he was to give Mr. Glass' compliments

to the twelve pirates, and ask them to come on deck and have a cup of coffee with him.

SURPRISE PACKETS.

The ruse succeeded admirably. Jerry, Tom, and their mates were watching and waiting, together with "Chips" and "Sails," the last two armed with bosun's heavers.

They were all to keep out of sight until I blew a whistle, when they were to knock down every Chink on deck without inquiry. This is known in Scotland as "Jeddart justice"—hanging first and trying afterwards. The pirates were so cocksure of their plans that they didn't smell a rat. They followed Joe on deck laughing, but they didn't laugh for long.

As soon as they were all there I gave the signal, and every man jack of them were stretched out in jig time.

On being searched we found five ugly-looking knives on them. All had tattoo marks, showing they belonged to one gang.

THE MUTINY SCOTCHED.

The ship's surgeon, referred to by the crew as "sawbones," had nothing of the "beloved physician" about him. He was more like a bruiser—a rough tyke of a man—who dispensed medical comforts such as Epsom salts, julep, and quinine. Looking at the disabled pirates stretched out on the deck he said, "I guess, captain, it'd save a lot o' trouble if these yellow saints were heaved overboard." The captain agreed with him, adding, "Yes, and it'd save a lot o' sticking plaster as well."

The chief mate and I strongly objected to this, saying it would be wholesale murder. Besides it would do no good. The men had had their lesson, the mutiny was scotched, and their patched heads would be an object lesson to the coolies not to try on any more hanky-panky tricks.

AFTER THE OPERA.

We revived the pirates with the force-pumps—playing a stream of salt water on their faces. None of them were killed, in fact none were seriously injured.

Jerry pulled me by the sleeve and called my attention to one of the men who was gradually coming to his senses. "Ever see that duck before, Bill?" "Why, yes; he's one of the sailor chaps we met at the last house Mon Duck took us to before getting to Amoy."

The captain ordered the steward to serve out grog to all hands, and so we had a pleasant ending to a good morning's work.

We had no further trouble with the coolies. Joe was ordered to tell the pirates that, if they behaved themselves, no mention of the affair or of their connection with the pirate junk would be made on our arrival at Peru. This had a marvellous effect on them, as they evidently anticipated having their heads lopped off, as would have been done in China.

THE "ARKWRIGHT" OVERHAULED.

On arrival off Callao, no sooner had we dropped our mud-hook, than the ship's agents were on board. They gave the captain instructions as to the last bunch of coolies we had shipped at Amoy. A vessel came alongside at night into which a hundred coolies were transferred. This saved a lot of bother. Before reaching Callao Captain Tweedie had worn a worried look. He spoke to the first mate and myself about the extra coolies on board and how these might get him into trouble with the Peruvian Government. If we kept mum about this, and he got clear, he promised to make us a present.

Now that the extra coolies had been taken off he was all smiles.

He went ashore the next day and came back at night "three sheets in the wind" and with a big wad of dollar bills. "See here!" he burst out in a fit of laughter, and

showed us his fat pocket-book. He gave the first mate and myself fifty dollars each, while he handed ten dollars to each of the crew. He also said that the ship must be caulked and overhauled before sailing to the Chincha Islands, and that we could all have liberty ashore—half the crew at a time.

Eighty miles to windward of Callao lie the Chincha Islands, to which the *Arkwright* sailed after she had been overhauled.

THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

These islands are quite useless and uninteresting excepting for the valuable deposits of guano found there. As native labour cannot be procured to work these deposits, the Peruvian Government, through their agents in China, offer inducements to Chinese coolies to work there for a number of years. This indentured labour is neither more nor less than slavery, which usually ends in death before the indenture expires. For this purpose we had brought 600 coolies from their homes in " the flowery land " to leave their bones amongst Peruvian bark and dung. Human life is very cheap in China and Peru.

FILIBUSTERING AND COCK-FIGHTING

BROOKLYN, N.Y.
July 6th, 1921.

DEAR JIM,—

I got your letter, and am glad to learn that your "Chats Over a Pipe" are making headway. You ask me for a final letter on South America or Cuba. Now that is a tall order at this time o' day.

I know every port in South America from Bahia in the north-east, down by Monte Video and Buenos Aires, round the Horn, and up to Callao in Peru. At one time I could have given you as many yarns about life in South America as would have filled a book. But memory fails me. To-day is my birthday, which brings me to the seventy-first milestone of life.

South Americans, like the Spaniards, are hot-tempered. They are fond of quarrelling and quick with the knife. My twenty-first birthday I spent as an able seaman on a Brazilian man-of-war at Cienfuegos, pronounced San Fugo. There was a war on then between Brazil and Paraguay, and I was taken on at Rio along with quite a number of British sailors to man their fighting ships. They treated us well, gave us good grub and paid us £5 a month, in English gold. Whatever fighting may have been done on the land there was precious little on the water. Indeed we Britishers used to say that the chief aim of the belligerents seemed to be to keep away from each other.

QUARRELSOME REPUBLICS.

FILIBUSTERING IN CUBA.

This was a grand occupation for the restless spirits that used to hang around New Orleans. This city at the mouth of the Mississippi is the clearing port of commerce for the Southern States. To see it in the fall, when the boats come down the river piled up like floating mountains with bales of cotton, is an eye-opener. Along with the cotton you must take the coloured pusson with it, for the two can't be separated. And with the coloured pusson you must take the flea-bitten, slab-sided, lob-eared mule. They are all inseparable. The levees are so crowded with ships there is not a foot to spare. Ship is moored to ship—the one on the outside loading up from barges, and the one inside discharging. Gangways run across them, all crowded with bare-footed merry workers. The bustle of the river ships bringing in the cotton, and ocean ships taking it away makes a picture which can be seen nowhere else.

AFTER THE HUSTLE IS OVER.

When spring comes along the levees are empty and loafers abound. They were earning good money when the hustle was on, but now they have nothing to do but mouch around, drink Kentucky rye, and get into trouble. There is no city in the world where a scratch team of adventurers can be got together so readily as in New Orleans. It may be smuggling or gun-running or filibustering—it matters not—as long as it promises excitement with a spice of danger.

THE UNDER-DOG.

There are lots of goody-goody cranks who are always trying to help the under-dog. The under-dog may be getting no more than it deserves, but still it is the under-dog and must be helped. Uncle Sam's pet under-dog was Cuba. And so sermons were preached and money collected to free Cuba from the cruel Spaniards. Hence the many expeditions from New Orleans carrying men, guns and money to help the Cubans.

I had been in two of these filibustering expeditions and was asked to join a third. I was offered and accepted a job as chief officer in the paddle steamer *Virginias*, an old blockade runner, commanded by Captain Ryan, to take a batch of volunteers to "somewhere on the coast of Cuba." We did get to Cuba, but it was as prisoners. We were captured by a Spanish gunboat and brought into Santiago de Cuba. There the whole caboose of us, captain, officers, crew and volunteers, about 250 all told, were condemned to death. We were herded into an evil-smelling jail and were told that we were to be shot in the morning.

AN OLD BLOCKADE RUNNER.

I've already told you how philosophical Chinamen are when condemned to death, and I can tell you that this crowd of adventurers—Yankees, Cubans, Niggers and men of all nationalities—were quite as cool though not so calm. There were no tears or prayers. No whining, neither was there any swank or swagger. No! these men of the world, mainly young men, knew the risks they were running and made no complaints. There was a lot of talking, joking, and card-playing. Money had no value. We were to be shot in the morning and might just as well die with empty as with full pockets.

NO SIGHING OR SOBBING.

Next morning we were marched out into a square and divided into two lots. All the Cubans, Niggers and South Americans were put into one lot, and backed against the wall of the jail. There they were blindfolded and shot. It was a gruesome sight. These men may have been foolish, but they had committed no crime and done no harm. This was Spanish law in Cuba. After the soldiers had done their dirty morning's work they gave us some breakfast and put us back into the prison telling us that our turn would come next morning.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Some of us put our wits together to discover a means of

escape, but the outlook seemed hopeless. I had picked up a tidy bit of the Spanish lingo and had a chat with one of the soldiers guarding us. He sold me a revolver and this made me feel happy. I felt I had a friend by me.

During the day he told me that a British man-of-war had arrived off the port. This was good news. I had a chat with Captain Ryan. We bribed the soldier to let me slip out on giving him my word of honour that I would return in two hours. I made my way to the wharf and fortunately caught sight of one of the *Neptune's* boats coming ashore. I told my story to the officer in charge and induced him to row me out to the ship. I explained the situation to the captain who, with a guard, came ashore at once and informed the Spanish authorities that unless the 130 prisoners were released at once he would bombard the town. They were then let out without more ado, and with many salaams and apologies we were all escorted to the wharf. From there we were taken on board the *Neptune* which shortly afterwards sailed for New York.

H.M. SHIP "NEPTUNE."

My eye, Jim! didn't the New Yorkers treat us royally! Although we had done nothing, we were acclaimed as heroes. The captain and officers of the *Neptune*, together with Captain Ryan and myself, were fêted, dined and wined by the Mayor of New York, and received a vote of thanks from the U.S. Government.

A BEANO AT NEW YORK.

When in New York I was introduced to Garcia, one of the Cuban leaders. He wanted me to go back with him to Cuba and promised to give me a good position in Cuba Libre. But I had had enough of filibustering.

I will finish this letter with a yarn about a cock-fight which I witnessed at Lima in Peru. In my last letter I told you of the arrival of the *Arkwright* at Callao. While the ship was being overhauled we had liberty to go ashore.

A quartette composed of Jerry, Joe, Tom and myself came ashore together and took train to Lima. Sailors are proverbially happy when they come ashore, and we made no exception to the rule. The four of us represented four nationalities—Yankee, Cockney, Scotch and Irish—and we had certainly earned a holiday. Since Jerry and I had been shanghaied at 'Frisco we had had nearly four months crammed full of adventures, fighting, and excitement. We had done " from China to Peru " all right, and a bit more. Now we were at liberty for a couple of days with dollars in our pockets and without a scrap of worry, care, or woe. Hoop la!

A VISIT TO LIMA.

The capital of Peru was a fine city at that time, but was badly knocked about by the Chilians when they captured it a couple of years later. It is a city of churches, headed by a grand cathedral said to be about the best in South America.

As luck would have it we saw, posted on the walls, announcements that a grand cock-fight would be held that night—Lima v. Callao, $500 a side, with a dollar entrance fee. I had seen cock-fights at Scranton, Pa., but these were all held " under the rose " and usually ended in a free fight. But here in Peru it was a national amusement and held under strict rules.

We had a jolly good dinner, with wine and cigars, at a swell restaurant. It was no slouch affair. We had lived on Chinese dishes and salt horse for so long that a change was badly wanted and we had it.

Fully primed, and as happy as sand-boys, we entered the Bull-ring where the fight was to be held. A gong was sounded and the birds were produced and carefully weighed. They were divided into light, medium, and heavy weights. There were twelve birds ready to do battle and eleven battles to take " the main." The judge was selected and the first

A PRIZE COCK-FIGHT.

fight was between two light-weights. I watched the handler holding his bird with its leg outstretched, while the heeler placed chamois leather on the spur and snugly fitted the butt of the steel gaff over it, securing it with cobblers' waxed thread. Then the handlers showed the birds to each other and the fight began. We put a few dollars on each fight, with varying results. I never saw a jollier crowd. They were chaffing, shouting and bantering each other in high good humour.

When ten fights were held the results as between the two cities were even, and so the judge called the eleventh to settle the main. This was between two heavy-weights, and was the most interesting of the lot. The Callao choice was a vicious-looking bird, but it was his first fight in the ring, whereas the Lima bird was a well-known scrapper.

THE DECIDING FIGHT.

A Callao man, said to be a banker, was offering to bet any amount at even money on the greenhorn. Every one seemed to be betting, and the excitement was at fever heat. Our quartette made up $50 between us and put it on the Lima chicken.

Everything was ready, the gong was sounded, and when the two game birds were shown to each other they could hardly be held. "Let 'em go, Riley," and at it they went—beak and spur, dodging and ducking, jumping and kicking, rearing and plunging, pecking and thrusting, and pecking away hammer and tongs. As the feathers were flying fast all hands were keyed up to high C. The Callao greenhorn seemed to be having the best of the argument and our $50 seemed to be flying away with the feathers. The fighting cocks were taking no rest for refreshment, but were high in the air in one wild mix up. The greenhorn landed first, and before he knew it the Lima chick drove his steel clean through his head.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

COCK-FIGHT AT LIMA.

To hear the champion crow was as sweet music in my ear, especially after collecting our stakes and bet—one hundred dollars. Tom said when I handed him his share, "Say, Bill, it's a shame to take de money. It was a daisy fight and the fun was worth the $50." "Right you are, sonny, but don't you forget that we had the fun and the candy too." We blew a bit of the candy away on a good supper, found some sleeping berths, and reckoned it a full day.

A JOLLY GOOD NAME.

Dear Jim, I think the title of your book—"Chats Over a Pipe"—is A1 at Lloyd's. I haven't been much of a reader of books, but I think a book with a jolly good name like that would have appealed to me as something to read when the day's work was over. If you put some pictures in it and make the chapters short and chatty you'll find plenty of readers. Good luck to you.

Your loving brother,

BILL.

THE FRINGE OF THE EMPIRE

Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding billows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset. It may be
We shall touch the Happy Isles.

TENNYSON.

WHILE the British Empire is bounded on the north by the Hudson's Bay territories and the Shetland Isles, its southern bulwarks are Tasmania and New Zealand.

"The Empire on which the sun never sets" is a magnificent inheritance, handed down to us by our forefathers, which we must preserve and hand down unimpaired to our children.

Within it can be produced all the food, raw materials, and manufactured goods required for its maintenance. Up till now it has been held together mainly by sentiment—the sentiment which binds together parents and children in their common home. But our far-flung Empire now requires something more substantial. To consolidate the Empire we must imitate the United States and have a uniform fiscal policy—Free Trade within the Empire, and Protection against the rest of the world.

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.

It is not so long ago since a highly-paid professional politician voiced the decision of his Government to "bang, bar and bolt the door" on Imperial Preference. Thank God! the days are over when politicians would dismember the Empire for party purposes. The free interchange of goods, with a uniform decimal coinage, would weld together the various

States forming the Empire into one compact whole for mutual support and development.

It may be that the United States, under a reciprocity treaty, would throw in its lot with the Empire, and thus bring about Free Trade within the English-speaking world. The dreams of yesterday are often the realities of to-day.

AN EXPENSIVE DRINK.

Before leaving London on my last trip to Australia, I was working late at my samples and, before catching my train home, I went into the refreshment room at the railway station and asked for a glass of whisky. The waitress, on bringing this, saw a sixpence on the counter which I hadn't noticed. She picked it up and, thinking it was mine, handed me the drink. Such hospitality was too much for me, and I left the bar bursting with laughter.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

But the incident didn't end there. On board the Orient Liner *Ormuz* I mentioned the matter at dinner one night. The purser, who sat at the top of the table, said, "As the sixpence wasn't yours, you stole it." "How could I steal a thing which I never saw or touched?" "But you saw and touched the whisky, so you stole it." "That's nonsense," I said, "one doesn't steal what's given to him freely."

The case was referred to a Trial by Jury in the smoke-room. A judge and jury were chosen and the case was argued from all points of view. It was a highly-amusing trial. The jury brought in the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven," and the judge mulct me in court expenses—drinks all round. The humble sixpenny nip in London developed into a sovereign drink in the Mediterranean.

MODERN EGYPT.

Although I had frequently touched at Port Said at the European end of the Suez Canal, I decided on this occasion to stay in Egypt for a month and exploit its trade possibilities.

Since the deadening hand of the Turk has been removed

from the country it has made marvellous progress. It is an extremely rich country and, under wise administration, is developing its natural resources.

On the railway journey to Alexandria and thence to Cairo, one sees many evidences of its past history and greatness under the Pharaohs. It is a country of many languages—indeed a very babel. The proprietor of a large store in Cairo told me that it was necessary to speak ten languages to conduct his business properly. Although Egypt is under British administration, French is more spoken than English.

BIBLICAL TIMES.

Standing on the Nile bridge at Cairo one sees ancient and modern times and customs cheek-by-jowl. The camel is still the principal burden bearer, and strings of them cross the bridge carrying bales of cotton. Then the patient ass is much in evidence, while flocks of sheep follow their shepherd, as of old. Motor-cars and bicycles are also there pushing their way amid the dense throng.

Looking down into the river one sees native boats, with their huge brown sails and leisurely motion, together with puffing tow-boats and motor launches, always in a hurry.

EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.

I found time to go up the river for a short distance to get some slight knowledge of ancient Egypt. In the museum at Cairo one can also learn a great deal of this wonderful country. The Cairo museum contains many valuable antiquities and historical records of which any country might be proud. The bodies of some of Egypt's illustrious dead have been so carefully embalmed that they look almost as if they were asleep. Should these perchance wake up, what wonderful stories they would have to tell of a great people and of a civilization flourishing when the world was young.

In looking at these bodies—contemporaries mayhap of Abraham or King Solomon—one recalls the "Address to a Mummy" by Horace Smith—

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

It was tantalizing to have so little time in which to see and examine the mighty monuments of a bygone past. One would require to dwell among them, to read about them, and to surround oneself with the atmosphere in which they were created. There is a wonderful fascination about the pyramids. They speak to one as from the centuries long past and, looking down upon the hustle and bustle of modern life, seem to echo the words of the wise old preacher—Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

SUNDAY IN THE RED SEA.

Leaving Egypt and passing through the Suez Canal we steamed down the Red Sea on a bright Sunday. As far as one could see, the water was covered with a reddish colouring matter which arrested every one's attention. I spoke to the captain about it, who explained that this red appearance of the sea only occurred at a certain season, and was caused by tiny particles which people had variously classed as vegetable seeds or fish spawn. He told a seaman to draw up a bucketful of water, which I carefully examined under a glass. These floating red particles resembled nothing so much as ground cayenne pepper, but, as I am not a scientist, I was unable to classify them as belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdoms.

Can it be that the Israelites when vacating Egypt by sea did so at the season when the water was thus coloured, and so named it the Red Sea?

THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.

In sailing down the Red Sea one calls to mind the great trek of the Israelites from Egypt to Palestine under Moses, their leader. The exodus of this whole nation forms one of the most pathetic incidents in the history of the world. Sir Walter Scott refers to it thus—

"When Israel of the Lord beloved
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved
An awful guide midst smoke and flame.

"By day along the astonished land
The cloudy pillar glided slow,
By night Arabia's crimson sands
Returned the fiery pillar's glow."

ARRIVAL AT FREMANTLE.

On landing at Fremantle, the former capital of Western Australia, but now the port of Perth, the present capital, our baggage was examined on the wharf. A lady fellow-passenger, on being asked by a customs' officer to open her trunk, said, "There is nothing but wearing apparel in it." "Will you open it, please?" On being opened the officer detected a bottle of whisky, and said, "Do you call that wearing apparel?" "Well," said the lady, "my husband calls it a nightcap." I suggested to the officer that after such a smart answer he should let the nightcap pass—which he did. The lady thanked him and, offering a nip to the officer and myself, the incident was closed.

After completing a commercial journey in Australia, embracing the capital cities of Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, I returned to Melbourne and took steamer from there to Launceston in Tasmania.

For many years, under the name of Van Dieman's Land, this island was the dumping-ground for convicts from the Old Country. It took many years to recover from the curse of forced labour. It is notorious that many of the men and women condemned by law "for the term of their natural lives," and shipped in filthy hulks to convict stations overseas, were the victims of spite and cruelty. For snaring a hare or poaching a salmon, men were condemned to life-long slavery.

THE ISLAND OF TASMANIA.

When the convict settlements were abolished and the convicts given their freedom, many of them became good and useful citizens. When in Hobart, I was introduced to an ex-convict, the Mayor of that city, who was a most estimable man.

While on this subject I will here narrate the story told me by my aunt (Mrs. Bowes) in Sydney, given in her own words—

"My mistress in Edinburgh in 1845 begged me to accompany her daughter, as maid and companion, to New South Wales. She had married an officer attached to a convict settlement there. The mother didn't like the man and, with tears in her eyes, implored me to look after her daughter.

THE HORRORS OF CONVICT LIFE.

"We sailed from London to Sydney in the barque *Red Jacket*. We encountered such rough weather that we had to put into Cape Town for repairs. While there, and indeed until we reached Sydney, the officers on board engaged in all sorts of debauchery. They were constantly gambling and drinking, swearing and fighting—making the ship a veritable floating hell.

"My poor young lady soon had her eyes opened as to the character of the man she had married.

A FLOATING HELL.

"On arrival at Sydney I heard terrible tales of the state of

the country. The roads were infested by armed bands of escaped convicts who held up the mails, robbed the passengers, and committed all manner of crimes.

"I could easily have obtained a situation in Sydney, but I couldn't leave my young mistress. We were sent to a convict station twenty miles from Morpeth—a township on the Hunter River. It was a desolate country—nothing to be seen but scrub—with gangs of chained convicts cutting roads. These poor wretches were cruelly treated by their guards, and it is no wonder that, when they had the opportunity, they murdered them, and escaped into the bush.

LIFE AT THE STATION.

"Monotony was the key-note of our life at the station, which was broken only by the drunken revels of the officers of the district.

"One morning at breakfast, after one of his drinking bouts, my employer swore at his wife and then struck her. My Scotch blood was up in a moment. I stood up to him and called him a coward and a blackguard. He whipped out a pistol, pointed it at me, and ordered me to leave the house.

"I can see him now standing at the table, with bloodshot eyes, while vile language came from his foul lips. I saw murder in his eye, and so I had to leave.

THAT HORRIBLE PICTURE!

When I got outside, without a penny in my pocket, and with nothing more than I stood up in, I had no fear for myself. I would have gone back to help my mistress, but I knew he would shoot me like a dog, and probably shoot her too. Oh! to what depths of depravity had that brutal convict system brought poor humanity!

"I took the track towards Morpeth, but my thoughts were ever with my poor young mistress doomed to spend her days in a living death.

"When I had gone a few miles I met a man on horseback

whom I knew as a boon companion of my late employer. 'Where are you going, Miss Allan?' 'To Morpeth, sir.' 'But you cannot go there alone. The roads are infested with blackguards.' 'But I am not alone.' Then, pointing to Heaven, I said, 'God is with me.'

"On arrival at Morpeth I was so impressed with the necessity of doing something to help the convicts, that I got into touch with the Wesleyan Church on the subject. They took the matter up in the right spirit, and I am pleased to say that I was the means of inaugurating a missionary effort to infuse a more Christian spirit into our treatment of these unfortunates."

TO HELP THE CONVICTS.

How well my aunt succeeded in her self-imposed task may be gauged by the fact that her name became a household word throughout New South Wales.

From Launceston in the north to Hobart in the south of Tasmania the train passes through a rough hilly country. The population is sparse; but it is evident, from the bright clearings made in the bush by settlers, that under a system of irrigation it could support a large population. The soil is suitable for fruit and vegetable culture. The enormous apple crop shipped annually from Hobart testifies to the natural wealth of the country.

LAUNCESTON TO HOBART.

The harbour at Hobart is one of the finest in the world. It is large enough to find anchorage for the whole of the British navy.

The steamer from Hobart to New Zealand first touches at the Bluff, a rocky promontory at the south of the South Island. Here one may feast galore on delicious oysters at a few pence per dozen. A short railway journey takes one to Invercargill—a thriving township. Returning to the Bluff the steamer resumes its journey to Dunedin.

It is not generally known that the province of Otago, of

which Dunedin is the capital, was first settled by two shiploads of emigrants from Edinburgh. The town was named New Edinburgh, but was afterwards changed to Dunedin, the Celtic name of Edinburgh.

A SCOTCH SETTLEMENT.

It is a fine modern city of which its inhabitants are justly proud. It is acknowledged that the Scotch make excellent colonists and citizens, wherever they go. Their hardy upbringing, necessitating industry and self-reliance, together with their indomitable love of liberty, make them welcome everywhere.

The climate of New Zealand is one of the best and healthiest in the world. It is a workingman's country, where the terms "poverty" and "wealth" have been practically eliminated.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

> "When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Inherited wealth usually does more harm than good. I have never tried it, but I feel sure that there can be but little real pleasure in spending one's life in opulence and laziness. Robert Burns, the great democratic poet, hits off the situation in a few lines—

> "A country fellow at the pleugh
> His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
> A country girl at her wheel,
> Her dozen's done, she's unco weel;
> But gentlemen, and ladies worst,
> Wi' ev'n-down want o' work are curst.
> They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
> Though nothing ails them, yet uneasy;
> Their days insipid, dull and tasteless;
> Their nights unquiet, long an' restless."

There are successful and unsuccessful men and women in New Zealand as elsewhere, but in several visits to the

Dominion I have come across no class which might be described as the "idle rich" or "lazy poor."

The bulk of the white population are in the four cities of Auckland and Wellington in the North Island, and Christchurch and Dunedin in the South. These are all prosperous business centres, exporting the valuable produce of the soil in wool, hides, meat and butter, and importing manufactured goods.

In the district around Rotorua in the North Island are to be seen some of the greatest wonders in the world. It is impossible in a few sentences to adequately describe the wonderful hot and cold springs, geysers, hot lakes and mud baths. These must be seen to be realized. In this district the natives form the bulk of the population. They are a Polynesian race, named Maoris—a brave, warlike people with strong muscular frames. Tattooed faces, once very common, are now rarely seen excepting among the older people. They have a language and a religion of their own, but are gradually becoming assimilated with the colonists in language, dress and religion.

NATURE'S WONDERLAND.

In leaving New Zealand one feels he is leaving a home-loving, prosperous and contented people.

THE BRITAIN OF THE SOUTH.

This southern bulwark of the Empire is in good hands. The hardy pioneers who crossed the ocean had little more than their strong arms and stout hearts when they founded homes for themselves under the Southern Cross. They have "made good" and have done marvels in developing the natural resources of their adopted country.

MAORIS

ON HAVING A HANDLE TO ONE'S NAME

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's above his might,
Gude faith, he mauna try that.

BURNS.

WE Britishers are a strange composition. While we admire pluck and enterprise, and dislike snobbery, still we dearly love a lord.

When we declared war on Germany, patriotism was the key-note of the situation. While we ignored the many official blunders, we stood aghast at the decorations, honours and titles lavished upon the blunderers.

HONOURS GALORE.

In the first three years of the war twenty-three peers and twenty-eight baronets were created. Of the above fifty-one hereditary titles, seven were granted to the fighting services and forty-four to civilians.

What for? What meritorious services had these two-score-and-four superior persons rendered to the State that they, their children, and their children's children should be placed on pedestals, that we and our children should look up to them with reverence and admiration? One is safe to affirm that the great majority of these persons were granted titles not for national, but political services. Such a scandalous abuse of power by a democratic Government is an outrage on a democratic people.

A business man has no use for a title. Instead of helping it would hinder him in his business. He bears the heavy

end of national taxation, and meekly obeys the foolish demands of bureaucratic controllers and official nincompoops.

These wasters, together with professional politicians, are the men who hunger and thirst after titles. They do love to have a handle to their name. There are more titles in a single Government office than in all the business houses of the City of London.

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES!

Had Solomon, who gave this warning, lived in our times he would have altered the last word from "princes" to "politicians." The former may be trusted, but the latter—never. My aim in life has been to make goods and to sell them. A politician's aim in life is to make phrases, roll them like a sweet morsel under his tongue—and study the gift of oratory. "Fair words butter no parsnips."

While our political rulers keep an eye upon the voter, and study party before country, the King ignores parties, and studies the interests of the people. If it was put to the vote throughout the Empire as to whether it was to be ruled by a King or a President, it would be 100 to 1 on the former. A Republic is impracticable in a far-flung empire such as ours. A President chosen by the people of Great Britain might be unacceptable to the peoples of Canada, Australia and India —and so lead to disaster.

A DEMOCRATIC KING.

If all the great rulers in the world had been as peaceably inclined and as solicitous for the welfare of their peoples as King George, there would have been no war.

The hereditary House of Lords must be superseded by a democratic Senate. As at present constituted the House of Lords is practically powerless for good or ill. It has done good work in its day, and has always championed the rights of the people against kingcraft and priestcraft. It has also taken

HOUSE OF LORDS MUST GO.

a wider view of Imperial questions than the House of Commons, whose time has too often been taken up with parochial politics.

But the hereditary principle must go. The Senate should be elected or nominated by representative bodies in the United Kingdom, the Overseas Dominions and India. Besides acting as an Imperial Court of Appeal, the work of the Senate would be to develop the resources and further the interests of the Empire as a whole. With the hereditary Second Chamber gone, hereditary titles would be an anachronism.

As the President of the United States and the British Prime Minister are pleased to be addressed as "Mister," lesser lights must be satisfied with the same title.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

In an early chapter it was stated that the four children of James Glass secundus were educated, fed, and clothed at the schools of the Edinburgh Merchant Company. No charges of any kind were made for these services, and I have always felt this was a debt of honour which I should repay as soon as I was able. A few years ago I therefore handed over to the trustees of my old school my life's savings, to the value of £20,000 ($100,000).

For doing so I was entertained to dinner by the Master of the Company. In returning thanks for the eulogistic speech of the Master, I drew the attention of the company to the lines of Shakespeare—

> If thou art rich thou'rt poor,
> For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
> Thou bear'st thy heavy burden but a journey,
> And death unloads thee.

"Now, gentlemen, I haven't waited for death to unload me. You've been good enough to do it. I feel like the ass kicking up its heels when free of the load. So I thank you for your

services, and when I leave this hall I shall feel freer, happier and richer than when I entered it." Something was said as to making me an honorary member of the Company and presenting me with my portrait in oil, but nothing came of it. And so I left, the company wondering as to who was the giver and who the receiver.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

My fellow-townsman of Dunfermline had a much heavier burden to bear. It is computed that the ingots he had to bear weighed £60,000,000 sterling. Such a weight was enough to break any back. Poor man, he tried hard to get rid of it, but he only partially succeeded. His long life of hard work and charitable activities deserved a better ending. Andrew Carnegie died of a broken heart.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

Some months after making my gift, I was called upon at my office by a stranger, who flattered me about the magnificence of my donation, and, after humming and hawing, said, "I suppose, Mr. Glass, you would be pleased to accept a title." "I don't know that I would, but in any case I have never thought of it."

"I presume, sir, you are in a position to maintain the dignity of a title?" "No, I think not. You see, I would have to consider my every action, and that would give me a lot of bother. Then I have to go to the markets to buy the raw materials for our factory, and I feel sure that Sir James Glass couldn't make such a good bargain as plain James Glass." "Oh, I don't see why you shouldn't," replied the stranger. "Well, I do.

BRUSHING MY OWN BOOTS.

"We only keep one maid-servant at home, and sometimes, when she is not well, I get up in the morning, make my own breakfast and brush my own boots. Now that wouldn't be maintaining the dignity of a title." "Oh, that's a private matter that needn't trouble you. Don't you think your wife would like

you to have a title?" "No! I feel sure she wouldn't. "I've seen her sometimes of a Saturday morning going out with her marketing basket and returning loaded with the Sunday's joint and other provisions. Now it's all right for Mrs. Glass to do this; but it would never do for Lady Glass to do it. You see, we are both beginning to feel the burden of the weight of years, and to add a title to this burden would be as the last straw on the camel's back. Now, you haven't offered me a title, and I haven't refused a title, but please tell those who sent you here not to make me the offer."

A NATION'S TRUE NOBILITY.

The agriculturist who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, and the artisan who transforms raw material into finished goods, are of infinitely more value to the State than hereditary peers or baronets. There is a royalty in all who strive to live up to the Golden Rule, and in helping others on life's journey.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

In scanning the list of honours last year one finds about two hundred names of worthies whose merits have been rewarded by titles. These titles range from that of Marquess to the Order of the Star of India. As there are a couple of dozen distinct titles in the range, one wonders how the King manages to find the proper caps with which to fit these two hundred heads.

There are so many varieties of heads that it would puzzle an experienced hatter to fit them all correctly. There are big heads and little heads, long heads and round heads, wise heads and empty heads, curly heads and bald heads, swelled heads and fat heads, hard heads and thick heads. Although the King gets the credit of fitting the caps, the Prime Minister usually acts as his chief hatter. The hand may be the hand of Esau, but the voice is that of Jacob.

Among the savage tribes of Africa there is a functionary,

named the Mbongo, whose duty is to stand behind the chief's stool and chant his praises. An eloquent Mbongo is rewarded by his chief with cows and cowrie shells. It is said that some of the chiefs owe their greatness more to their Mbongos than to themselves.

COWS AND COWRIE SHELLS.

Our Prime Minister is not satisfied with one Mbongo, but has several round his chair who are never tired of singing his praises. He is more susceptible than any of his predecessors to the value of "a good press." Hence the cows and cowries.

It is a pity that titles which used to be given for meritorious services may now be purchased, or are granted to political wirepullers and wealthy nonentities. A title which may be bought has ceased to be of any real value. A handle to one's name is but a useless ornament which one is better without. As Burns sings—

> What though on homely fare we dine,
> Wear dungarees and a' that;
> Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for a' that;
> For a' that and a' that,
> Their tinsel show, and a' that;
> The honest man tho' e'er so poor,
> Is King o' men for a' that.

STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK

THE UNITED STATES

Our land, the garden of liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall be, the land of the free.
SONG OF THE GREEKS.

THE bulk of people who visit the United States enter by New York, and New York can only be entered by passing the Statue of Liberty. It was a noble idea to erect this monument at the doorstep of the land of the free.

Dante, in describing his "Inferno," draws attention to the words over the portal—"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." But the Statue of Liberty encourages hope in all who enter the land of the free.

The lives of the two brothers have been associated with the United States for nearly half-a-century. The younger has been a citizen of it for nearly that time, while the elder first visited it in 1877 and has never for long been a stranger from it. It is impossible in a chatty narrative such as this to give anything more than an epitome recording outstanding places and events. In an earlier chapter I have described my first visit; and my last but one was made within a few months after the signing of the Armistice. This was in the *Aquitania*, once the Belle of the Cunard fleet.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

But all her finery had been discarded, her costly carvings and pictures dismantled, her drawing-room turned into a dormitory, and she was working as a troop-ship.

THE BELLE OF THE ATLANTIC.

As she steamed out of the dock at Liverpool, churning up the river mud, I was reminded of the first line in Portia's speech—

The quality of Mersey is not strained.

We sailed to Brest, where we picked up 6,500 American troops for New York.

It was a fine experience to mix with those boys who had come from the Far West to unfurl the "Star-spangled banner" on the blood-stained fields of France. They were drawn from the plough, the factory, and the desk; and in conversing with them, from colonel to private, I found them Gentlemen All.

GENTLEMEN ALL.

I have crossed the Atlantic thirty-six times. As soon as the steamer leaves the wharf there is usually a wild scramble for seats in the dining saloon. If there happens to be a British baronet or foreign count on board, his place at table is surrounded by admiring sycophants. The average Americans may be highly democratic, but they are quite as bad as Britishers in running after titled duds. I always take pot-luck, and allow the chief steward to fix my place at table.

On this visit I was seated next an estimable lady, a Mrs. Harriman, the widow of a Chicago railway magnate, and said to be the richest lady in America. If this is so, she made no display of her wealth, but talked and acted as a lady should. I assisted her in carrying fruit and candies to the soldiers, some of whom she had known when acting as a Red Cross nurse in France.

On an earlier trip across on the old *Adriatic* I had a very different companion at table. He was a man who was anxious to be agreeable, but I didn't take to him. He had sharp eyes, and I found him scrutinizing me carefully.

A DIAMOND RUNNER.

When the vessel was berthed at New York, he ran up to me while I was on the gangway, and said, "Excuse me, sir, but would you mind putting this parcel in your pocket. It contains some English sweets for my kiddies. I'll meet you on the wharf in a few minutes." The parcel weighed about a pound and I put it in my pocket. I waited impatiently for nearly half-an-hour, and was just leaving, when the man came rushing up to me, with a face as red as a boiled lobster, and said excitedly, "Have you got my parcel?" I handed it to him, when he very unceremoniously slipped away.

COSTLY ENGLISH SWEETS.

In the evening paper of that day I read with amazement of the risk I had run in taking ashore the parcel of "English sweets." The man I had befriended was a well-known diamond runner. The detectives had been advised that he was on board the *Adriatic*. They found him, searched him, bathed him, but nothing doing. The diamonds they were in search of were in my pocket. Had these been discovered on me, my story would have been laughed at, and I should probably have made the acquaintance of the inside of Sing Sing prison.

A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

In my trip of 1919 I began my mission work in New York by calling on the large department stores and dealers in luxuries. My samples of fine leather goods were carefully examined, and I had no difficulty in making sales. There is a tariff of 30 per cent. which, with freight charges, is a heavy handicap against British goods. Still, quality counts and, as Uncle Sam had made a lot of money during the war, he wanted everything of the best and was willing to pay for it.

Yes, Uncle Sam had made too much money during the war, and was spending it with prodigality.

There is a little square off Wall Street, by the Exchange,

surrounded by tall buildings. One afternoon I was drawn there by the noise, and saw a scene which I shall probably never see again. Every foot of space in that area and every window overlooking it were crowded with excited and gesticulating men, buying and selling. These men are known as "curb brokers" whose chief aim in life seems to be in making a noise. Voices were drowned by hooters, megaphones and sirens, signalling was done by flags and the dummy alphabet and, indeed, it seemed as if men had lost their reason in their unholy rush for gain.

WALL STREET EXCITEMENT.

Within almost a stone's throw of this Vanity Fair I entered Trinity Church for a rest, as I had ofttimes done before. I was absorbed in the scenes I had left, when I was aroused by the organ playing and the choir singing that beautiful hymn—When I Survey the Wondrous Cross. What a change from the babel of the money market, with its feverish desire to-get-rich-quick, to the sweetness of this oasis, with the unselfishness inspired by the lines—

TRINITY CHURCH, BROADWAY.

> Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all.

After service I introduced myself to the Rector, and told him I was a Churchwarden of St. Sepulchre's, London. He showed me all over his historical church, in which I was greatly interested.

When in Philadelphia I was attracted by a very handsome white marble building—dedicated to the Goddess of Luxury. Within it are articles of cunning workmanship in gold, silver and brass, in porcelain and glassware, and in rare and precious stones. Here are to be seen artistic jewellery and

KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

articles of vertu drawn from many lands. I got an order for leather goods, and afterwards was shown over the temple by the manager.

He then introduced me to the proprietor, Mr. Caldwell. I said, "You have a Scotch name, Mr. Caldwell, and I presume you are of Scotch descent?" "I hope not," he replied. "My Scotch forbears may have been cattle thieves or cut-throats, and I hope I have ascended not descended from them.

"And what do you think of the show here?" I said, "I feel as the Queen of Sheba did when she visited King Solomon at Jerusalem. When he asked her, as you are asking me, 'What do you think of it all, madam?' she replied, 'I had heard of thy great wisdom, oh King! and of thy great wealth, and of the Temple which thou hast built, but now that I have seen it with mine eyes the half was not told me.'" "Very well put," said Mr. Caldwell; "I'll make use of that in my fall announcements."

NATIONAL PRODUCTION.

One cannot travel throughout the United States without being impressed by the enormous productive capacity of the country. The people spend more because they earn more, and they earn more because they produce more. A nation is rich when its people are fully employed in producing food from the soil, or manufacturing goods from raw materials.

ROTARY CLUBS.

These clubs are established in nearly all business centres of America. They are luncheon clubs, where business men meet together and, once a week, have papers read on topics of trade interest. They have done a great deal to eliminate trade prejudice and price-cutting competition. They have also educated their members on improved modes of increasing output and reducing costs. I was invited to several of these luncheons, where I had opportunities of hearing and speaking on trade topics.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR HUNTERS.

Uncle Sam is often depicted as eternally running after the almighty dollar. Aren't we all doing the same? On what other principle can business be conducted? Although Shakespeare says—

> They are as sick that surfeit with too much,
> As they that starve with nothing,

still, there is a happy medium—even in money-making.

NEW ORLEANS.

The capital of Louisiana has had more vicissitudes in its history than any other city in the Union, and yet it is a disappointing place to visit. Hemmed in nearly all round by the Mississippi, it is perfectly flat, and by no means picturesque. It figured largely in Civil War days as the chief port for the "blockade runners," and has still a very large shipping trade. Its population—largely coloured—have the gift of contentment. The climate is enervating, and during the spring and summer months there is nothing doing.

While there, many years ago, my hand was stung or bitten by a poisonous spider. It swelled so rapidly that I was afraid I would lose it, but with the help of a doctor I nursed it back to normal.

THE OLD SLAVE MARKET.

While in the city I was told that the building containing the old slave market was about to be sold and demolished. A visit to this interesting building was worth the long journey to the city, and the spider's bite. I was admitted by a caretaker who showed me the great hall in which the slaves were sold On one side was a long bar, with the bar fittings still extant, at which one could imagine the slave owners and dealers wetting their whistles.

In the centre of the hall was a large table, black with use, on which used to be placed the various lots of slaves when under the hammer. At the sides were pens for holding the slaves until sold. Standing around were the

small portable offices of the dealers, still bearing such designations as—

SILAS SMITH & CO., Slave Dealers and Commission Agents.

It was easy picturing up the scene as described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All the properties were there. One had only to fill in the pens with herded slaves, the "eligible family lot" on the blackened table, the auctioneer, the owners and dealers, together with the bar and its drinking crowd, to have the picture complete. But the picture is not a pretty one. The Statue of Liberty and the Slave Market have nothing in common.

Years before my visit Uncle Sam had his hand stung by a poisonous reptile in this same southern slave market.

UNCLE SAM'S HAND STUNG.

The hand swelled, and the poison was likely to reach the heart; but the able Dr. Abraham Lincoln had the poison removed, and the hand and the heart were saved. Let us change the film!

The business life-blood of America seems to run more freely in Chicago than anywhere else. Washington has its Capitol, Boston its culture, New York is the port of entry for the country, Philadelphia stands for brotherly love, and Chicago for commerce.

COMMERCIAL CHICAGO.

When the city was burned down in 1871 it speedily arose phœnix-like from its ashes. When the idea of holding a World's Fair was thought of, there was only one place in which it could be held—Chicago. She sent her emissaries into every known country of the world, exploiting their resources, and arranging for their exhibition. The Fair was a huge success. What Chicago does, she does well.

BOSTON BEANS.

When in the capital of New England I found on the fly-leaf of a restaurant menu the following sweet lines:—

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of wit thrown in.
But spice it all with the essence of love,
And a little whiff of play.
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete a well-spent day.

BROOKLYN BUBBLES.

While my brother was living in Brooklyn, N.Y., he was unfortunate enough to meet with two serious accidents within a few months. The second time on being taken to the hospital, after trying to stop a run-away horse, the doctor recognized him, and said, "By the way, what's your name?" "Bill Glass." "You don't say?——Glass!—by the Holy Peter, it ought to be Rubber."

MANITOU GRAND CAVERNS.

When in Denver I heard such remarkable stories of the wonders of Manitou and Pike's Peak, that I lay off there for a couple of days. It was time well spent. To have one's morning bath in sparkling soda water brisks one up for the day.

A visit to the "Garden of the Gods" is an eye-opener as to the fantastic shapes fashioned by Dame Nature from rough stones. Elephants, lions, horses and walking ladies are all over the place. In the limestone caverns one is conducted by a guide through a series of wonderful chambers filled with great stalactites and stalagmites. A group of these has been named the "Pipe Organ"—on which the guide with his staff was able to play "God save the King."

The scenery on the Union Pacific line as the train passes through the various cañons of the Rocky Mountains can never be forgotten.

This western State, like the southern state of Louisiana,

was at one time a Spanish possession. It will give English readers some idea of the area of the United States to tell them that the single State of California is a fourth part larger than the whole of the British Isles. And California isn't the largest State. Entering it from the east, across the Sierra Nevada range, lies the great central valley of California, drained by the Sacramento River.

CALIFORNIA.

The climate is very variable, being damp and cold in the north, while in the south it is so serene and warm that it is a favourite winter resort for invalids.

This fine city, amid its beautiful surroundings, stands on guard at the western gate, as New York stands at the eastern gate of the Great Republic.

SAN FRANCISCO.

In the year in which I entered the world the lure of gold was drawing vast crowds of adventurers to California. Bret Harte in his writings gives some very vivid pictures of the wild life of the gold-diggers in these early days. There being no railway then all the traffic to and from San Francisco was by sea. Owing to the vast wealth being sent out in this way the harbour entrance came to be known as—The Golden Gates.

Many years ago I was taken by a friend to his club in San Francisco. Over the mantel-piece in the principal room was a carved inscription—"May the Lord love us and not call for us too soon." That was over thirty years ago, and the Lord hasn't called for me yet. Many men make a mistake, and retire from business before their work is done. As a rule, they regret it when it is too late; they lose interest in life, and their light flickers out.

A GOOD TOAST.

When the gold-mining petered out in California, it was thought that its place as a valuable industry would be

taken by wine-growing. The soil and climate being suitable, a large area was gradually brought under cultivation, and in the course of years an enormous trade was done in Californian wines. Now that the country has "gone dry" the wine industry, like gold-mining, has also petered out.

WINE-GROWING AND WINE-DRINKING.

To my mind this is a great pity. Good wine taken in moderation is not only a stimulant, but a food. Young people can get along perfectly well without alcoholic stimulants, but for folks getting up in years, when the blood is running thin, a little wholesome wine is to be recommended.

> "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
> There shall be no more cakes and ale?"

A friend of mine was at a dinner party where the host was a connoisseur of wine. At the end of the dinner the butler brought in a bottle of old port, and, very carefully, filled the glasses of the guests. Before drinking, one of the guests foolishly made a joke, whereupon the host looked at him severely, and said, "This is a vintage port, sir, which should be drank—in silence."

We are all lovers of, and have fought for, our personal, civil and religious liberties. But these are gradually being filched from us by cranks, bureaucrats and politicians, who work underground. We wake up in the morning to read in the newspaper that a law has been passed for Sunday Observance or Liquor Control, and that severe penalties can be enforced for selling tobacco, playing games, or kissing on Sundays.

LIBERTY v. BUREAUCRACY.

For many centuries the world has been run fairly well on the Ten Commandments as laid down by Moses. But Uncle Sam has improved on the Decalogue, and has made a brand-new commandment—"Thou shalt not drink of the fruit of the vine." The penalties enacted for the breaking of this law

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

are more drastic than those for the other ten. But will it last as long? We shall see!

Then Trades Unions, over some petty dispute, threaten to bring the trade of a country to a stand-still by "downing tools" or by stopping all trains and other modes of transit.

IT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

All these new forms of tyranny are against the common-sense of the bulk of the community. They are the work of minorities, and must be opposed by all lovers of liberty.

By our inaction we are being ground between the upper millstone of bureaucracy and the nether millstone of political trades unionism. The liberty that was won by fighting must be maintained by fighting. We must see to it that those who represent us in the Government are men of clean hands and good records, men whose main object in life is to serve their God and their country for love, and not for fear, and not for sake of a reward.

IN TROUBLED WATERS

Life is a story in volumes three,
The past, the present, the yet to be.
The first is finished, and laid away;
The second we now read day by day;
The third and last of the volumes three,
Is locked from sight. God has the key.

ANONYMOUS.

BEFORE starting on one of my visits to Australia via the United States I had written to my brother, who was then employed at Scranton, Pa., to meet me at the Astor House, New York.

On arriving there on a Sunday I was given a letter, written by a nurse at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, informing me that my brother was lying there dangerously ill, and that if I wished to see him alive I must come at once. I sent a telegram that I would come on the following day.

On arriving at the Quaker City I bought some flowers, and made my way to the hospital. I saw the nurse, who told me that William was still alive. He had had a serious accident through falling from a derrick at Scranton, and had arrived at the hospital in a state of collapse. He was revived and patched up, but the doctors said he couldn't live for four-and-twenty hours. He had, however, lived for four days on stimulants, but was petering out on Sunday afternoon when my telegram was read to him, and this bucked him up.

The nurse took me to his bed, which was surrounded by

a curtain and, rousing him up, said, "Your brother has come to see you, Bill." He recognized me, and said, "I'm glad you've come, Jim. I heard the doctor say yesterday, 'Poor chap, his number's up,' but when they read me your wire I meant to live to see you."

CURTAIN ROUND HIS BED.

He smelt the flowers, kissed some family photographs I had brought, and said, "I don't believe my number's up yet. You know, Jim, mother's been to see me. She put her hand on my forehead, and said, 'Willie, my son, I'll take you home when you're ready. But your work isn't finished yet.' So, Jim, don't you worry about me. I'll be pleased to go home when mother calls me." Poor boy, he had been his mother's pet, but she had been dead for thirty years.

Seeing a Bible by the bedside, I said, "Will I read you a chapter, Billy?" "Well, Jim, if it will do you any good read it, but never mind me. 'As a tree falls so it will lie.'"

AS A TREE FALLS.

I then told him that I had a through ticket from New York to Sydney via San Francisco, and that the train left on the following morning at 10 o'clock. I offered to cancel the ticket, and stay with him till he was better. He wouldn't hear of this—said he felt better already—and didn't mean to hand in his checks yet.

I asked after his boy whom I hadn't seen since he was a kiddie. "Davie left home a year ago and I haven't seen him since. Poor boy, he never had a mother's love and training, as I had, and he got into bad company, but I'd like to see him. I think he's a plumber in the city here."

HIS LOST SON.

The nurse came in then, saw my brother was exhausted, and suggested I should leave. Getting outside I saw a tram-car filling up with workmen who had knocked off work at a building close by. I spoke to these men—telling them my

brother was dying in the hospital, and was anxious to see his son, whom he thought was a plumber in the city. They promised to speak to their trade secretaries to see if they had such a man on their books. They also recommended me to insert an advertisement in an evening paper read by working men.

I called at the newspaper office and ordered two insertions of the following—" Should this meet the eye of David Glass, will he please call at Pennsylvania Hospital to see his father who is dying."

S.O.S. FOR LOST SON.

I left New York next morning on the long, tiring through journey to San Francisco and there caught the steamer for Sydney.

The capital of New South Wales stands in a magnificent position at the head of a large and beautiful natural harbour, said to be the finest in the world. It can only be entered by a narrow channel known as the " Heads."

SUNNY SYDNEY.

In the early colonial days the term New South Wales was given to the whole of Australia, and Sydney was known as the metropolis. For over half a century it was practically the only port for the exports and imports of the whole of Australia.

Sydney is a sunny city, filled with happy hospitable people, whose aim seems to be to get as much pleasure out of life as possible. Picnic parties to the many beauty spots around the fine harbour is one of their chief sources of pleasure.

On my arrival in the city my first duty was to inform my aunt and cousins of the condition in which I left my brother. I had made up my mind he was dead, but the lack of definite information was unsettling. I was told that a soothsayer had recently come to the city, who was said to have made wonderful revelations as to things past and present. Although I am no believer

A SOOTHSAYER.

in the occult sciences, still I was induced to part with half-a-sovereign for an interview.

When Macbeth saw the witches on the blasted heath, he said to them—

> If you can look into the seeds of time,
> And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
> Speak to me, who neither beg nor fear,
> Your favours, nor your hate.

I was ushered into a darkened room where a woman sat in an arm-chair. She asked me why I came to see her. I told her that I had left a brother sick in an American hospital, and I wanted to know whether he was alive or dead. A young girl in the room blindfolded her with a napkin. After a silence of a few minutes she said, "Your brother is alive, but he is not in an hospital. I see him now. He is sitting in a little room and a woman is feeding him from a bowl. He has been very ill, but is recovering." I thanked the woman and, as I left the room, I felt that my visit had not been in vain.

After finishing my business in Australia I left for home in the Orient liner *Oroya*.

A DEAL IN PRECIOUS STONES.

As usual, the steamer put into Colombo for coal. A day in the capital of Ceylon is always very interesting. Of course one only sees here the fringe of Indian life—how the people live, and work and clothe, with their native manners and customs. The steamer passengers were, as usual, besieged by vendors of jewellery, lace, and curios.

I am not easily taken in, but on this occasion I was. A vendor of precious stones put into my hand a paper with six cat's-eyes for which he asked a sovereign. "They're only glass," I said to him. "You say—glass!—den jump on 'em with your heel." I tested them with my heel, but couldn't break them, so I offered him ten shillings for the six, which he readily accepted. On reaching home I took

them to a jeweller to have them made into vest buttons. With his knife he cut one in half. It was only a vegetable seed, worth half-a-dollar the bushel.

A MONSOON IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Shortly after leaving Colombo we steamed into a storm which gradually developed into a gale, with a hot wind blowing from the south-west. This is known as a monsoon, and to go through one is a very disagreeable experience. The sea is rough, and the hot humid air makes one as limp as a rag. This, continued for a week, makes life on board a weariness to the flesh. With jaded nerves the days are long and the nights restless.

SPEAK CHEERFULLY!

But there was a fairy on board—a little girl of five—who broke the spell of discomfort and made us all laugh. This fairy, while tripping along the deck one morning, fell over a rope, and hurt her knee. I carried her sobbing to her mother, who was sitting on a deck chair near by. The fairy, stifling her sobs, said, "Give me a chocolate, mama!" "Well, speak cheerfully, baby, and you shall have a chocolate." The tears stopped, the eyes shone and the fairy in crescendo tones said, "Please, mama, give me a choc-o-late!"

This little incident went over the whole ship, and worked marvels. A lady would take her seat at the breakfast table and say to her friend, "I feel so tired this morning. You know, dear, I haven't had a wink of sleep." "Well, speak cheerfully! and you shall have some breakfast!" A man would come into the smoke-room and, mopping his forehead, say, "Isn't it d——d hot?" "Well, swear cheerfully!—and you shall have a drink!"

TEARS FOR TO-MORROW, KISSES TO-DAY.

At the end of this, the last trip of the *Oroya*, we got up a testimonial in the form of an address to the captain. This was presented at dinner on our arrival at Gibraltar. The captain, in his reply to the ovation, said, "On this, my last trip as captain of the *Oroya*, I can truthfully say it has been my

best. At this season of the year, when we usually get into a monsoon, we hear nothing but grumbling all round. But the lady's lesson to her child to Speak Cheerfully! found its way from the first cabin into the second, and then into the steerage It got into the fo'c'sle, the engine-room and the stoke-hole, and has transformed grumbling into laughter, and tears into smiles."

"Speak Cheerfully!" should be writ large in every home, factory, office, and store. It costs nothing. Like the sunshine it would dispel half the troubles from our work-a-day lives. Tears for to-morrow, kisses to-day.

This completed my fourth journey round the world. Although a rolling stone gathers no moss, still in its peregrinations it gets its corners knocked off and sometimes acquires a polish. On my return home I found there had been no letter from my brother, and so we all concluded he was dead. William had never been a good correspondent, but six months had elapsed since I saw him in Pennsylvania Hospital.

BACK HOME AGAIN.

Still, with the soothsayer's words ever with me, I never quite gave up hope.

A year after this he walked into my office hale and hearty. I couldn't believe my eyes till the familiar voice sang out, "Hulloa, Jim!" There he was before me with his hand in mine, looking a picture of life and health. His story was soon told.

WILLIAM'S RETURN.

"When you left me in the hospital, Jim, I felt I would get better. My boy Davie came along in a day or two, and said, 'What can I do for you, father?' I said, 'Get me out of this. You'll find money under my pillow. Go out and buy a bottle of whisky, hire a conveyance to take me to the railway depot, and come back here!' When he returned, I took a good swig of the whisky, and told him to help me on with my clothes. As he was doing this the nurse came

inside the curtain and, seeing me half dressed, she ran away and fetched the doctor.

"When he came he said, 'You can't go out, Glass.' 'Why not. Is this a prison?' 'No! but it's more than your life's worth if you go downstairs.' 'Now, look here, doctor, I'm much obliged to you for what you've done for me. When last Sunday you said, "his number's up," you weren't far out. I thought I had nothing to live for, but when my brother came on Monday I meant to put up a fight. This is my boy, doc., and he's going to carry me down on his back to a carriage at the door, and take me to my old diggins at Scranton. Good-bye, doc.'

IS THIS A PRISON?

"And that's just exactly what happened, Jim. My old landlady at Scranton was like a mother to me and nursed me back to life. There was a slaughter-house not far off, and she used to get prime ox-tails for a few cents, make 'em into soup, and so here I am." The soothsayer had been right.

William remained with us for several weeks, but he was restless and ill at ease. His inborn love of liberty and equality was constantly getting him into trouble. He was highly argumentative, and when opposed, his hand would slip to his hip pocket as if to draw his revolver. When I insisted upon him handing this to me for safe custody, he complained that he "felt naked" without it. Either by accident or design he didn't ask for its return when leaving home, and I still have it. It is named the "British Bulldog" and carries a rifle bullet.

A REPUBLICAN OUT OF PLACE.

He was well up in Freemasonry. He came with me to my lodge, Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, No. 1, Scotland. This lodge has carefully preserved minutes dating back for 325 years. By permission of the R.W. Master he gave us a lecture on "Freemasonry in South America," in which he surprised all the

WILLIAM AS A FREEMASON.

brethren by his inside knowledge of the tenets and working of the Spanish and native lodges in that continent.

William attended with me a masonic banquet at my lodge, at which were representatives of some of the sister city lodges. The R.W.M. proposed the toast of "Our Sister City Lodges" and coupled with this the name of a parson, who was the worshipful master of one of them. This reverend brother had sat opposite us at table, and seemed to be imbibing more champagne than he could carry. He was taken to be a Scotsman, but as he continued drinking, the Scottish veneer gradually peeled off and disclosed a rich Irish brogue.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

"Right Worshipful Master, wardens, and brethren, it is very koind indade of ye to couple my name with this toast. But I am sorry, sor, that I cannot make a spache. But if ye loike I'll tell ye a story." "Hear! hear!" "Whin I was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, there were two deans there, who were very good friends. But whin wan of them was made a bishop, and the other wasn't, that spoilt their friendship, and, bedad, they wouldn't spake to each other at aal. Now a mutual friend, whin visiting the college, said to the wan who wasn't made a bishop, 'I suppose you've heard that our friend Dean Morin has been made Bishop of Newry?' 'Yis,' he said, 'I've heard aal about it, and I wish he had been made Bishop of Hell, and had to live in his own diocese.'"

It was impossible to keep William long in one place. His native city had little attraction for him—it was too settled and genteel to suit his roving disposition. And so he bid us good-bye.

THE STONE AGAIN STARTS ROLLING.

We heard of him occasionally from Cuba and from various parts of South America, and then at sixty years of age he settled down as a caretaker in a block of offices at New York.

His only son David was one of the few American soldiers killed in Cuba during the war with Spain.

A few months ago (May, 1921) I had a cablegram—"Brother dangerously ill in Brooklyn Hospital." To this I replied—"Coming immediately." On arrival at New York I made my way to the hospital where I saw the doctor who had charge of the case. He informed me that my brother had undergone two operations, either of which would have killed nine out of ten men. He also told me, what I already knew, that my brother had an iron constitution. Although he was in an extremely weak state he insisted on coming away with me. Against the remonstrances of the doctor and nurse he got me to help him on with his clothes. His hat and boots couldn't be found but, with my assistance, he left in his slippers and walked half a mile to his humble home.

AN S.O.S. CALL.

"Say, Jim! If it hadn't been for your cable I'd a let the doctors, who were hacking me about, finish the job. But when I knew you were coming I made up my mind to see it through. You know, Jim, these Yankee doctors don't understand my breed." "But I do, Billy, and you're not playing the game to quit before your turn. You were the last of the quartette to come into the world and should be the last to leave. Sisters send their love to you and hope you will see them out."

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS BREED.

My visit only lasted for fourteen days, but it was long enough. This was my first experience of compulsory teetotalism. I believe the Prohibition Law will ultimately do good, but it wants amending. Here was I, a moderate drinker, of three-score-years-and-twelve, suddenly deprived of all stimulants. I was told that I could get it from a doctor by telling him it was necessary for my health, but this I couldn't conscientiously do, and so I did without it But

A DRY AND THIRSTY LAND.

I missed my "night-cap." A glass of iced water was a poor substitute.

My brother rapidly regained strength, and before I left for home was convalescent. On my last visit he unfolded a plan he had sketched for a fresh chapter in his career.

"You know, Jim, after the doctors were through with me, mother came to see me, same as she did at the Philadelphia Hospital many years ago. She came to my bed and said, 'Well done, Willie dear, you've had much suffering and have come through the fire without flinching, but your work isn't done yet.' 'All right, mother, I'll get up and finish it.' Mother didn't say what the work was, but I know.

MOTHER CAME TO SEE ME.

"For a short spell I was a bar-tender in a saloon in Cherry Street, down by the docks, and saw scenes there that would stagger you. There were three of us on duty, and each man had two revolvers fully loaded, one in his pocket and the other handy behind the bar. There were shootings nearly every night.

A SAILORS' MISSIONARY.

"I know, Jim, you're against Prohibition and so was I at first. But I've changed my mind, and so would you if you lived here. More sailor-men have been drowned in rum and whisky than in the sea. Now they are being poisoned with doped liquor, and that's what I'm going to be up against.

"I haven't forgot my lectures at Scranton on Jonah, and it's up to me to make good, as he did. I can speak to the sailors in a language they understand, and that is the work mother has called me to do. You were right in telling me it wasn't playing the game to quit before my turn, but now my work is cut out for me, you can tell sisters that I'll play the game to the end and see you all out."

JONAH THE SLEEPER.

Who knows! I shall probably never see my brother again. He had come safely through the troubled waters, and with his strong living faith in the Divine Providence

that had safely guided and guarded him through life, he means to finish his work before he is called hence.

RETURN ON THE "AQUITANIA."

I returned on the *Aquitania*—the Belle of the Atlantic. This Cunard liner is probably the largest and most handsome passenger ship afloat. To carry nearly 5,000 passengers and crew in comfort, to feed them well, and to transport them safely from New York to Southampton within a week is a truly marvellous feat. I acted as Chairman of the usual concert in aid of the Seamen's Orphanages, and got a record collection.

THE LURE OF GOLD

" Sure each man walks in a vain show,
He frets himself in vain,
He heaps up wealth, and doth not know
To whom it shall pertain."

FROM the earliest days the lure of gold has drawn men from their peaceful avocations to risk life and happiness in search of wealth. It is said that a " sucker " is born into the world every minute. It may be gold-mining, or stock exchange gambling which draws the " sucker " towards the net, or it may be the simple virtue of " saving " turned into a vice.

The recent exposure of the nimble-witted Mr. Ponzi, the young Italian who began business as a financier in Boston, Mass., shows how easy it is to prey on " suckers." The credulity of the multitude is marvellous.

CHARLES PONZI.

That Ponzi should begin operations in cultured Boston was part of the plan. If he could hoodwink the staid Bostonians, the rest of the country was easy money.

He advertised that he would pay 50 per cent. interest on deposits every three months. One would think that to offer 200 per cent. per annum was so ridiculous that the bait wouldn't deceive. But it did.

200 PER CENT. BAIT.

Ponzi induced some Italian labourers in Boston to entrust their savings to him—a fellow-countryman—on these terms. He returned their deposits plus 50 per cent.—not in three months, as promised—but in six weeks. These

deposits were returned to him for reinvestment on the same terms, and again were repaid plus 50 per cent. The lure of gold spread like a plague.

A POPULAR HERO.

Ponzi became a popular hero. When he went to the theatre the audience rose and cheered him. His picture was shown on the cinema screens. The success of the financial hero was assured. Level-headed business men withdrew their money from sound investments and begged Ponzi to take charge of it. Instead of dealing in thousands he was soon handling millions. He was offered ten million dollars for a share of his secret.

Of course, the bubble burst. It was the same old story —he had been robbing Peter to pay Paul.

The lure of gold is often bred from the love of saving money.

A SERMON ON THRIFT.

The last time I was in Melbourne I went to the Presbyterian Church in Collins Street, and heard a short, pithy sermon on the so-called virtue of thrift. The preacher described how a Scotch lad had come out to Melbourne with his parents. He got a job in a grocery store, and so pleased his employer that his wages were frequently increased.

He had been taught to save his money, and so every Saturday he deposited a few shillings in the Savings Bank. He acquired an interest in the business, and ultimately bought his employer out. His savings rapidly increased. He bought property, speculated in land, and in time came to be a wealthy man. He bought a large house; and a carriage for his wife, but he so disliked luxury that he travelled to and from business in the tram-cars. His name appeared in charitable subscription lists, but still his money increased. He couldn't stop it—his thrift had become a vice. "At last," to use the preacher's words, "he died, with his safe chock-full of title-deeds, mortgages,

stocks, shares and other securities, and he appeared before his Maker—as a bankrupt."

FOR WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

In summing up life's assets and liabilities we are apt to mistake the shadow for the substance. As we have only to live our lives once, we must be careful to choose that path of life which will give us pleasurable duties with fewest regrets. Avoid striving to make a fortune: Should you succeed in making one the chances are it will be as Dead Sea Fruit.

No other business in this world pays so little as the chase after millions. It is said that Mr. Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire, has so impaired his constitution by the nervous strain of acquiring wealth, that his stomach refuses to digest food. All his gold cannot provide him with another stomach. At this period of world unrest it is wise to recall the prayer of the old prophet—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me."

HOW TO LIVE FOR NOTHING.

Extreme socialists claim that it is unnecessary to work for a living. Here is one of their recent manifestoes:—"The land, the capital, the factories and stores, mines, banking, all means of production and distribution of wealth must be declared and treated as the common property of all." This alternative to labour has been tried in Russia and failed. Its only result has been that many thousands, instead of "living for nothing," have "died for nothing."

JACK CADE'S PROGRAMME.

The British Government's endowment of laziness by giving every loafer in the country an annuity of £1 per week has brought us within a measurable distance of reviving Jack Cade's programme. "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it a felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and no man shall do any

work. . . . All shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me, their lord." One would think that the farcical mandates of Labour would be scotched by ridicule. But no—they are too real.

NOT ENOUGH LAUGHTER.

The sadness of life since the Great War broke out has nearly killed wholesome laughter. There is not enough laughter in life. It is a sad world, my masters! We want a humourist like the late W. S. Gilbert who made the world ring with his creations of the *Mikado* and the *Gondôliers*. His memorial on the Thames Embankment bears the epitaph—

> "His foe was folly
> And his weapon wit."

SUNNY HOURS.

In Clerkenwell, London, there is a shop with a sun-dial over it bearing the motto—"I only record sunny hours." I entered the shop, which I found chock-full of ancient and modern sun-dials—some with quaint wording—such as "Amyddst ye flowers,

I tell ye hours." The proprietor took pride in showing me replicas and photos of dials he had made for all parts of the world. The above illustration shows the face of a

sun-dial erected by him at Sandringham for the late King Edward.

The motto chosen by the King is one, which in these depressing times, should be remembered and practised by all of us—

> Let others tell of storms and showers,
> I'll only show your sunny hours.

CHATS OVER A PIPE.

These chats, in unconventional language, narrate the lives of two men essentially different in many respects. Their walks in life did not run parallel, but their ideals were the same. The lure of gold had little attraction for them, and no one could ever accuse them of sharp practice in making money. They had profited, more than they were aware of, by their dying mother's admonition—" Remember, my sons, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

SELF-RELIANCE.

The virtue of self-reliance is not encouraged by present-day socialists, but is nevertheless the mainspring of our life's work. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ! If the telling of this story will assist the rising generation to uphold the flag of freedom won by their fathers, encourage patriotism, enterprise, and self-reliance and, above all, help them to shape their lives by the Golden Rule, it will not have been told in vain.

THE BROTHERS' WORKING CAPITAL.

The Master had given them each a pound to use in the business of life. If, owing to the better education of the elder brother and his trading instincts, he was able to say at life's close—" Thy pound has gained ten pounds," equal credit is due to the younger if he could say—" Thy pound has gained five pounds." What the latter lacked in trading he made up in sportsmanship. Here is one incident.

As mentioned in a previous chat, the younger brother

had, for some years, been caretaker in a building in Wall Street, New York, where he was known as "Ole Bill." While locking up one night, the managing clerk for a Trust Company rushed wildly upstairs to his office and shouted, "Say, Bill! have you burnt the papers in my basket?" "No, to-morrow's the burning night." "Thank God for that! Where are they?"

A BEARER BOND FOR $20,000.

Bill took him to the basement and showed him the rubbish-bin. The clerk flung the papers about excitedly, muttering, "Oh God, I'm ruined." Bill said to him, "If you tell me what you're huntin' for, maybe I can help you." "It's a $20,000 bearer bond printed on pale blue paper. If you find it I'll pay you handsomely." "I don't want your pay but, if you'll stand away, I'll find it if it's there."

He found it and handed it to the clerk. The latter offered him a $20 bill, saying, "I wish I could afford to give you $50." "No, thanks. The company pays my salary, and I haven't earned your money. But you can pay me one dollar for keeping me an hour late for supper."

The prophet Isaiah, in speaking to his people in their depression, assured those who carried out the behests of the League of Love, then in its infancy, "Then shalt thou be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." We must all of us join the League of Love. It costs nothing. It only means that all we do and all we say must be measured by the Golden Rule.

LIKE A WATERED GARDEN.

After passing the allotted span of a busy life I felt that I had a message to leave to those who come after me. This message, as footprints on the sands of time, I have now given in these "Chats Over a Pipe."

The quotation at the head of this chapter is by King David, the sweet singer of Israel, and the one at the end of it by Robert Burns, the sweet singer of Scotland. There is a strong

KING DAVID AND ROBERT BURNS.

similarity in the lives of these two men. Both were sons of the soil, the former a shepherd, the latter a ploughman. Both had a share in the passions and in the remorse inherent in high-strung natures, and both were animated by a great love for the beautiful in nature, and for nature's God. Their sweet lyrical poetry will stand for all time.

A GOOD SERVANT BUT A BAD MASTER.

We may make gold our friend or our servant, but never our master. We may use it, as members of the League of Love, to help us in doing our bit in furthering a universal brotherhood.

The main lesson taught by the Great War is that no one has a right to stand selfishly aloof when a great wrong is being done.

We are all brothers. The Allies fought together as brothers when a great wrong was being done to one of them. There is a great deal more wrong in the world, and the brotherhood of man must continue to fight it.

We cannot be all alike. The two brothers weren't—but still they were brothers. There will come a time when the Fatherhood of God will bring about the brotherhood of man.

> "It's no' in titles nor in rank;
> It's no' in wealth like London bank,
> To purchase peace and rest:
> If happiness hath not her seat
> And centre in the breast,
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest;
> Nae treasures nor pleasures
> Can make us happy long;
> The heart aye's the part aye
> That makes us right or wrong."

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